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Collier's

THE NA EKLY

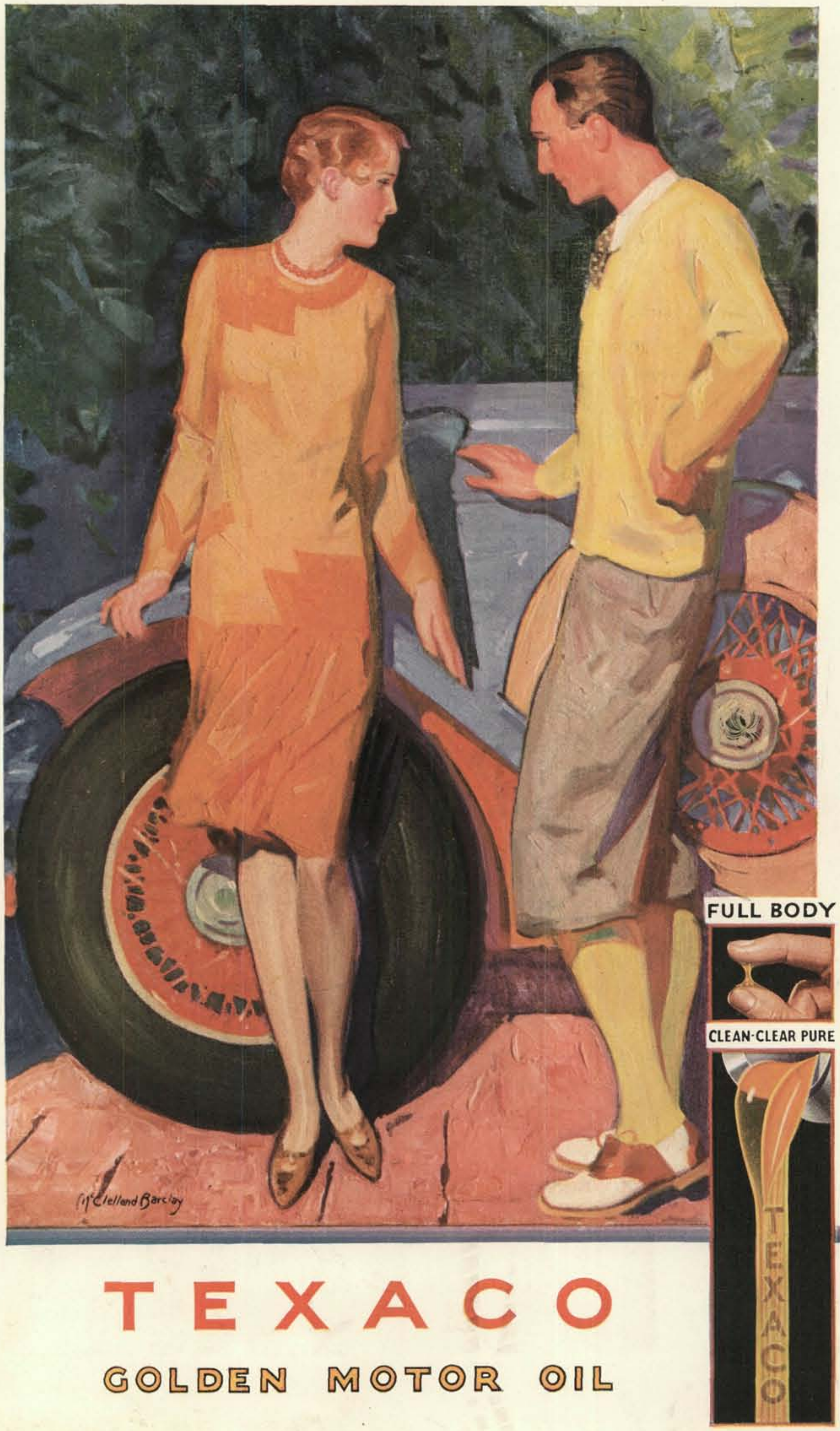
THE MAGIC SPADE

-that made a golfer out of a husband

A humorous story by FRANK COND

May 18, 1929

That new car of yours



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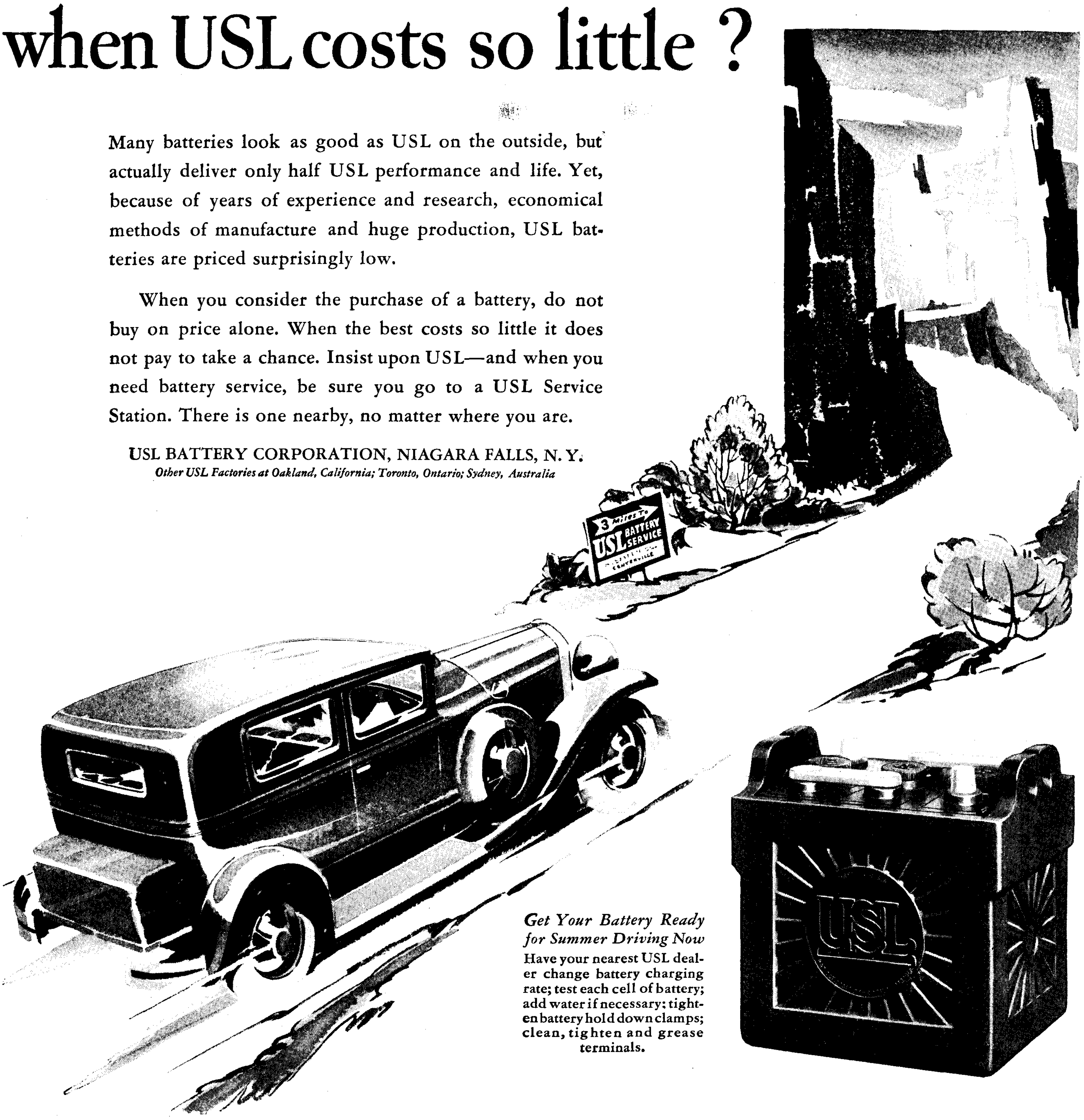

Many batteries look as good as USL on the outside, but actually deliver only half USL performance and life. Yet, because of years of experience and research, economical methods of manufacture and huge production, USL batteries are priced surprisingly low.

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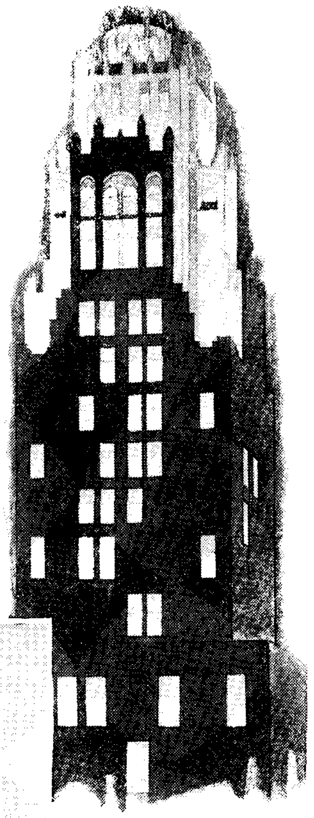
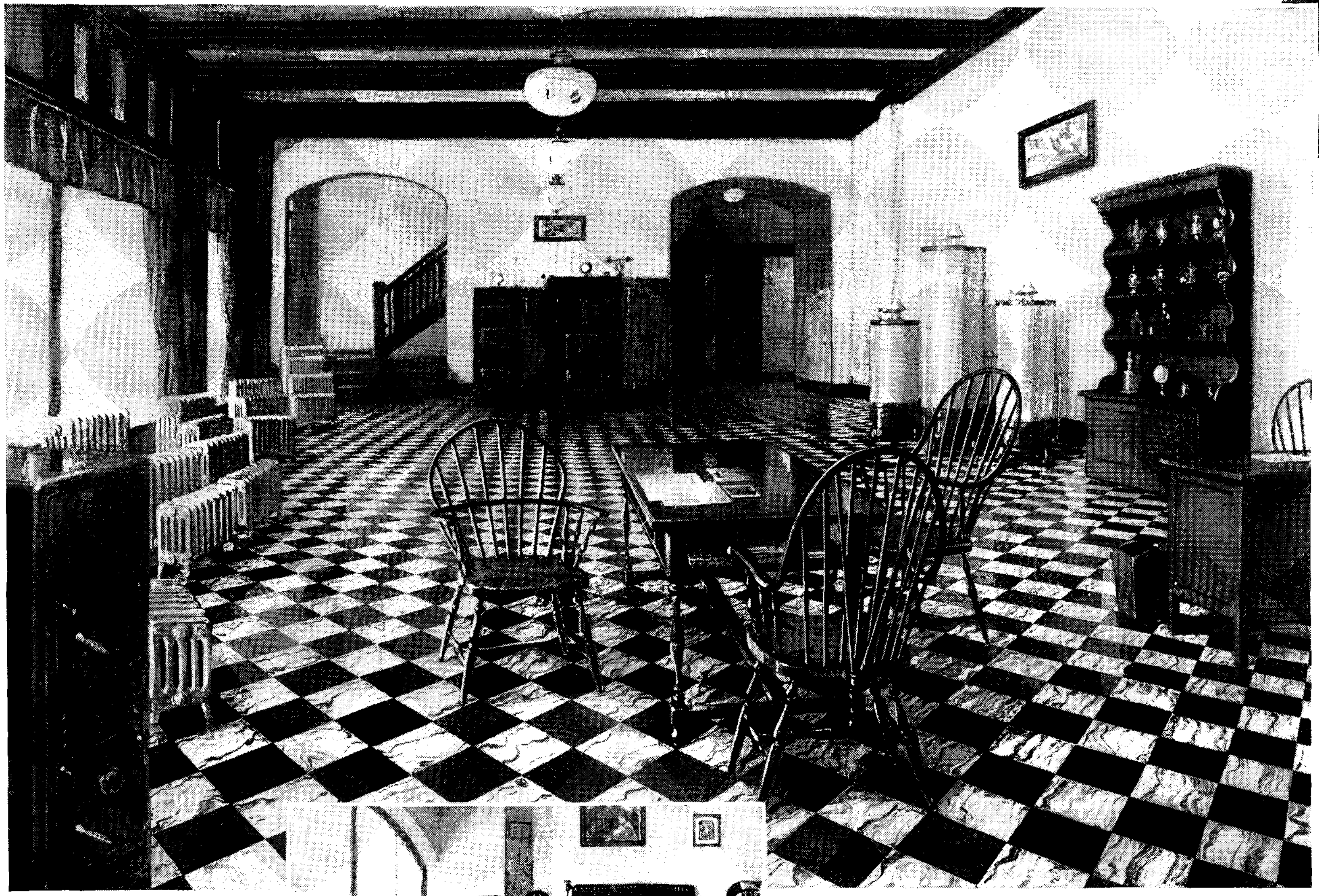
Long Life - Power to Spare

Today's Business Floors Must Do a Double Job

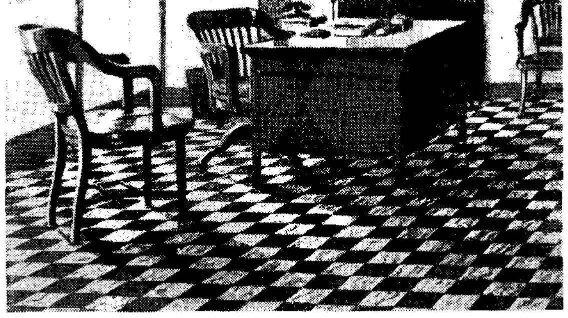
So in fifty showrooms American Radiator Company uses Armstrong's Linoleum as an aid in merchandise display





Any time you care to see exactly how floors of Armstrong's Linoleum look in a modern business home, step into a showroom of the American Radiator Company. Throughout the country, in its fifty branch offices, this company has enlisted the aid of Armstrong's Floors to put showmanship in selling. The design selected to do this selling job is Handmade Marble Inlaid No. 79.

Look for the CIRCLE A trade-mark on the burlap back



FLOORS are made to be walked on. But they can do a selling job as well. For every time the buying public enters your place of business, you can make your floors say nice things about the product or service you sell.

The American Radiator Company has done just that in its fifty branch offices and showrooms. Not content with floor areas that were merely something to walk on, this wide-awake company has now turned every floor into an effective silent salesman.

Even before you walk on these Armstrong Floors you are favorably impressed with their dignified display effect. Even before the salesman approaches, you are welcomed, invited to stay and shop awhile, by these springy, quiet, comforting floors of Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum.

"Armstrong Floors first were tried as an experiment," says Miss Elsie Wilson, Display Director of American Radiator Company. "Today they are used in American Radiator showrooms throughout the country."

Wherever the public walks—wherever things are sold—Armstrong Floors will do the added job of putting showmanship in selling. Nor will they shirk the all-important duty of saving cleaning costs, of cutting floor repair bills. They're spot-proof, stain-proof—made so by the new Accolac Process that seals and protects the surface. Maintenance is simplified even in places where tracked-in dirt calls for frequent floor washing—just an occasional brushing with Armstrong's Linoleum Lacquer. But usually a light waxing and polishing will keep your Armstrong Floor satin-smooth, like new. (Do not lacquer over wax.)

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If you would like to see more examples of how modern business is using double-duty floors to aid sales, write for "Enduring Floors of Good Taste." This 48-page, color-illustrated book of floor facts reveals many good ideas worth copying, much that will help you have better-looking business floors at the minimum of maintenance. Sent free anywhere in U. S. A. Address Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 918 West End Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum Floors
for every room in the house

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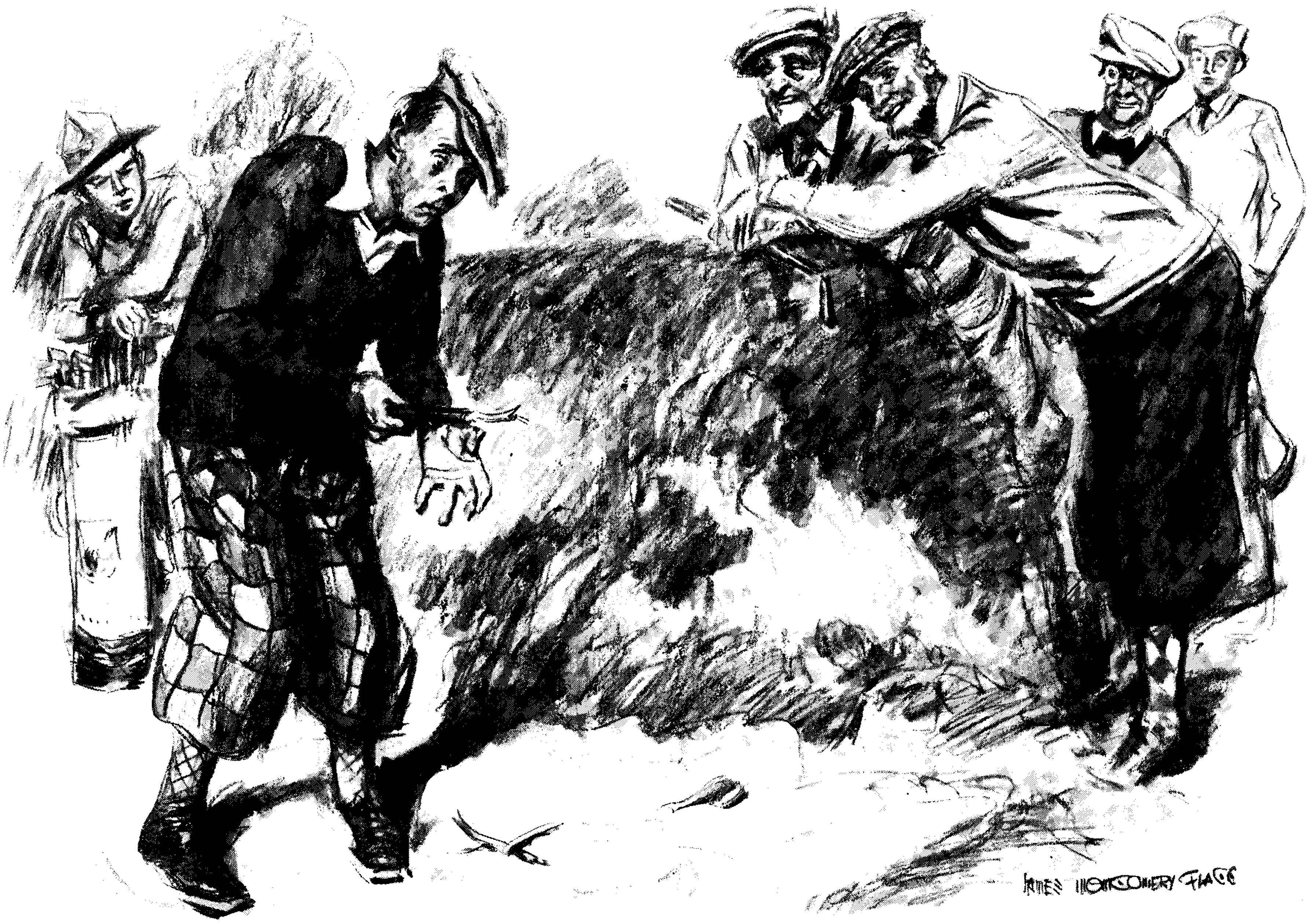


It could never be restored. Never again would experts gaze upon him with eyes of desire

The Magic Spade

By Frank Condon

The rise and fall of Papa Hawley, divot-digger extraordinary, whose golfing was something dreadful, but whose courage was sublime

FOR thirty years, Mr. Hawley had been taking orders from his wife. For the twenty years before marriage, he had taken them from aunts and other female relations; and he was, therefore, the kind of man that will result when women have had their way for fifty years. Mr. Hawley was in dental supplies and had, at fifty, both money and leisure. On a calm morning, his wife stared at him while he shaved.

"Papa," she said, and she called him papa with a shading of faint criticism, for there was no one else in the house to call him papa. "I believe it would do you good to take some exercise."

"Exercise," cried Mr. Hawley, halting his razor and holding to one ear. "My dear, what for?"

"You are getting quite stout," said the wife, whose own proportions were generous.

Mr. Hawley put down his shaving machinery and assumed an air of bewilderment.

"What sort of exercise?"

"For a man of your age, there is only one possible game to play. It is a rather silly game, but better than none. I refer to golf."

"Golf," murmured the victim. "I don't believe I should care to play golf."

"Nevertheless," replied his wife, whose name was Bessie and who had been successfully neverthelessing Mr. Hawley since the momentous day when he placed a visible ring upon her finger and an invisible rope about his neck.

Presently there was a fresh spectacle in the world, the spectacle of Papa Hawley standing with his feet apart and his mouth ajar, and in his clenched hands the various tools and implements with which persons clout at golf balls. At first he suffered frightfully and persons watching him start from the first tee could hear him moan, but as time went on, he began to enjoy his exercises, and after many, many moons, he graduated from the populous municipal public links, where any ball you find is your ball and a man must wear a helmet or die in action.

With his consort's approval he joined the Oak Tree Country Club in Tisdale where the gentlemen swear quietly and the ladies wear baby blue socks over their elegant hosiery.

He was, as might be expected, the sort of golfer whose wife calls for him in the family automobile promptly at five o'clock, regardless of his personal wishes or the perturbation of the moment. These golfers are known as the five-o'clock husbands and are recognized as matrimonial slaves. There are thousands of them in America today, men whose wives summon them from athletics at five o'clock, or leave cold, definite instructions with caddy masters or club managers.

Mr. Hawley was a ruddy, rotund man with a cheerful manner, and the athletes of Oak Tree liked him, but declined to play golf with him. His game was so atrocious that it caused strong players to falter, and he was thus forced to combat with the gray-beards of the organization, tottering old buzzards twenty years his senior, who because of their senility and nearness to death, played almost as poorly as Papa Hawley.

His health improved visibly, and in the end he was a lean, sunburned duffer, treading the pleasant slopes of Oak Tree, a happy, amiable gentleman in dental supplies, with never a care in the world and a wife who ruled him absolutely. For his companions, he had Joe and David and Johnny, all very old codgers, who cackled when they missed a shot and exulted in the badness of their golfing.

It is more than likely that Mr. Hawley would have gone on to the end of his days a happy duffer, a cheery, friendly member of Oak Tree Country Club, but something happened one day. The golf pro at Oak Tree looked into Papa Hawley's bag and that accidental investigation changed the course of human lives and almost caused a divorce.

Like that of many another grievous duffer, the Hawley bag was filled with clubs, dozens and shoals of them, for it is the firm belief of the wobbly golfer that clubs make the man, and that if he continues to buy new ones, he will some day strike upon a miracle combination and go forth to shoot nothing but birdies and pars. This, of course, is nonsense, for clubs have no more to do with good golf than a soup-ladle has to do with good soup. Papa Hawley was a natural collector of clubs. Every time he passed a sporting-goods shop, he dashed in—and invariably, the sticks he bought were without virtue and would have defied Bobby Jones to break one hundred and ten.

Finally his bag was choked with a messy assortment of irons and spoons and freak putters, for he loved freak putters; mashies and niblicks with too much loft or not enough loft; steel shafts and bamboo shafts, rubber grips and cork grips, drivers with patent faces and this, that and the other, all being golf weapons that a discerning player would scorn. His bag became a club-house curiosity and visitors were invited to look into it and smile.

MR. JOSEPH CHISHOLM, the professional at Oak Tree, chuckled when he first beheld the galaxy of war-clubs, but did not suggest to Papa Hawley that he throw them all away, for Joe Chisholm is a man who knows the heart of the dub golfer and sympathizes. Joe merely pawed over the strange assortment, hefted them one by one and picked out an odd niblick for especial scrutiny.

It was a yellow niblick, with an ordinary shaft, but a most astounding head. Joe Chisholm knows niblicks, but he will swear to this day that he never saw another one like it. It was a head that bent this way and that way before it finally decided to be a niblick, and it was attached to the shaft with originality and defiance of precedent. It was made of shining yellow brass, and gleamed brightly when swung in the sunshine, and Joe looked at it and turned it over in his hands. In the locker room, it was said coarsely that Papa Hawley must have bought the thing in a tea store.

"This is a very funny niblick," said Joe to Papa Hawley.

"What's funny about it?"

"Well," said Joe, "just look at it. I been in this business for years, and I'll swear it's a funny looking niblick."

"The man said it was a spade," corrected Mr. Hawley.

"Spade or niblick," said Joe, "it beats the Dutch."

In a spirit of mild curiosity and to determine whether a man could hit a ball with the deformed niblick, Joe stepped over to the eighteenth fairway, dropped a ball and lifted it over a yawning bunker to the green. It dropped near the cup and rolled six inches, which is ideal behavior. Surprise upon his brow, Joe dropped another ball, repeated the experiment and the second ball dropped dead, a foot from the pin. He turned the amazing weapon upside down, waggled it in the sunshine, shook his head gravely and said:

"That ain't such a bad club, Mr. Hawley."

"I know it ain't," responded Mr. Hawley, who knew nothing of the sort.

MR. JOE CHISHOLM is a stern, serious young man who does not fall in love easily with either people or things, but he instantly fell in love with Papa Hawley's spade, niblick, or whatever the atrocity was. On succeeding days, he smacked many a ball over many a bunker, while owner Hawley looked on with the pride of a gratified possessor. For the first time in his golfing career, he had something which a regular, bona fide golfer could honestly admire. It gave him the feeling of being, for the first time, one of the boys, a true golfer himself.

With renewed interest, he examined the monstrosity, fondling it gravely; and in secret, he tried pitching them over a bunker, imitating Joe Chisholm's deft swing. They refused to go over the bunker. They refused to go up in the air. They refused to go anywhere, and Mr. Hawley dug large cavities in the inoffending earth. He sighed.

"Anyhow," he murmured, "Joe likes it. Certainly is a nice club."

Joe continued to like it and to play with it at times, hoisting them sweetly, stopping them dead, and speaking of the spade with the voice of authority. The club solved a problem for Joe, who was thinking of a certain state championship. Joseph had his weak spot, like many another pro, and it gave him moments of unhappiness. It was his pitch over a yawning bunker, and years of practice had not smoothed it out. With Papa Hawley's freak club in his hands, Joseph was conscious that he no longer had a weak spot and he knew it from the moment he hoisted his first shot. It was the club he had been waiting for.

"I suppose, Mr. Hawley," he said with some hesitation, "I suppose you wouldn't care to—er—to let go of this club?"

"Let go of it?" queried the surprised duffer.

"I mean, would you care to sell it?"

"To who?"

"To me."

Papa Hawley surveyed his professional friend in honest amazement.

"You don't mean you actually want that club for yourself?"

"Yes, but I'm not asking you to give it to me. I would be very glad to buy it from you."

"Yeah, but why do you want it?"

"It suits me," Joe responded. "Fits my hands perfectly. I can lay 'em up with that club."

MR. HAWLEY stared long and thoughtfully at a distant lady who was digging divots.

"Joe," he said, "I'm sorry. I'd give you most anything, but when you ask for that club, I have to draw the line."

Joe looked disappointed.

"All right," he said. "I'll find another one."

"Sure you will," Papa Hawley said cheerfully, and that was the end of Joe's effort to secure a coveted weapon.

Later on, Oak Tree heard of the situation and commented caustically in and out of the Hawley hearing.

"If he wants the club, why don't you give it to him?" inquired John Driscoll, whose locker adjoined that of Mr. Hawley. The accused merely grunted and continued struggling with a sock one size too small.

"Certainly," put in George Mellon of the Mellon Iron Works. "Seeing you have two hundred golf sticks in your bag and seeing you can't use any of them, what difference does one niblick make?"

"It isn't a niblick," snorted its owner indignantly. "It's a spade."

"Spade, shovel or rake," said Mellon. "It's no good to you. Go ahead and give it to Joe."

"How would you like to go to thunder?" Papa Hawley inquired, and the gentlemen stated they would not like to go there, for they would probably, as they said, find the region full of selfish persons like Papa Hawley, who wouldn't give a deserving pro a golf stick.

From the instant Papa Hawley learned that a genuine professional coveted his spade, he became a changed man and began to take golf seriously, which is always a mistake for a man of fifty.

"Why should I go on playing with those dodos?" he asked himself, as he stood shaving in his own bathroom, which was where he generally asked himself questions. The dodos were Joe and David and Johnny.

"I will learn to play," murmured Papa Hawley, thinking of his spade and the responsibilities it involved. A few moments later, he leaped into his roadster and started for Oak Tree, where he found Joe Chisholm deep in the mysteries of winding a brassie.

"Joe," said Mr. Hawley, "I want to take a lesson."

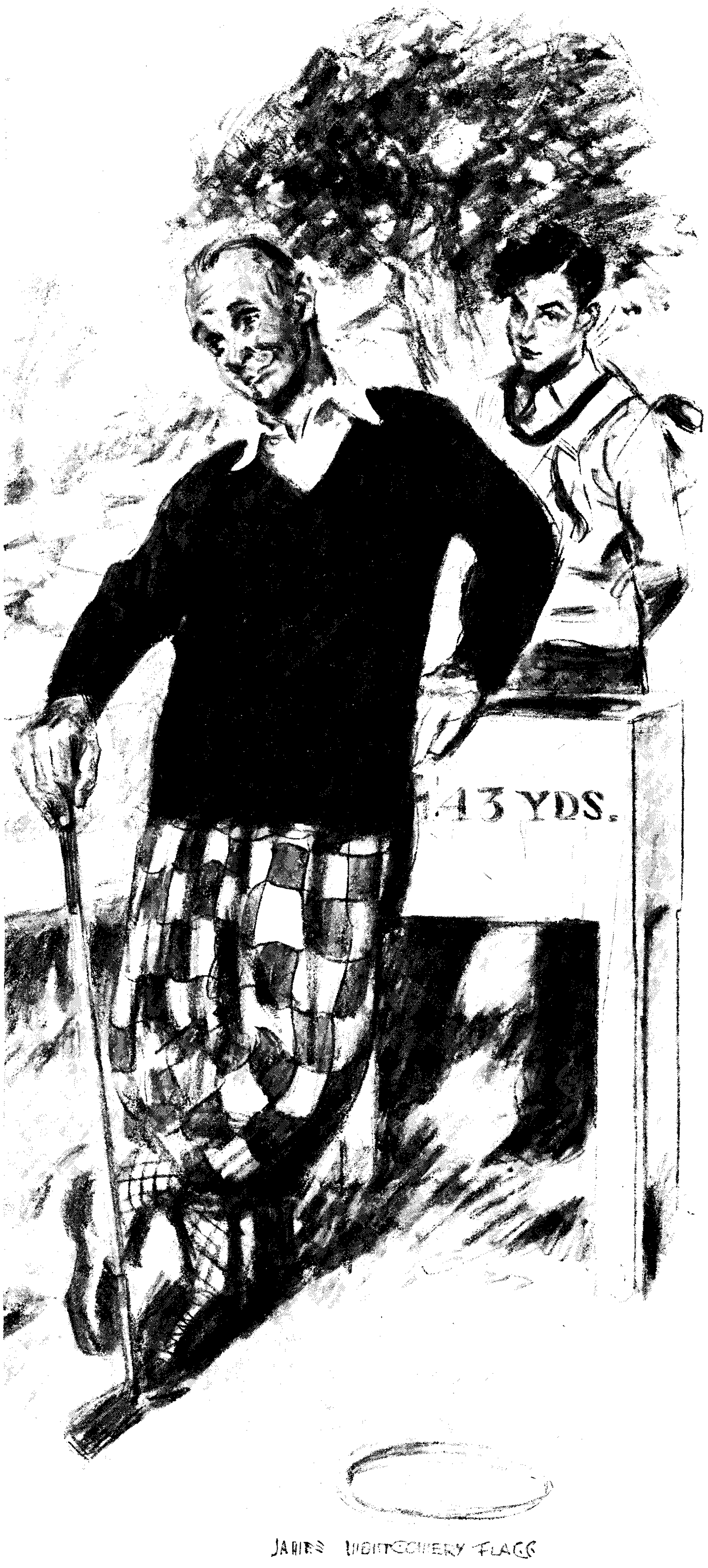
Joe laid aside his brassie, seized a bag of elderly balls and donned his cap. A moment later, teacher and pupil were striding down the fairway of Hole Number Eighteen on their way to the practice ground, and that afternoon the club rooms hummed with the news that Papa Hawley had taken a lesson in golf.

"If they can make a golfer out of Old Man Hawley," commented our Mr. Jacobs, who was the club cynic, "then I will believe in fairies."

There followed one of those strange miracles seen every now and then in golfing circles. Papa Hawley continued to take lessons, sweating in the sunshine, striving in desperation to do as Joe told him to do and failing completely, for the muscles of Papa Hawley are no longer limber; and the aged bones of Hawley are creaky and stiff—that is, when compared with the rubber bones of bounding youth. To cap the climax, Mr. Hawley commenced to swear, and when a ministerial little man, who has never cursed at all, when he be-

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"If you haven't any match with your friends, would you mind if I played around with you?" Mollie glanced at him earnestly



gins to curse freely, there is something sad about it.

Oak Tree Country Club was interested to discover that Papa Hawley was no longer a quiet mouse in a corner, but had turned into a red and roaring lion, and news of this spiritual transformation came one evening at dusk, as the bridge players sat at their afternoon devotions.

Golf at Oak Tree concludes at four o'clock or thereabouts, and even the slowest players have foozled their last shot and straggled in before five. There then ensues the solemn hour of matinée bridge, which period reveals the gentlemen who have command in their households, and those who are mere playthings of strong-minded women. These latter cease playing bridge at six o'clock and quietly leave the room. They slip outside, where wives are waiting sometimes, and go morosely home to dinner, the faintly wagging tails upon the dog of matrimony.

The hairy he-men of the club, on the other hand, continue to play bridge. They telephone home at seven, stating that they will remain at Oak Tree for dinner and they continue playing bridge until the milk wagons stand tiptoe upon another dawn.

Papa Hawley customarily played auction from five until six and was not known to overstay his allotted time. He liked bridge and was the sort of player who bids one no trump to see what will happen. It was Bessie's custom to call for her husband in the family sedan and Mr. Hawley's bridge game invariably wound up with the honking of a horn. Sadly, it was his manner to rise, reach for his hat and request an onlooker to take his chair.

On Thursday, the eleventh of September, at fifteen minutes of six, the usual horn tooted outside the windows of Oak Tree Country Club and Papa Hawley looked up from three small clubs, three diamonds, three hearts and four elegant spades. A slight scowl adorned his countenance, for some opposing lunatic had just bid spades.

"Louis," said Papa Hawley, speaking across the room, and Louis responded.

"Go out and tell my wife that I am busy playing bridge. Tell her I cannot be disturbed. Tell her to go on home and have her dinner."

"Yes, sir," said the astonished Louis, and the Oak Tree members there present stared hard and looked at each other with broad grins.

Ladies cannot, of course, walk into grill rooms and cow their husbands into submission and that is why grill rooms are popular with the waning male sex.

"That's telling your wife," whispered Sam Hoffman, the lawyer, but Papa Hawley returned to his mutton, scowled again at his battery of spades and doubled the gentleman on his left.

Mrs. Bessie Hawley sat in her sedan outside the club windows and honked continuously, irritably, refusing to believe the evidence of her senses. She asked Louis if he was certain Mr. Hawley had said the harsh words. Subsequently, she drove out of the club grounds with the puzzled air of a wife who still doesn't believe it, for nothing like this had happened in the thirty years of her command. Papa Hawley played on and on, into the chill hours of the night, and when he arrived at home, he slammed doors and threw his shoes upon the floor defiantly.

IN THE ensuing weeks, he commenced to take an active hand in club affairs. He began to growl about club conditions, which is a sign that a man regards himself as a golfer, and not a duffer. A duffer never complains, for nothing makes any difference to the true duffer, including acts of God, fire, pestilence and casual water. If the greens committee decided to build a children's playground in the center of the fairway, it would mean nothing to the real duffer. He would merely play around the orphans and go on his foozling way.

But when a gentleman begins, mistakenly or otherwise, to class himself with the golfers, he oftimes turns finicky and finds fault. The mild-eyed Hawley went the way of all flesh. There was no change in his game. The change was all in his mind and the cause of it was his deformed niblick or spade, which was a miracle weapon, desired by experts.

"Mr. Hawley," remarked John Kellogg, president of the club, "gives me a severe pain."

"What's the matter with him lately?" asked Mr. Sam Dalzell. "He has made six written suggestions within a week. He wants a new bridge built across the ravine on Number Nine. He testifies that the old bridge sways when he walks over it and upsets his morale."

"He doesn't like our fairways," added a committee member.

"That's odd," said the president. "He's never been on a fairway yet."

IT WAS not that Papa Hawley became a good and solid player, worthy to consort with the par shooters about him. Not at all. He remained the world's most atrocious, irrefragable dub, as helpless with the midiron as a cat with an accordion. But he apparently held illusions of grandeur, connected with his strange niblick and, though he required one hundred and forty full strokes to make the round, he continued to wax increasingly fussy and to project himself unasked into club affairs. He said there were too many bunkers on the course, making it impossible for an honest man to shoot a good game.

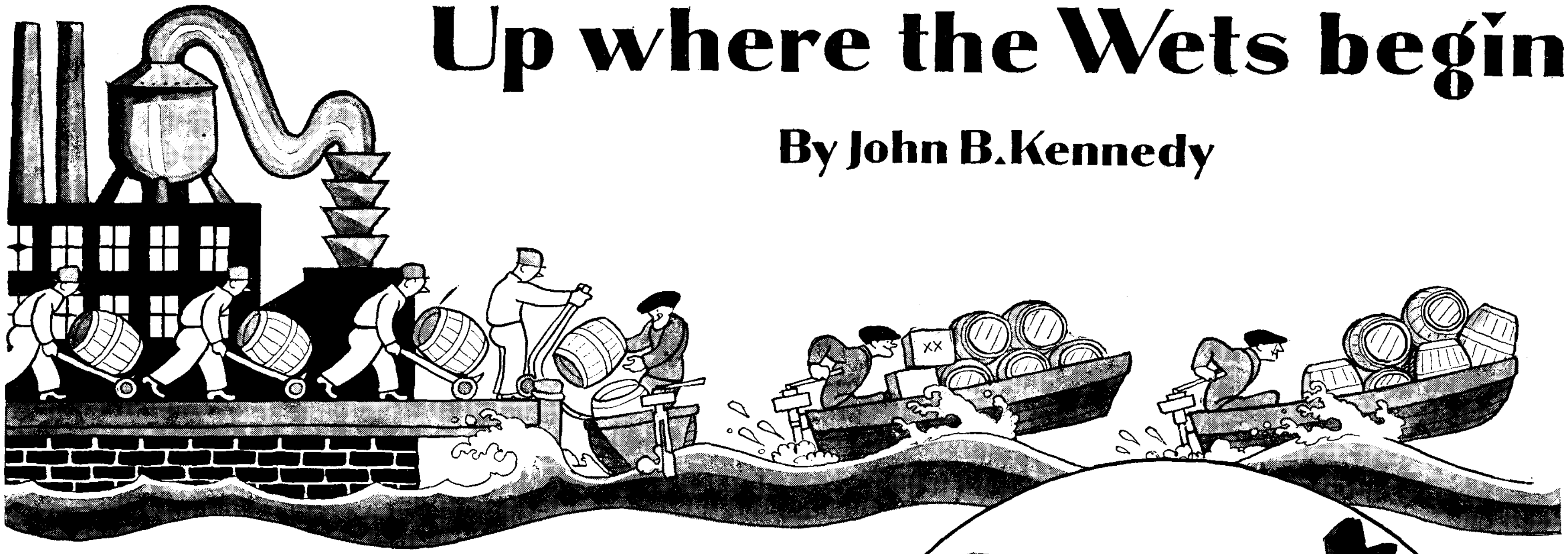
"One bunker would be too many for you," returned Mr. Kellogg. "In fact, an extra large footprint would probably stop you cold."

The committee tried to ignore him, but without any great success.

"Look at our greens," he said in a loud voice, breaking in upon an important discussion. "Who could putt on such greens? Why don't we have smooth, velvety greens, like the North Lake Country Club? I was over there yesterday and they certainly know about greens."

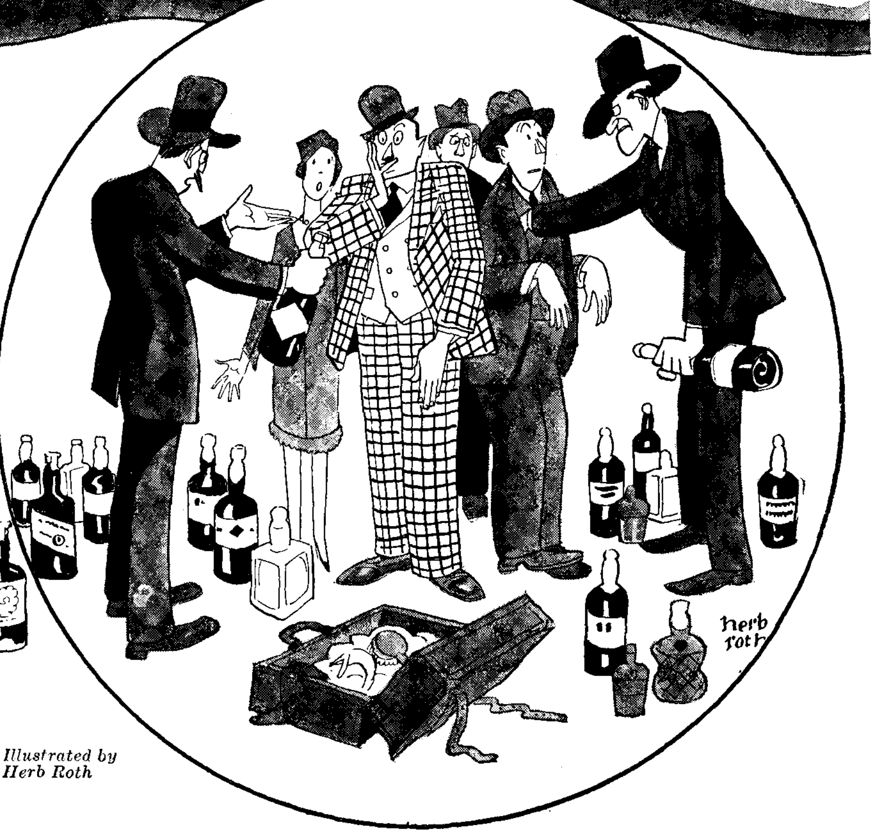
"And you can go back there today," they told him

(*Continued on page 55*)



Up where the Wets begin

By John B. Kennedy



Illustrated by Herb Roth

Customs men, with genially patient disdain, monthly extract 100,000 bottles from travelers

BUFFALO, the Lady of the Lakes, was in righteous uproar some dozen years ago, at the last civic election before prohibition. There were some 1,300 saloons in the city. From waterfront dives to the ornate bars of the first-rate hotels, they formed richly varied strata of oases. All orders of society, from bums to brahmins, patronized them.

But the cry of reform arose. Buffalo was over-salooned. Toronto, a larger city across Lake Ontario, had only seventy-two bars, and all those made more or less respectable by being wedded to hotels. The Buffalo reformers made vast noise and found support from merchants and manufacturers and the proprietors of eating places who were pained to see long lines of burghers file into saloons hungry and thirsty, to emerge glowing with beer and heavy laden with free lunch.

Reform lost. The saloons remained. Then a glad cry smote the welkin, for prohibition came and the 1,300 saloons were doomed. Reformers sat back in sanctity and waited for the halo-stations to open up for popular distribution.

They are still waiting.

No longer can it be said, in accuracy, that Buffalo has 1,300 saloons. Two thousand would be nearer the mark. They flourish in residential districts and up side streets from main thoroughfares—even, if you are in a hurry and must stow away a fast one, on the main thoroughfares.

The sort of thing that might be expected of a metropolis neighboring that greatest of all prohibition nuisances—the Canadian border. You can drive from Bridgeburg, and other Ontario towns across the Peace Bridge, to the heart of Buffalo much quicker than from Buffalo's suburbs. Naturally, supply of illegal beverages should be copious and constant.

It is. But imports across the Canadian border are only half the story. Indeed, not quite half.

As elsewhere and everywhere in prohibition field operations—maneuvers is a fitter word—the mark of the ostrich is over the land. Andrew MacCampbell, the sturdy Scot agent for the forty-six counties of northern New York, will tell you something of his troubles in trying to keep track of breweries, wineries, speakeasies, with seventy-two men in the vast empire of thirst in the Empire State.

But he will not tell you what can be discovered in thirty minutes with a dollar and a romping cab—that Buffalo is the beer garden of America. And real, genu-ine beer, gentlemen; not the hybrid, pseudo-alcoholized bilge we have heard about in Kansas.

With a group of equally earnest students of sociology I was asked—in a well-equipped, club-like place that differed from the old days only in the absence of lascivious pictures from the walls—there I was asked the hypothetical question of what, if things were as they used to be, I would care to drink. Replying, quite honestly, "Canadian ale," laughter shook the place.

For in Buffalo Canadian ale is more or less scorned. Just as it is more or less faked.

Up at Lewiston, around the Canadian shore of Grand Island in the Niagara River, and at a hundred inlets down the fresh-water straits made by the river that sports between Lakes Erie and Ontario, you can see on any fair winter, spring, summer or autumn day the fleets of the importers of Canadian ale, and whisky and gin. There you will find the most daring craft—twelve-foot open boats with outboard motors, that audaciously drew clearance papers for Havana, Panama or the far ports of the Caribbean. To get to salt water, of course, they'd have to hire wheels. But that was no deterrent until recently Canada stopped such flagrant nonsense.

In the years since Ontario went wet these patient fleets have plied their trade perseveringly. Sometimes the customs patrol knocks them off, sometimes it doesn't. More often, I should think, until within the past few months—when, to the surprise of the brave men and true who run the river in all sorts of weather, they saw the price of bottled ale drop suddenly. And when the united bootleggers sent over to Buffalo to find out why the American market for Canadian ale had fallen abruptly, they learned a simple and illuminating truth—that Buffalo's brewers had mastered the making of ale as palatable if not as pure as the stuff made in Canada. The bottle and labels were exact duplicates of the foreign product. And there were fewer risks in supplying demand.

An Ingenious Fisherman

"See," said a customs man to me, pointing to an upturned Canadian boat that looked very much like a crocodile twisted upside down. "That's the first new trick I've seen in twelve months—and it didn't work."

The trick was passingly ingenious. A Canadian fisherman operated in the waters of Niagara River—catching, I suppose, circus trout. What but acrobatic fish could possibly conduct, day by day, the operations that usually enter into the life of a fish, in waters so turbulent? That was his trade and he stuck to it—ostensibly. Customs men of the water patrol frisked the boat zealously when it crossed from Canadian to American waters. The fisherman cheerfully submitted. No contraband was ever found.

Yet no fisherman, reasoned the customs men, not even had he the patience of Izaak Walton, would make a dangerous river crossing so often just to see the scenery. They watched him closely. One sad afternoon the fisherman tried to beach in a strange spot—and couldn't. His secret was known or very healthily suspected. Customs men towed him to dry dock, where, examining the bottom of his boat, they found it harnessed with ingeniously devised racks that contained six cases of His Majesty's best, government-stamped Scotch.

Captures of bootleggers who display a modicum of headwork in their racket are hailed with delight by the border customs patrol. They provide touches of spectacle in a dull game. There was one bright chap, for instance, who adapted the smoke-screen principle to river rum-running. His idea was to make a dash for it, and lay behind him defensive clouds of black smoke. The idea worked beautifully, but the wrong way. A stiff wind up-river swung the smoke screen fore instead of aft, and the brave fellow finished his game of blind man's bluff smack in the middle of a reception committee of four government boats.

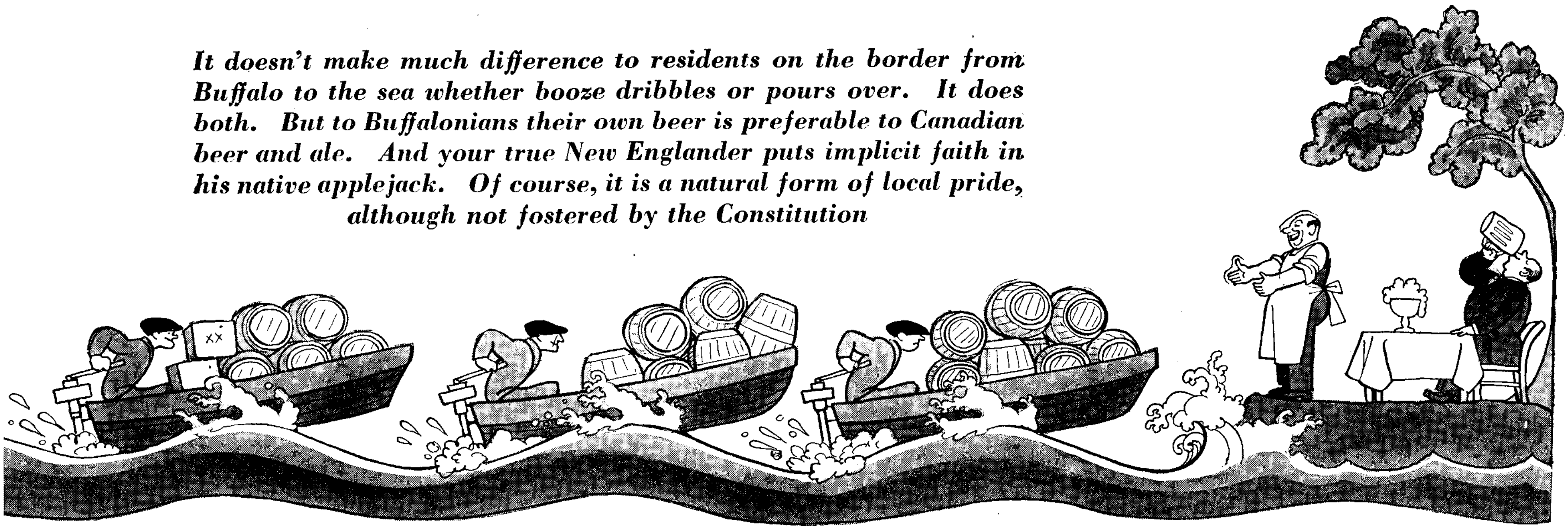
Still, if there's one lesson the smugglers learned at school, it's that old, reliable reiteration, try, try, again. It's estimated that more than two hundred craft comprise the rum-running armada, new recruits falling in line when the government knocks off a load. The smugglers don't wait for official welcomes. They skip the ship and charge their loss.

The Price List Tells the Story

Customs men rightfully take pride in their statistics; but the surest index to the state of the Buffalo booze-front—the warehouse, so to speak, for western New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio—is the price of booze. In Buffalo you can obtain Ontario government-wrapped whisky, Scotch or rye, for five dollars a quart, brands that cost only a dollar and a quarter less at the official provincial vending stations. Gin is about the same, the wines and liqueurs are not sufficiently in demand to warrant risks of bulk importation.

The bridges spanning the Niagara River make more trouble for the customs inspectors than the sustained guerrilla rushes of the exporters. Frequent trains vie with endless motor traffic. Likewise the ports of Lewiston and of Charlotte outside Rochester are debarkation points for thousands of steamboat passengers every day from spring to fall. Each passenger by boat and train must submit to customs inspection. That, again, is not the worst part of the customs job. Never-ending motor traffic cramps the style of the

It doesn't make much difference to residents on the border from Buffalo to the sea whether booze dribbles or pours over. It does both. But to Buffalonians their own beer is preferable to Canadian beer and ale. And your true New Englander puts implicit faith in his native applejack. Of course, it is a natural form of local pride, although not fostered by the Constitution



threescore fervent men who switch tricks of duty along that concentrated border.

They cannot possibly begin to give a thorough examination to each car, otherwise the lines that take four hours daily in holiday weather would take almost as many weeks to cross the border. Through all the hills and dales and parking spaces of the American Sahara, who is so poor as not to know a friend who can brag that he had a bottle of the real stuff brought back from that Ontario trip. And if that hearsay evidence is not sufficient there are the cold figures of the Ontario and Quebec commissions, the former showing more liquor permits issued than there are durable, drinking adults in the Province, and the amount procurable is unlimited by law; while the Quebec liquor control, which maintains the mythical regulation of one bottle per buy per person, reports more hard liquor sold each year than the thrifty citizens of that quaint old Province could drink in two years without becoming candidates for Keeley cures.

Not much commercial smuggling gets by the customs guards at the bridges. In earlier days it was attempted; but a twenty-four-hour watch and the more devious opportunities provided by lake and river made it comparatively too expensive.

Yet hordes of petty, one- and two-bottle smugglers, for whom the customs men have a genially patient disdain, are punctuated now and again by ambitious shippers who dare to match wits with Uncle Sam's sleuths.

Matching Wits with Uncle Sam

One such sent a laugh around the New York fruit belt when it became generally known that he had crossed a bridge in an undated touring truck, modeled on the lines of Noah's Ark. Halting at the customs shed he was asked for a declaration.

"Just got some beer aboard," he said.

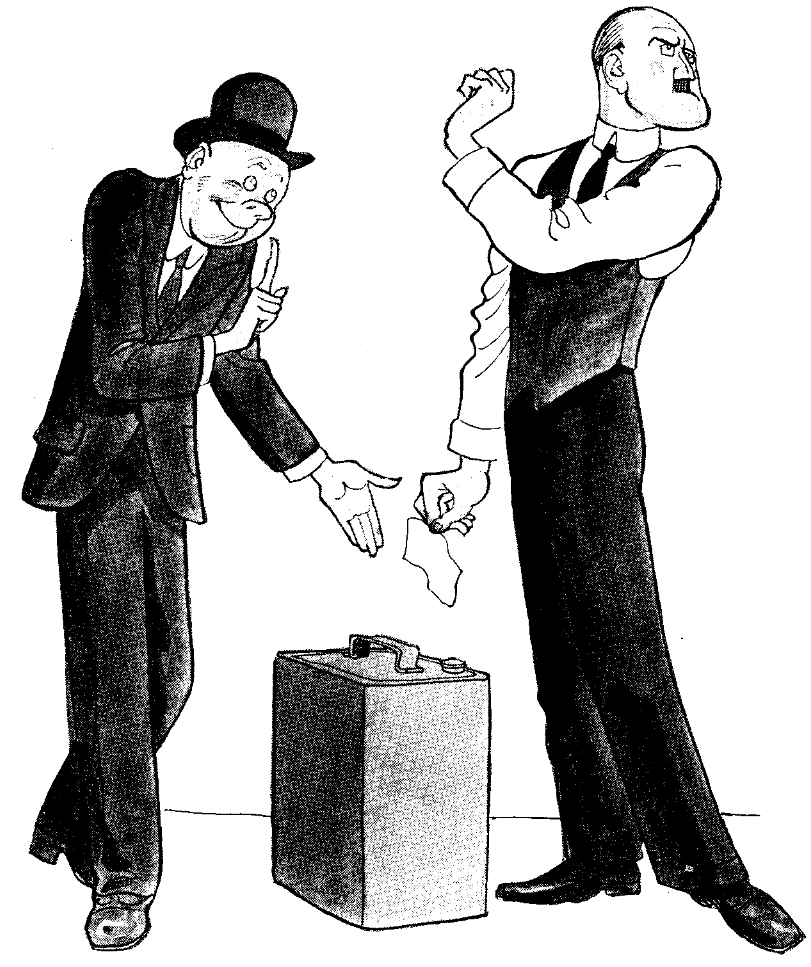
"What kind of beer?" asked the customs man.

"Ontario beer."

"You can't take that in," said the customs man. "It's illegal."

"It ain't illegal in Ontario."

"Tut, tut," said the customs man.



The customer is "warned" that yeast will make his beer illegal and palatable

They relieved him of a few cases of Carlin's beer, fining him, as the law demands, two dollars a bottle. He paid the fine as far as he said his finances would go and was permitted to proceed. In Buffalo he unloaded eighteen cases of whisky that had been camouflaged by the beer.

A companion tale, vouched for by a customs executive, is that of the venerable clergyman, ministering, so he declared, to little parishes in Canada and in Buffalo. Three or four times a week he crossed a bridge in a car as big as a coal gondola. Beaming from the steering wheel he'd bless the customs boys and roll onward, undisturbed.

A bright young Irishman in the service one day spoke to his superior:

"The next time Father S. crosses the bridge I'm going to stop him and look over that car."

"Careful," warned the elder. "With few exceptions the clergy of all creeds behave pretty well. We've only caught a few toting booze. Be careful."

"Well," mused the young Irishman. "There's something funny about his reverence. I know priests have housekeepers, but there's few I've seen would make good on a magazine cover. Father S. has one of them. No, two of them."

"Careful," warned the senior officer.

At starry eve the benign cleric rumbled across a momentarily uncrowded bridge. He was frankly surprised when stopped.

"Will you and the lady," said the young officer, "kindly step out of the car while I look it over."

His reverence blushed to the edge of his reversed collar.

"Why," he expostulated, "this has never been done before. I'm a Catholic priest."

"And I'm a Catholic layman," the young officer replied. "I won't keep you long."

That was inaccurate. His reverence was detained for hours—with the lady. Under torrential protest the young officer took the superstructure of that ancient car to bits, revealing two dozen bottles hidden here and there by his reverence. And that, also, is inaccurate; for his reverence kicked up such a fuss, bellowing for the protection of the bishop, that an examination into his claims revealed that not only was the car a fake and the housekeeper ditto, but his reverence was phony. He was a Lithuanian plumber who for months had reveled in the racket of bootlegging under guise of holy orders.

When it is remembered that these customs chaps have to protect the border against all violations—narcotics, precious stones and whatnot—it can be seen that they are reasonably busy. Is it any wonder that booze trickles through in tank-loads.

Administrator MacCampbell's dry agents are supposed to mop up what leaks past the customs line. Do they? Tell, oh tell, another joke. To begin with, the rather tragic joke of the out-of-luck citizen of Niagara Falls, who happened personally to be an arid Dry. Motoring home by night he was roared at from an alley. He continued motoring. Whereupon a wild flurry of wheels, a bullet fired, and the law-abiding citizen was shot through the head. He had cause of complaint; but so had the junior United States Senator from Vermont when a dry-agent's bullet laid him low on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington.

If the Third Federal District's dry phalanx of seventy-two stalwarts is drying up northern New York state and the Pennsylvania border, the evidence remains an impenetrable secret. Mr. MacCampbell is a sincere, experienced officer, no doubt of that. He has a mildly virulent hatred of liquor. For years before Mr. Volstead extended the Decalogue, Mr. MacCampbell was a revenue agent operating in dry states like Oklahoma, Kansas and Indiana. There it was his function to exact the annual federal revenue tax of $25 from speakeasies flouting the law of the states. Collecting that, he was unconcerned about local illegality.

An Old Hand at the Game

He emerged from this strangely contradictory service in law enforcement with the reputation of being able to spot a camouflaged barroom by the mere arrangement of street numbers.

Undismayed by the indictment of one of his predecessors in office, a gentleman who showed a talent for realism by organizing and holding office in an alcohol company while prohibition administrator, Mr. MacCampbell conscientiously strives to keep tabs on a territory that might conceivably be made bone-dry if the United States Army were assigned to hunt and destroy every hidden still and camouflaged brewery.

"Our toughest city problem," he declared, "is the miniature brewery. They have them in private houses in Buffalo. How many, I can't say."

He didn't say what else they had; but it was easily discovered. There are a dozen or so breweries in Buffalo, operating full time, and legally. This is the racket:

Expert brewmasters from Germany were imported to pit their wits against the Volstead Act. They discovered that the law could be improved upon. As it stands, a cereal beverage permit licenses a brewer

(*Continued on page 44*)

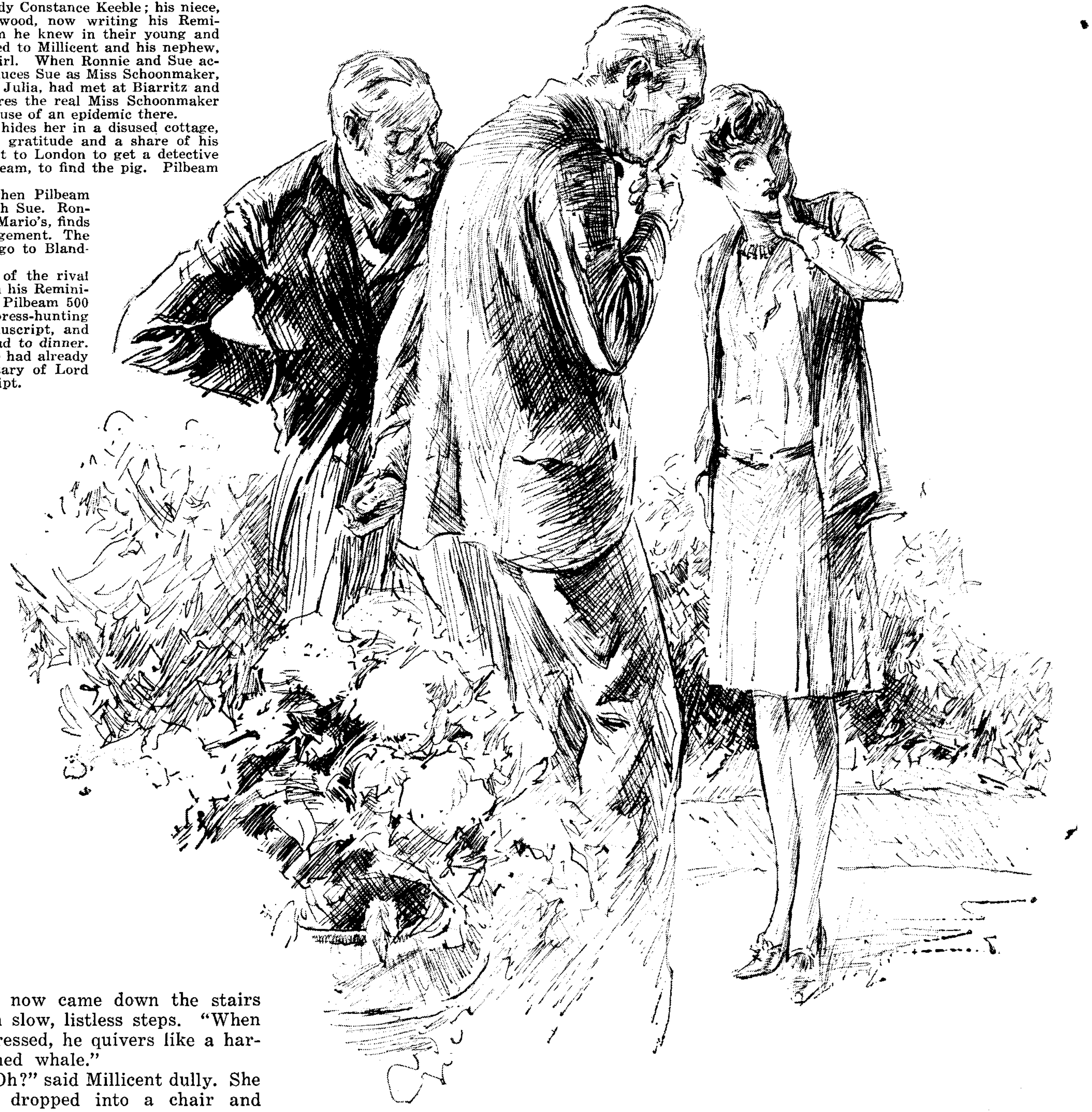
Summer Lightning

The Story Thus Far: In Blandings Castle, England, lives Clarence, ninth Earl of Emsworth, whose chief interest is the Empress of Blandings, his prize pig. With him live his sister, Lady Constance Keeble; his niece, Millicent; his brother, the Honorable Galahad Threepwood, now writing his Reminiscences to the dismay of many respectable men whom he knew in their young and wild days; his secretary, Hugo Carmody, secretly engaged to Millicent and his nephew, Ronald Fish, secretly engaged to Sue Brown, a chorus girl. When Ronnie and Sue accidentally meet Lady Constance in London, Ronnie introduces Sue as Miss Schoonmaker, a wealthy American girl whom he and his mother, Lady Julia, had met at Biarritz and whom Lady Julia invited to visit at Blandings. He wires the real Miss Schoonmaker *in Lady Constance's name not to come to Blandings* because of an epidemic there.

Ronnie, with the butler's aid, steals the Empress and hides her in a disused cottage, planning to "find" her later, thus gaining his trustee's gratitude and a share of his own capital which he needs to marry Sue. Hugo is sent to London to get a detective from the Argus Inquiry Agency, Mgr. P. Frobisher Pilbeam, to find the pig. Pilbeam refuses to take the case

At Mario's that night Sue and Hugo are dancing when Pilbeam appears and finds a long-sought opportunity to approach Sue. Ronnie, come to London to see Sue and having traced her to Mario's, finds her with Pilbeam and is so enraged he breaks their engagement. The next day Millicent breaks with Hugo. Sue decides to go to Blandings as Miss Schoonmaker to see Ronnie and explain.

Galahad accuses Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe, owner of the rival pig, of having stolen the Empress and threatens to put in his Reminicences the ruinous story of the prawns. Parsloe offers Pilbeam 500 pounds to get the manuscript. Pilbeam accepts the Empress-hunting job so that he can be on the ground to steal the manuscript, and asks *Parsloe to give him a clear field by inviting Galahad to dinner.* Parsloe decides to enlist the aid of Lady Constance. She had already invited to Blandings the Efficient Baxter, former secretary of Lord Emsworth, with secret instructions to steal the manuscript.



VII

HAVING re-read the half-dozen pages which he had written since luncheon, the Hon. Galahad Threepwood attached them with a brass paper-fastener to the main body of his monumental work and placed the manuscript in its drawer, lovingly, like a young mother putting her first-born to bed. The day's work was done. Rising from the desk, he yawned and stretched himself.

He was ink-stained but cheerful. Happiness, as solid thinkers have often pointed out, comes from giving pleasure to others; and the little anecdote which he had just committed to paper would, he knew, give great pleasure to a considerable number of his fellowmen. All over England they would be rolling out of their seats when they read it. True their enjoyment might possibly not be shared to its fullest extent by Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe of Matchingham Hall, for what the Hon. Galahad had just written was the story of the prawns; but the first lesson an author has to learn is that he cannot please everybody.

He left the small library which he had commandeered as a private study and, descending the broad staircase, observed Beach in the hall below. The butler was standing mountainously beside the tea-table, staring in a sort of trance at a plateful of anchovy sandwiches, and it struck the Hon. Galahad, not for the first time in the last few days, that he appeared to have something on his mind. A strained, haunted look he seemed to have, as if he had done a murder and was afraid somebody was going to find the body.

A more practiced physiognomist would have been able to interpret that look. It was the one that butlers always wear when they have allowed themselves to be persuaded *against their better judgment* into becoming accessories before the fact in the theft of their employers' pigs.

"Beach," he said, speaking over the banisters, for he had just remembered that there was a question he wanted to ask the man about the somewhat eccentric Major-General Magnus in whose employ Beach had once been.

"What's the matter with you?" he added with some irritation. For the butler, jerked from his reverie, had jumped a couple of inches and shaken all over in a manner that was most trying to watch.

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"Why on earth do you spring like that when anyone speaks to you? I've noticed it before. He leaps," he said complainingly to his niece Millicent, who now came down the stairs with slow, listless steps. "When addressed, he quivers like a harpooned whale."

"Oh?" said Millicent dully. She had dropped into a chair and picked up a book. She looked like something that might have occurred to Ibsen in one of his less frivolous moments.

"I am extremely sorry, Mr. Galahad."

"No use being sorry. Thing is not to do it. If you are practicing the shimmy for the Servants' Ball, be advised by an old friend and give it up. You haven't the build."

"I think I may have caught a chill, sir."

"Take a stiff whisky toddy. Put you *right in no time. What's the car doing* out there?"

"Her ladyship ordered it, sir. I understand that she and Mr. Baxter are going to Market Blandings to meet the train arriving at four-forty."

"Somebody expected?"

"The American young lady, sir. Miss Schoonmaker."

"Of course, yes. I remember. She arrives today, does she?"

"Yes, sir."

The Hon. Galahad mused.

"SCHOONMAKER. I used to know old Johnny Schoonmaker well. A great fellow. Mixed the finest mint-juleps in America. Have you ever tasted a mint-julep, Beach?"

"Not to my recollection, sir."

"Oh, you'd remember all right if you had. Insidious things. They creep up to you like a baby sister and slide their little hands into yours and the next thing you know the Judge is telling you to pay the clerk of the court fifty dollars. Seen Lord Emsworth anywhere?"

"His lordship is at the telephone, sir."

"Don't do it, I tell you!" said the Hon. Galahad petulantly. For once again the butler had been affected by what appeared to be a kind of palsy.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Galahad. It was *something I was suddenly reminded* of. There was a gentleman just after luncheon who desired to communicate with you on the telephone. I understood him to say that he was speaking from Oxford, being on his way from London to Blackpool in his automobile. Knowing that you were occupied with your literary work, I refrained from disturbing you. And till I mentioned the word 'telephone,' the matter slipped my mind."

"Who was he?"

"I did not get the gentleman's name, sir. The wire was faulty. But he desired me to inform you that his business had to do with a dramatic entertainment."

"A play?"

"Yes, sir," said Beach, plainly impressed by this happy way of putting it. "I took the liberty of advising him that you might be able to see him later in the afternoon. He said that he would call after tea."

The butler passed from the hall with heavy, haunted steps, and the Hon. Galahad turned to his niece.

"I KNOW who it is," he said. "He wrote to me yesterday. It's a theatrical manager fellow I used to go about with years ago. Man named Mason. He's got a play, adapted from the French, and he's had the idea of changing it into the period of the 'nineties' and getting me to put my name to it."

"Oh?"

"On the strength of my book coming out at the same time. Not a bad notion, either. Galahad Threepwood's name's going to have box-office value pretty soon. The house'll be sold out for weeks to all the old bluffers who'll come flocking up to London to see if I've put anything about them into it."

"Oh?" said Millicent.

The Hon. Galahad frowned. He sensed a lack of interest and sympathy.

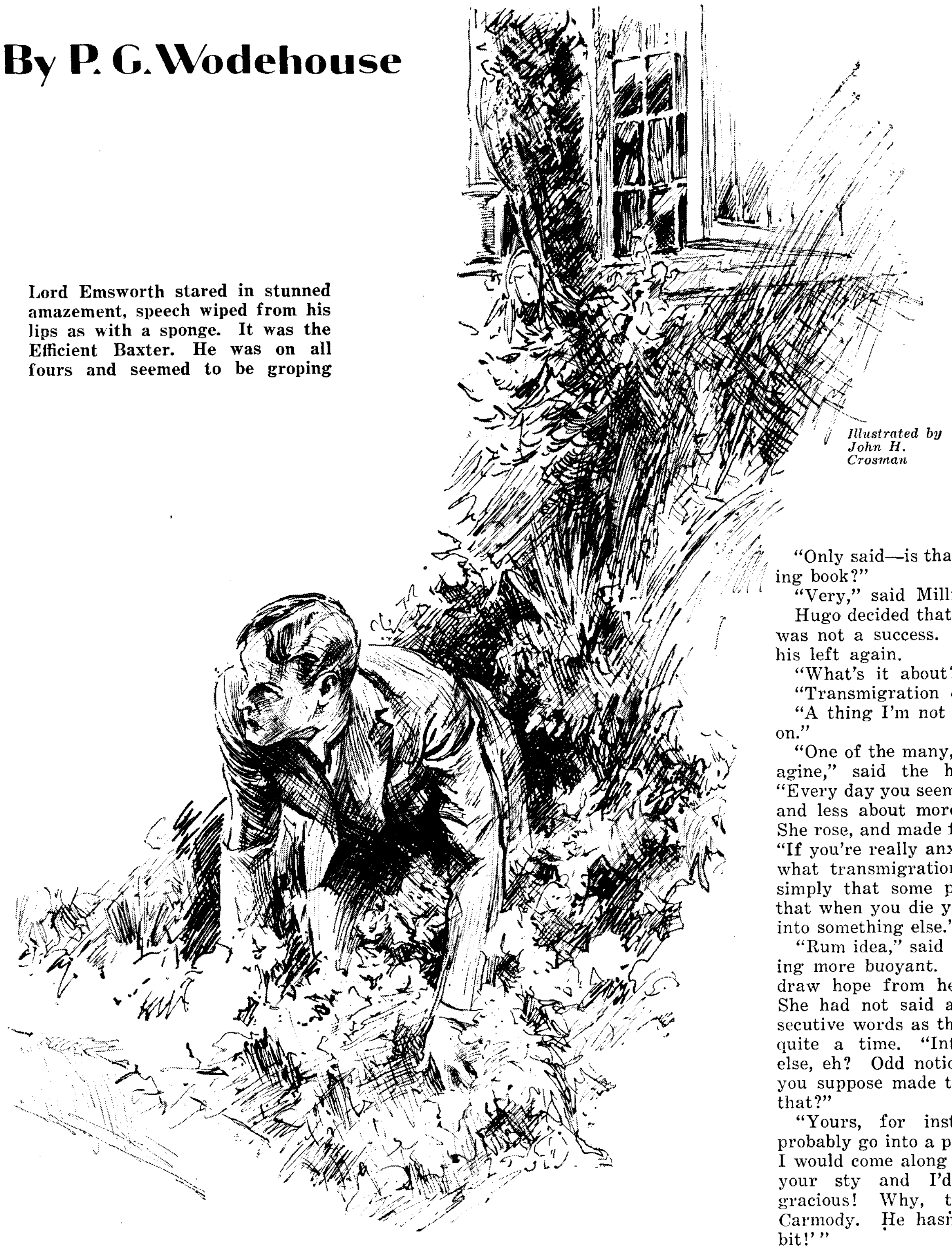
"What's the matter with you?" he demanded.

"Nothing."

"Then why are you looking like that?"

"Like what?"

By P. G. Wodehouse



Lord Emsworth stared in stunned amazement, speech wiped from his lips as with a sponge. It was the Efficient Baxter. He was on all fours and seemed to be groping

Illustrated by John H. Crosman

"Pale and tragic, as if you'd just gone into Tattersall's and met a bookie you owed money to."

"I am perfectly happy."

The Hon. Galahad snorted.

"Yes, radiant. I've seen fogs that were cheerier. What the devil has happened to everybody in this house? There's some excuse, perhaps, for Clarence. If you admit the possibility of a sane man getting so attached to a beastly pig, he has a right to be upset. But what's wrong with all the rest of you? Ronald! Goes about behaving like a bereaved tomato. Beach! Springs up and down when you speak to him. And that young fellow Carmody . . ."

"I am not interested in Mr. Carmody."

"This morning," said the Hon. Galahad, aggrieved, "I told that boy one of the most humorous limericks I ever heard in my life—about an Old Man of—however, that is neither here nor there—and he just gaped at me with his jaw dropping, like a spavined horse looking over a fence. There are mysteries afoot in this house, and I don't like 'em. The atmosphere of Blandings Castle has changed all of a sudden from that of a normal, happy English home into something Edgar Allan Poe might have written on a rainy Sunday. It's getting on my nerves.

"Let's hope this girl of Johnny Schoonmaker's will cheer us up. If she's anything like her father, she ought to be a nice, lively girl. But I suppose, when she arrives, it'll turn out that she's in mourning for a great-aunt or brooding over the situation in Russia or something. I don't know what young people are coming to nowadays. Gloomy. Introspective. The old gay spirit seems to have died out altogether. In my young days a girl of your age would have been upstairs making an apple-pie bed for somebody instead of lolling on chairs reading books about Theosophy."

Snorting once more, the Hon. Galahad had disappeared into the smoking-room, and Millicent, tight-lipped, returned to her book. She had been reading for some minutes when she became aware of a long, limp, drooping figure at her side.

"HULLO," said Hugo, for this ruin of a fine young man was he.

Millicent's ear twitched, but she did not reply.

"Reading?" said Hugo.

He had been standing on his left leg. With a sudden change of policy, he now shifted, and stood on his right.

"Interesting book?"

Millicent looked up.

"I beg your pardon?"

"Only said—is that an interesting book?"

"Very," said Millicent.

Hugo decided that his right leg was not a success. He stood on his left again.

"What's it about?"

"Transmigration of souls."

"A thing I'm not very well up on."

"One of the many, I should imagine," said the haughty girl. "Every day you seem to know less and less about more and more." She rose, and made for the stairs. "If you're really anxious to know what transmigration means, it's simply that some people believe that when you die your soul goes into something else."

"Rum idea," said Hugo, becoming more buoyant. He began to draw hope from her chattiness. She had not said as many consecutive words as this to him for quite a time. "Into something else, eh? Odd notion. What do you suppose made them think of that?"

"Yours, for instance, would probably go into a pig. And then I would come along and look into your sty and I'd say, 'Good gracious! Why, there's Hugo Carmody. He hasn't changed a bit!' "

The spirit of the Carmodys had been a good deal crushed by recent happenings, but at this it flickered into feeble life.

"I call that a beastly thing to say."

"Well, I wouldn't have said it, if I could have thought of anything worse."

"You know perfectly well that you're the only girl in the world I ever . . ."

"You make me sick."

Hugo breathed passionately through his nose.

"So all is over, is it?"

"You can jolly well bet all is over. And if you're interested in my future plans, I may mention I intend to marry the first man who asks me."

And as the celebrated James-Thomas-Beach procession had entered with cakes and gate-leg tables and her last word seemed about as good a last word as a girl might reasonably consider herself entitled to, Millicent passed proudly up the stairs.

James withdrew. Thomas withdrew. Beach remained gazing with a hypnotized eye at the cake.

"Beach!" said Hugo.

"Sir?"

"Curse all women!"

"Very good, sir," said Beach.

He watched the young man disappear through the open front door, heard his footsteps crunch on the gravel, and gave himself up to meditation again. How gladly, he was thinking, if it had not been for upsetting Mr. Ronald's plans, would he have breathed in his employer's ear as he filled his glass at dinner, "The pig is in the gamekeeper's cottage in the west wood, your lordship. Thank you, your lordship." But it was not to be. His face twisted, as if with sudden pain, and he was aware of the Hon. Galahad emerging from the smoking-room.

"Just remembered something I wanted to ask you, Beach. You were with old General Magnus, weren't you, some years ago, before you came here?"

"Yes, Mr. Gallahad."

"Then perhaps you can tell me the exact facts about that trouble in 1912. I know the old chap chased young Mandeville three times round the lawn in his pajamas, but did he merely try to stab him with the bread-knife or did he actually get home?"

"I could not say, sir. He did not honor me with his confidence."

"Infernal nuisance," said the Hon. Galahad. "I like to get these things right."

He eyed the butler discontentedly as he retired. More than ever was he convinced that the fellow had something on his mind. The very way he walked showed it. He was about to return to the smoking-room when his brother Clarence came into the hall. And there was in Lord Emsworth's bearing so strange a gayety that he stood transfixed. It seemed to the Hon. Galahad years since he had seen anyone looking cheerful in Blandings Castle.

"GOOD Lord, Clarence! What's happened? Found that pig under the drawing-room sofa or something?"

Lord Emsworth beamed.

"I have had the most cheering piece of news, Galahad. That detective—the one I sent young Carmody to see—the Argus man, you know—he has come after all. He drove down in his car and is at this moment in Market Blandings, at the Emsworth Arms. I have been speaking to him on the telephone. He rang up to ask if I still required his services."

"Well, you don't."

"Certainly I do, Galahad. I consider his presence vital."

"He can't tell you any more than you know already. There's only one man who can have stolen that pig, and that's young Parsloe!"

"Precisely. Yes. Quite true. But this man will be able to collect evidence and bring the thing home and—er—bring it home. He has the trained mind. I consider it most important that the case should be in the hands of a man with a trained mind. We should be seeing him very shortly. I am delighted. Ah, Constance, my dear."

Lady Constance Keeble, attended by the Efficient Baxter, had appeared at the foot of the stairs. His lordship eyed her a little warily.

"Constance, my dear, a friend of mine is arriving this evening, to spend a few days. I forgot to tell you."

"Well, we have plenty of room for him," replied Lady Constance, with surprising amiability. "There is something I forgot to tell you, too. We are dining at Matchingham tonight."

"Matchingham?" Lord Emsworth was puzzled. He could think of no one who lived in the village of Matchingham except Sir Gregory Parsloe-Parsloe. "With whom?"

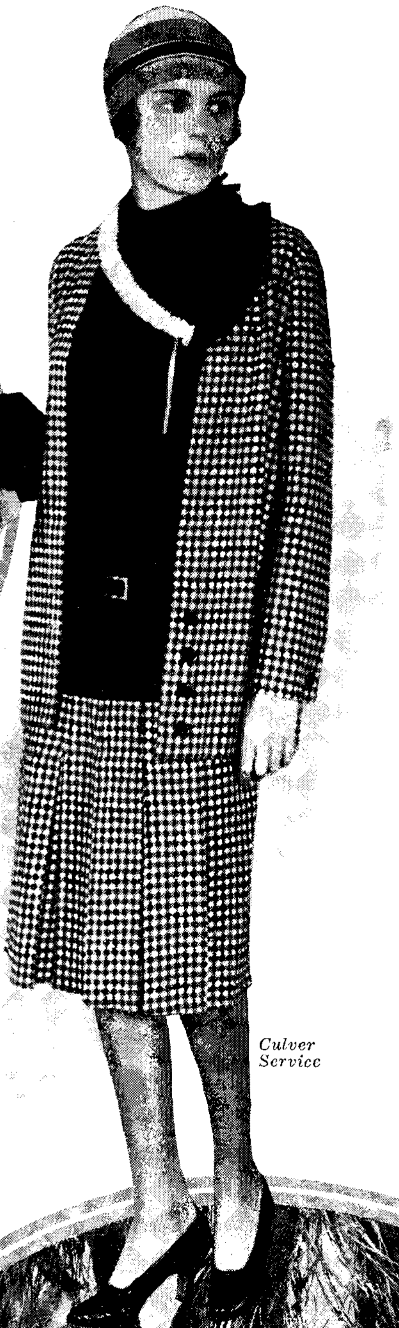
"Sir Gregory, (Continued on page 68)

The Look of the Month

A pictorial answer to the question, What's new on the lighter side of things this month?

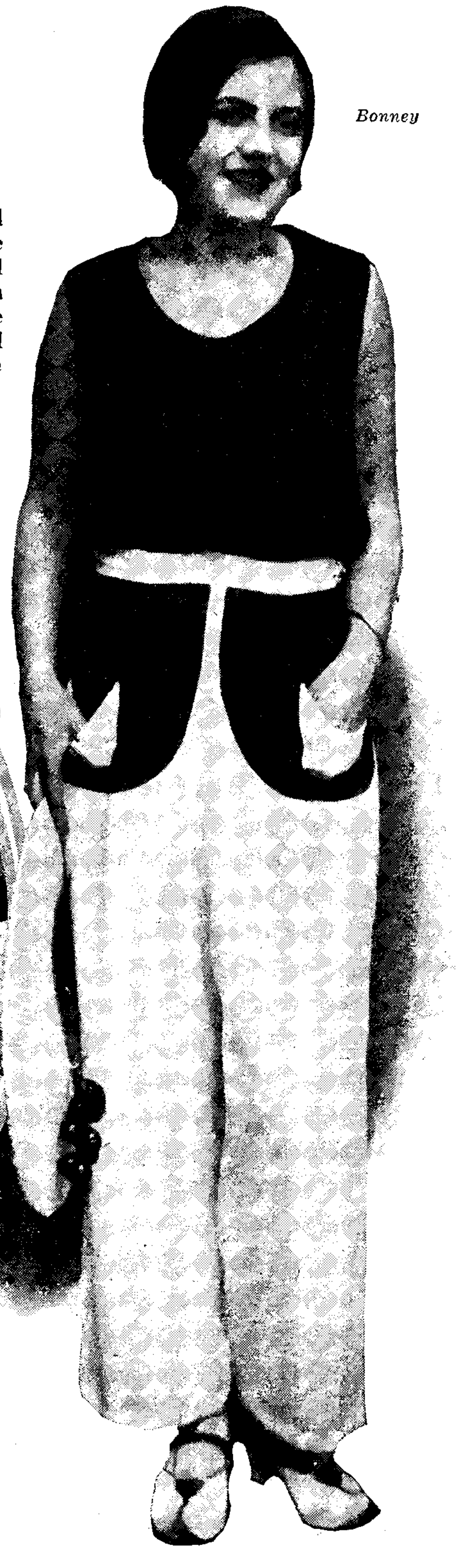
Arnold Genthe

The Author: A recent, charming photograph of Kathleen Norris. Mrs. Norris has just completed a new novel "April Escapade"—the best she's ever done. It begins in Collier's in July



Culver Service

The Fashion: On the left we have the comely and socially prominent Joan Forbes snapped by Collier's photographer in a new black and white sports ensemble, by William Bloom, heralding the return of checks. The scarf and blouse are of silk tricot. The bag is a particularly smart whippet model by Patou



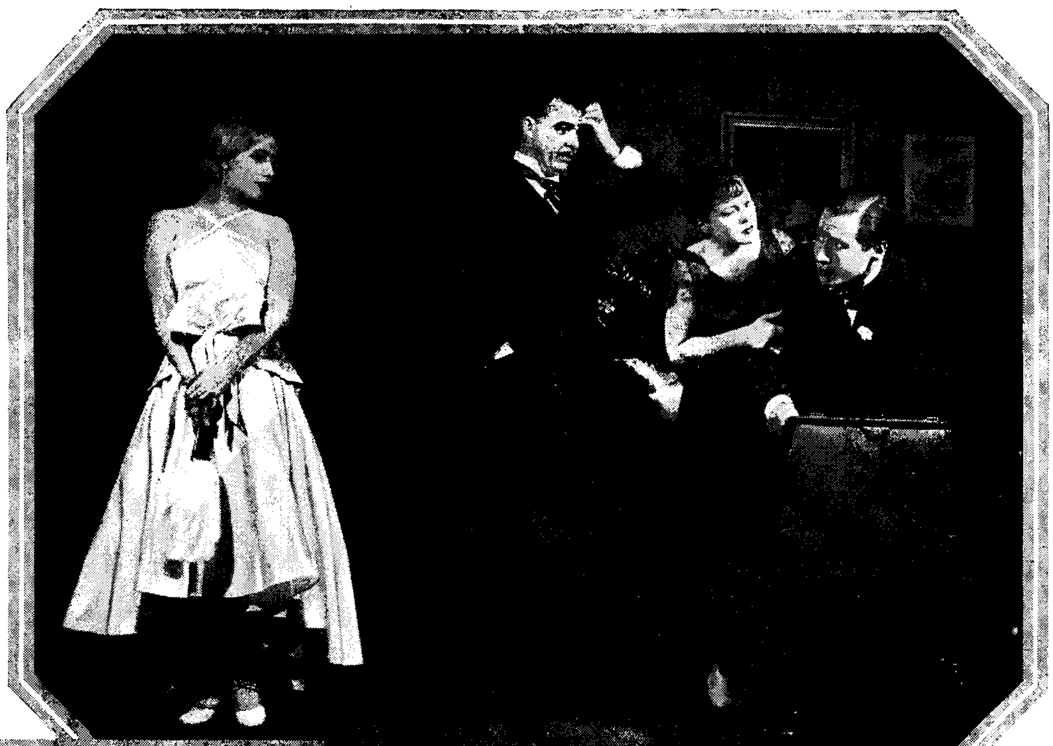
Bonney

On the right: The last word in beach ensembles. The pajamas are of red and white crêpe de chine with patch pockets. A large straw hat and red and white kid "sabots" complete this outfit by Nowitzky

Paramount

The Screen: And now those irrepressible Marx Brothers have gone talkie (with the exception—need we say?—of Harpo). They've just completed a screen version of The Cocoanuts with Mary Eaton and Oscar Shaw for good measure

The Stage: An outstanding hit of a none-too-brilliant season is Caprice, the Theater Guild production of a sophisticated play by Sil-Vara, Viennese critic. In this scene you have Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Lily Cahill and Douglas Montgomery



Below: An engaging full-length close-up of Miss Fontanne. She is the wife of Mr. Lunt and, in addition to Caprice, has appeared with him in The Guardsman, At Mrs. Beam's, and a number of Theater Guild productions. She created the rôle of Nina in Strange Interlude

Florence Vandamm

The Bride: (right) An informal snapshot of the former Miss Katherine T. Lapsley, daughter of Mrs. John W. Lapsley of Bedford, New York, who was married the other day to Melville Stone 2d, grandson of the late head of the Associated Press

Pictorial Press Photos

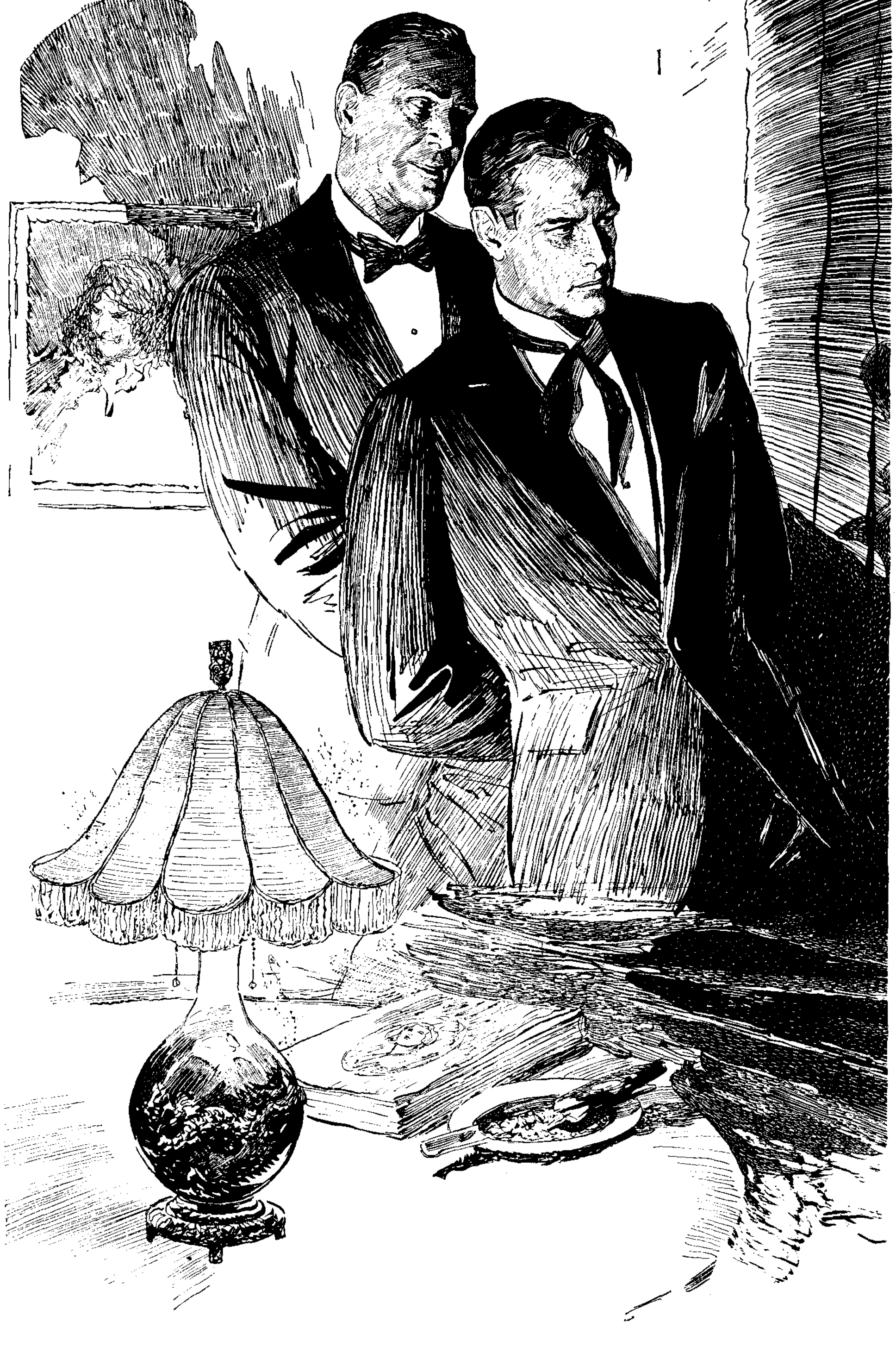
Society: Early-spring strollers in New York, between the South and the summer resorts. Mr. and Mrs. James Russell Lowell. Mrs. Lowell was Miss Julia E. Brokaw

Pictorial Press

Sports: The sport of kings moves northward. With the reopening of the northern tracks, interest in racing increases. Here are some of Harry Payne Whitney's string in training at Brookdale, N. J. On the left is Victorian, now four years old. The others are Cady Hill, the Nut, Barjello and Beacon Hill

The Day the World Ended

By Sax Rohmer



Lonergan was pushing before him a captive whose arms were oddly twisted behind him! Light fell on the stranger's face

The Story Thus Far: Brian Woodville, an explorer, is sent by the Daily World to Baden-Baden, Germany, to investigate the report that giant bats, thought to be vampires, have been preying upon animals and men in the Black Forest. At 3 A. M. Woodville is awakened in his hotel bedroom by a bodiless voice which calls him by name and warns him to leave Baden-Baden. "*This is the first warning. You have three days.*"

Woodville's inquiries about the bats are met with evasions. His suspicions center upon Madame Yburg and two men who attend her—Paul, a Frenchman, and Kluster, an American.

The following night Woodville visits the cemetery. In front of the locked gate he finds a French cigarette. Then he sees a gigantic bat, strangely luminous and horribly human, descending within the cemetery. Later he meets Madame Yburg and returns with her to the hotel where she is joined by Kluster and M. Paul.

At 3 A. M. Woodville hears the second warning pronounced by the Voice. Later he sees a figure in his window. When he looks out he is hailed by a man who says he is the watchman. In a few minutes the real night watchman appears.

In the morning Woodville learns that the mausoleum near which the bat alighted is owned by the Felsenweir family. After arranging to have tea with Madame Yburg and dinner with M. Paul and after taking precautions to avoid being trailed, he sets out for the Devil's Elbow, a vantage point from which he can see the Felsenweir castle. His driver behaves in a suspicious fashion. Woodville leaves the car and walks to the cliff. After prolonged scrutiny of the castle through his field glasses, he sees a figure moving across the embrasures of the battlements. It is clad entirely in black armor. "Am I mad?" he cries involuntarily. "Not a bit," comes the reply. Woodville whirls. There stands Kluster. "I've got you placed at last," Kluster says. "We're together on this."

III

FOR several moments I was dumbfounded. Suspect B had shown his hand! In spite of all my precautions, I had been tracked. We confronted one another in silence, then:

"I don't know what you mean," I said, "and I can't imagine where you have sprung from."

"Easy answered." Kluster rolled the unlighted cigar from one end of his flexible mouth to the other. "I mean we both belong in the same camp. And I didn't spring from any place: I just walked up."

"Walked up?"

"You said it. I came along beside the baby canyon. That was your route."

"But I heard no sound."

"I don't make any sound when I don't want to. Besides, you were busy."

"Do you mean," I demanded angrily, "that you have been following me?"

"No, sir. I got here first."

"What!"

"You passed me by the little old cave back there. As soon as you were all set I crept up on you."

Anger left me. The man's imperturbable ill-humor was defeating. If, in spite of his surly friendliness, he belonged in the enemy camp, at least he was a comprehensible flesh-and-blood American citizen. Really, I hadn't a scrap of evidence connecting him with the purpose of my journey, except his friendship with Madame Yburg. After all, the Devil's Elbow was open to the public; and amid all this phantasmagoria it was good to get to grips with sanity; therefore:

"At the moment, Mr. Kluster," I "you definitely have the advan- I don't know how you got here, n't know why came here. I don't even know who you are except that your name is Kluster—"

As I spoke, he had been regarding me under drooping lids—lids which concealed a pair of lancet-keen gray eyes. Now he interrupted, and:

"Wrong!" said he. "It isn't! That's the name in my passport, but Washington knows different."

"I'm afraid I don't follow."

"It's easy. Your job's covering the Felsenweir circus—newspaper commission, I guess. Mine's the same—United States Secret Service. My name's Lonergan—John Lonergan. We might as well work together. I don't want publicity at the wrong time."

"But!"—I was temporarily at a loss for words—"might I ask what Felsenweir has to do with the United States?"

"You might," he returned sourly. "A newspaper man might ask any dam' thing. Are you the Brian Woodville who went up the Rio Negro for the New York Bulletin?"

"I am."

"Glad to know you better," said this extraordinary individual. "How are you fixed from now on? We ought to pool notes."

Perhaps, as coldly recorded, there would seem to be nothing in this interview on the Devil's Elbow to have convinced any but a credulous fool that Mr. Aldous P. Kluster was what he now claimed to be. Yet, for my part, I never doubted him. I saw the man in a new light. Much that had been obscure became obvious. I experienced an intense curiosity, and:

"I am meeting Madame Yburg for tea," I replied truthfully, "and I am dining with M. Paul. Shall we meet somewhere later?"

"You bet we shall," he replied. He glanced down at the Zeiss glasses. "Seen anything fresh?" he asked.

And, at the question, realizing that I stood on the brink of a precipice with a stranger—probably armed; how only one other knew of my presence there—the chauffeur, a suspicious character—I suffered a revulsion of sentiment.

"I've watched for hours," Kluster (or Lonergan) went on. "Not from here. This look-out is a hundred per cent right. From three parts up the Mercuriusberg. I've seen the figures patrolling, but not a dam' thing else."

I laughed to hide embarrassment—silently cursing my cowardly qualms.

"I saw them today for the first time."

He nodded, rolling the cigar between his lips.

"Didn't know why you were coming here," he murmured. "Plain enough now. I covered you early this morning. The gink driving the car fell for ten dollars and brought me here first! Listen. Madame Yburg is clever. Play for safety. Paul beats me. But tell him *nothing*. Got it clear?"

"Perfectly."

"I'll go first, if it's all the same to you—and send the car back. Don't let the driver know you're wise to him. And do your look-out from further beyond where the sun doesn't get your lenses. I don't know what kind of things live in Felsenweir, but I guess they can *see*. Ten o'clock outside the Kurhaus. Some table left of the steps. I'll look for you."

WHEN I joined Madame Yburg at the Casino, her manner struck me as odd. She was charming as ever, conveying that sense of coolness, physical as well as mental, which was part and parcel of her personality. She wore green, with a little tight-fitting hat which for some reason set me thinking of gnomes and fairies—and so brought back a memory of the grotto under the Devil's Elbow.

Her beautiful, calm eyes studied me with disturbing frankness, as the waiter brought tea.

"Has your busy day been successful?" she asked.

"Not entirely," I replied. "And yours?"

"I had lunch on the Mercuriusberg," she said, removing a handbag to make room for the tea tray. "Very much like a tripper, as you call it; but I adore the view."

"It must be a familiar view?"

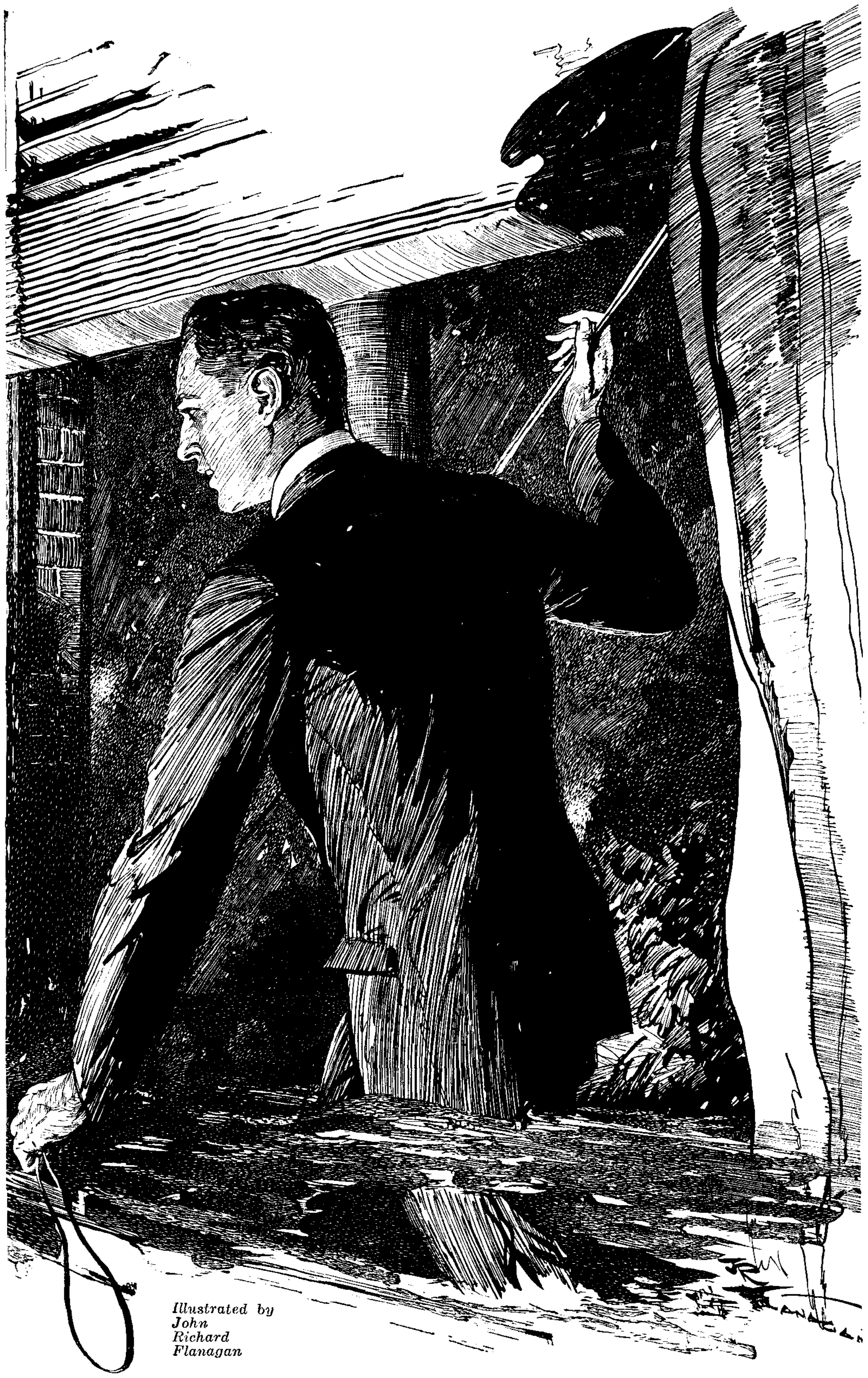
She smiled, and glanced aside as the band began to play again. Her long, psychic hands fascinated me.

"My husband had a villa here. But we were rarely in Baden."

"I'm sorry. Have I stirred up unhappy memories?"

"Not at all." Her regard became fixed upon me once more. "My marriage was not entirely happy—what marriage is? And if I had any regrets, time has softened them. My husband has been dead for eleven years."

"The war?" I suggested gently.



Illustrated by John Richard Flanagan

She nodded.

Upon my sympathy, my natural sympathy with any victim of that ghastly international tragedy, came hot-foot the most poisonous suspicions. She played cleverly. A beautiful widow bereaved by one's countrymen or allies—it might be, by one's own hand—is a distractingly appealing figure. "Madame Yburg is clever"—the strident voice seemed to ring in my ears—"Play for safety. . . ." *Had* she been to the Mercuriusberg?

A number of dancers took the floor, and:

"Shall we dance?" I asked.

Madame Yburg, watching me with those calm eyes in which lay so old and so dearly bought a wisdom as well as a smile which irritated whilst it caressed, shook her head slightly.

"You don't really want to, do you?"

"Frankly, I don't. I would rather talk here."

"So would I."

As a result, we talked—about a hundred and one things. But never about the Black Forest and its secrets. Madame Yburg knew the world almost as well as I knew it. My only advantage was in respect to inaccessible spots right off the map. Europe, Asia, Africa, America—she had traveled them all. Her knowledge of human character left me miles behind. She made me feel like an infant.

Only—when out of pity, I think, for my masculine inferiority—she led me on to talk of the Sahara and of the unexplored country up the Rio Negro, did I recover my poise. At last:

"THERE are still a lot of jobs," she said—she spoke vernacular English in a fascinating, unfamiliar way—"which only a man can do."

Her words awakened me to the passage of time. I had been absorbed in that most delightful task—talking about myself to an attractive and sympathetic woman. The band had ceased, and departed. I glanced at my wrist watch, and:

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Please orgive me! We have barey time to dress!"

"You are forgiven," said Madame Yburg. "You have made me forget. . . ."

It was all of a quarter to seven when I joined M. Paul in the bar. His resplendence was difficult to define: but he made me feel dowdy. He wore dinner-kit which would have caused the editor of the Tailor and Cutter to scream with joy; but I was well-turned out, too, for that matter. It was the personality of the man, plus his faultless clothes, which created the impression.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, and leaped from his stool, regardless of the criticism of other occupants of the bar. "It is you—on the very tick of time."

"A couple of ticks behind, to be exact," I murmured.

I had previously grappled with the problem of what it was about the Frenchman's mode of speech which intrigued me. At this moment I grasped it. He used the latest slang with facility—but gave the terms a new quality. In other words, *reported*, much of his conversation would have read like that of an Englishman; heard, it was peculiarly different.

He swept aside my natural suggestion with dramatic scorn.

"No, no!" he cried. "Tonight *I* am host!"

Host he was—and a number-one host he proved himself to be. He had ordered dinner at the Kurhaus—not, he explained, because he regarded the cuisine there as superior to that of the Regal, but "because it is always a change."

I perceived, when we had taken our places at a reserved window-table where we could both see and hear the excellent orchestra, that M. Paul was a gourmet of discrimination. He had ordered a dinner—upon which he invited my amateur comments—that displayed Teutonic cookery to its greatest advantage. This evidenced genius. So many people order a French meal in a German restaurant.

Any doubts I had had respecting my later appointment at the Kurhaus were speedily removed by M. Paul.

"I hope it does not mean loneliness for you," he said. "But at half-past nine I must run away."

It suited me very well and I said so.

"Good," said M. Paul. "Then we can enjoy our dinner."

He talked of many things, and entertainingly, but ere long, as I had anticipated, touched upon Madame Yburg, to whom he referred as "your charming little friend."

I took him up on that, knowing the expression, translated into the speaker's tongue, to possess a subtly different meaning.

"Madame Yburg is certainly charming," I agreed, "and we are friends. But only friends. We met a week ago."

His keen, handsome, actor's face registered a momentary surprise which I could have sworn was real. But believing, as I did, that M. Paul and Madame Yburg were allies in a thus far incomprehensible conspiracy, I challenged my own judgment. In the woman's society, that afternoon, I had certainly forgotten, or had dismissed, those medieval ideas which I had built up around her. Now, I asked myself if I was in the company of a dupe or of an accomplice.

Madame Yburg was fascinating; I had experienced the thrall of her peculiar personality. Was this brilliant Frenchman, with his feverishly bright eyes and pale skin, a discarded fly? Had the spider bled him white and cast him away? And was the poor infatuated victim jealously searching the horizon to discover who should be his successor? Or . . . ?

"You surprise me, Mr. Woodville," he said—and his sincerity one would have set beyond dispute. "I quite thought you were old friends."

He looked at me in a new way, and began to talk about Paris.

I was nonplussed, and I fenced so badly in my subsequent attempts to draw the conversation into desired channels, that I began to wonder if *all* my theories about M. Paul were wrong! A welcome turn was given to a very aimless conversation by my companion.

Gazing rapturously over my left shoulder: "Ah, name of a good little man!" he murmured—"how exquisite! No! It cannot be that she is German."

His racial prejudice made me laugh, but:

"Laugh, my friend, if you wish," he said. "But the goddess Diana is reborn a mortal. See, here is our coffee. You may move your chair. Please select a cigar"—the head waiter had brought a case—"and share with me the joy of looking at a beautiful girl."

I DECLINED the cigar—I never smoke them—but lighted a cigarette and turned as M. Paul suggested. The object of his interest was unmistakable. She sat at a table not far removed, in the company of a plain, elderly lady than whom a more formidable duenna could not well be imagined.

Perhaps it was "written," as the Moslems have it; but, at the moment of my turning, the girl was looking in our direction. I found myself meeting a grave regard from the most liquid, frank, yet searching, blue eyes I had ever seen.

Their glance held me. I stared too long for courtesy. "Diana reborn" was not so extravagant as I had supposed. The subject of M. Paul's poetry was deliciously tanned as one would suppose that divinity to have been. Her perfect arms and shoulders seemed to have absorbed the glow of sunlight. She was joyously, naïvely youthful: and her hair was a golden bronze such as must have crowned the Greek goddess.

No doubt my honest admiration was all too apparent. The girl flushed and glanced aside. I found myself focussed by a pair of black-rimmed spectacles worn by the duenna, which resembled dragon's eyes.

Embarrassed by my own bad form, I turned to M. Paul.

The orchestra in the gardens had ceased when Mr. Lonergan joined me at a sheltered table. A waiter hovered in the background, and:

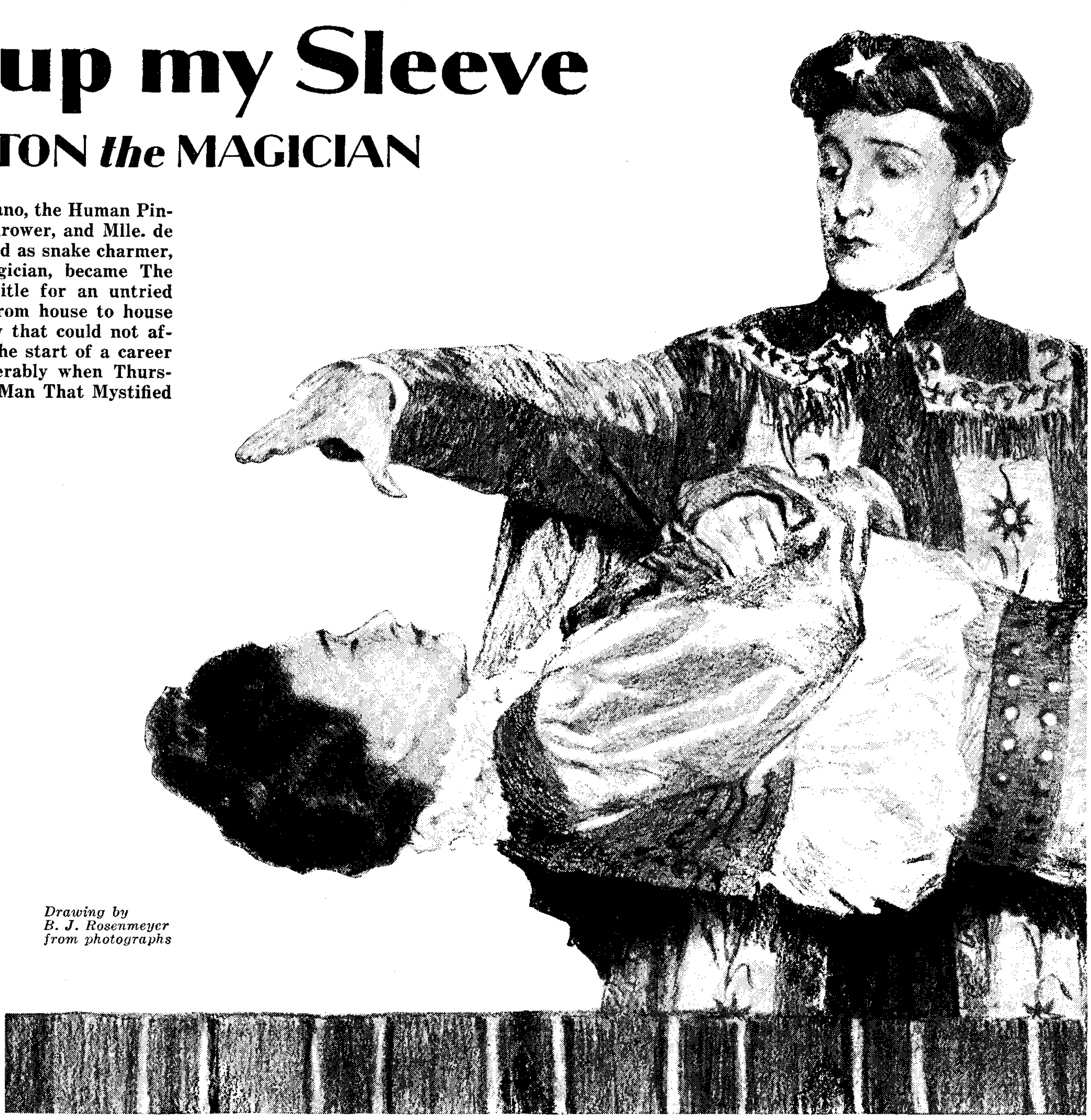
"Beer," said Mr. Lonergan. "Do you keep your private papers under lock and key in your apartment at the Regal?"

I stared at the speaker in the semi-darkness. To my shame, be it confessed, I had been somewhat distracted up to the time that he had so abruptly fired this question at me. I had been listening in memory to a laughing voice with a queer, deep note in it, and watching a tall, slender figure moving through the throng with (*Continued on page 48*)

Nothing up my Sleeve

By THURSTON *the* MAGICIAN

At breakfast in a side-show tent with Lano, the Human Pincushion; Thardo, the Mexican Knife Thrower, and Mlle. de Leon, the Circassian Beauty, who doubled as snake charmer, Howard Thurston, aspiring young magician, became The Wizard of the North—an impressive title for an untried trouper who was shortly to be going from house to house advertising performances by a company that could not afford to pay for handbills. But it was the start of a career—a career that moved forward considerably when Thurston won the right to call himself "The Man That Mystified Herrmann."



Drawing by B. J. Rosenmeyer from photographs

II

WHEN I left home that time I went to Cleveland where Sells Brothers' Circus was playing. Entering the grounds I passed a lot where two tents were almost concealed in a forest of banners flaming with colors. As I stood looking at the pictures that advertised the GREAT LONDON SIDE SHOW, I was fascinated.

I peeked in at the entrance of the smaller tent. The Tattooed Lady, in a dingy Mother Hubbard, her hair down her back, was frying sausages on a gasoline stove, while a little man, in pink tights and a Prince Albert coat, was cooking flapjacks on a spider. As he caught my eye he smiled and gave the pan a sudden jerk, sending the cake high into the air. It flopped over once and the little man caught it very expertly. I couldn't hold back a word of admiration. The little man waved an arm toward me.

"Hullo," he called. "Come in."

Such was my meeting with Lano, the Human Pincushion, whose picture on the banner outside represented a fierce-looking brigand seven feet high, whose body bristled with hatpins and knives and skewers of many kinds. But in reality, as I came to know, he was the gentlest and kindest of men, and our friendship became very strong.

At breakfast, I sat between Thardo, the Mexican Knife Thrower, and Mlle. de Leon, the Circassian Beauty, who doubled in the rôle of snake charmer. The proprietors of the show, Jim Berry and Tom Hurd, sat at the ends of the table, which was a knock-together affair, consisting of advertising signs laid across hurdles used in the trained animal act. Pop Samuels, owner of the trained animals, sat opposite me. His wife, the Tattooed Lady, and Lano waited on the table. In a huge chair on a platform decorated with red velvet and tinsel, Hattie Bone, the "largest and fattest woman in the world," sat in solitary state. "Coffee," the Skeleton Dude, waited on her.

They all welcomed me as a fellow professional when I explained that I was a magician. After breakfast Jim Berry and Tom Hurd produced an advertising banner similar to those outside and unrolled it on the ground. The picture represented a magician, with long goatee and mustachios, producing bowls of fire, cages of doves and aquariums of goldfish out of the empty air. In big black letters under the picture was written: ANDERSON, WIZARD OF THE NORTH. Jim Berry's gruff voice broke the spell.

"Well, son, what do you think of it?"

"Some class to that," said Tom Hurd. "Nothing too good for the Great London, if I do say it myself."

My heart was pounding, but finally the great question popped out. Mr. Berry slapped me on the back.

"Guessed it the first time. The Great London is looking for a real live Wiz. If you can deliver the goods, it's six a week and cakes and that banner flung to the breeze in every burg we show. Are you on?"

I brought my little bag of tricks and gave a trial performance in the main tent between the morning and the afternoon shows. The whole company watched the exhibition and applauded heartily. When I took a doll out of Tom Hurd's hat, Hattie Bone laughed so that she shook like a load of hay. When I finished Jim Berry said:

"Your act's O. K., son. Your salary starts at Nelsonville, tomorrow."

I have tried to recollect the first performance of the Wizard of the North, but beyond the memory that my table was a soap box covered with red cloth and my magic wand the stump of an old whip borrowed from Pop Samuels, my mind, so far as my début as a professional magician is concerned, is a blank.

A Bid for Business

But what followed I have not forgotten. A hard life! The show began at 9:30 in the morning and did not end till dark. Sometimes we gave between thirty and forty performances a day. We slept and ate in the tent.

Sometimes when business was not good, we turned the Wild Man loose with a large bone of raw meat in his hand. He ran through the fair grounds, howling and brandishing his food, the whole company of freaks in pursuit, Tom Hurd in the lead cracking his long whip, and Jim Berry and myself firing blank cartridges. After covering the ground of rival attractions the Wild Man doubled on his trail and allowed himself to be caught, curiously enough, in front of our own tent. Which brought all the people to our part of the grounds.

When the Fair season ended we played the small halls in the Pennsylvania towns. Business went from bad to worse and salaries were few and far between. What money we did take in Jim Berry spent for drink, and Tom Hurd lost heart and became indifferent.

Winter added to our misery. We went to the mountains, and the nights and mornings were bitterly cold. Finally, conditions became so desperate that Pop Samuels, Thardo, Lano and myself decided that we could get along without the managers, as we were giving the greater part of the show and receiving no pay for our work. So we held a council of war and I was elected manager of a new organization and was also appointed a committee of one to notify Hurd and Berry that we would give one more week free, after which we would try to get along without the assistance of the managers and Big Hattie Bone.

Saturday morning, the day of separation, arrived. We were in a little mountain town and the day was so cold that our breath almost turned to ice on our lips. Each performer packed his belongings and the wagons were ordered, two for the managers and one for the "rebels," as Jim Berry called us. Not one of the new organization had any money.

At last the two drays, loaded with the managers' goods, moved down the street, Big Hattie Bone hurling curses.

At three in the afternoon I ordered the teams to drive to the nearest village. We stopped near a schoolhouse.

As we had no advertising bills, the whole troupe went from house to house and store to store to invite the people to come to our entertainment.

The first performance under the new management was not a great success, and we had to camp in the schoolhouse overnight and give the show the next night in order to pay our drivers and engage new wagons to carry us to the next town.

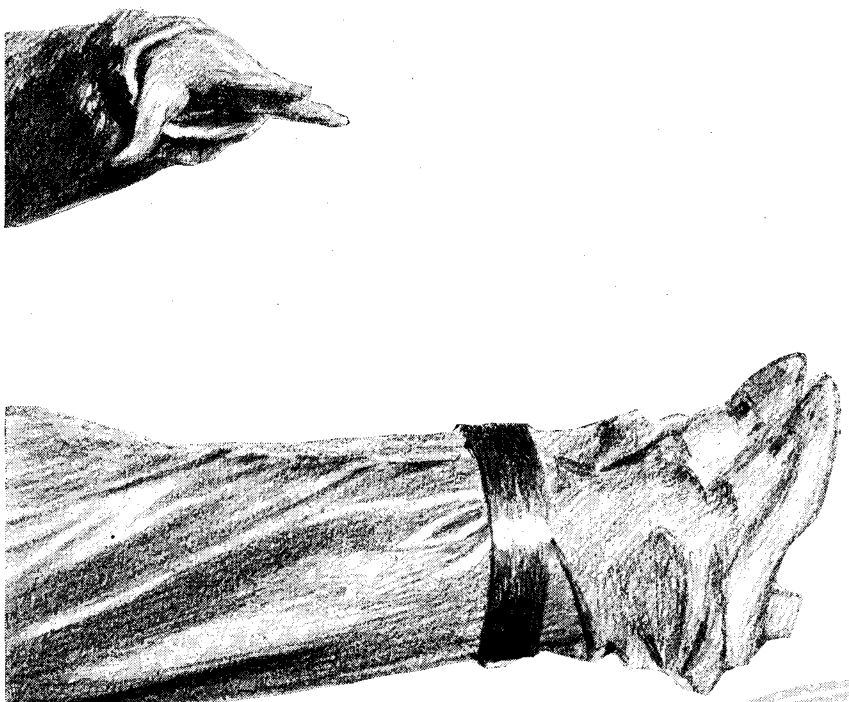
Financial Difficulties

In this way we traveled on for three months. A heavy snow was on the ground, and the days and nights were bitterly cold.

At last Spring came. We were all ambitious to play under canvas again. So I advertised for a tent, and eventually we made arrangements with a showman to use his tent and seats in return for a half interest in the show.

On the first day of May our partner arrived and I felt as Napoleon must have felt when he was made First Consul. We went to bed early that night so as to be up bright and early for the grand parade. I remember how delightfully warm it was under the tent, on which the sun had been shining all day. But that night it started to rain, and it rained all next day. There was no parade and no show. The next day it rained; and for almost three weeks the rain fell continually. In all that time we gave only four performances.

At length we arrived in Williamsport, Pa. The rain ceased and we prepared to give our show. The six wagoners



Howard Thurston performing the always-mystifying levitation illusion which is a feature of his performances

An impromptu performance for a young and enthusiastic group of friends

we had hired for the week, and who were to be paid by the day, had not received any money, and were threatening trouble. Our partner had bought the tent on a small payment and a promise of future installments, which, however, had not been made, and the original owner came to collect. We promised to pay what we could from the proceeds of the next day's performance.

But the next day the floods descended and with the rain came the sheriff to attach the show. He tacked up a card advertising the whole outfit for sale at auction the following day.

I racked my brain to find a way out, but every avenue of escape was blocked by the burly figure of the sheriff. After dinner I took a brisk walk with Lano to town. I had formed a plan.

At the railroad station I sent the following message:

Harry Davis
Pittsburgh, Pa.:

Can offer you for immediate engagement the following acts, Pop Samuels with fifty small trained animals; Thardo, Contortionist and Mexican Knife Thrower; Lano, Sword Swallower, Glass Eater, Fire King and Human Pincushion; Mlle. de Leon, Tattooed Lady and Snake Charmer. Also the World's Greatest Magician. Joint salary one hundred and fifty per week. Kindly arrange by wire for our tickets and transportation of baggage. Answer immediately.

That afternoon was endless. I paced up and down outside the tent peering through the gray drizzle for a messenger.

Seven o'clock came and still no message. The sheriff closed the tent and settled himself comfortably inside for a long night watch, and we all sat around the table—waiting. At eight o'clock the messenger came. I eagerly opened the envelope. I could feel the sheriff's eyes fixed on me suspiciously, as I read the words:

ALL O K OPEN MONDAY

I took Lano, Thardo, Pop Samuels and his wife to one side and told them of my plan to get the sheriff drunk. We had just enough to buy two pint bottles of whisky and I sent Lano to get the liquor and send a collect message to Harry Davis.

WILL COME ON MIDNIGHT TRAIN STOP NECESSARY FOR YOU TO ARRANGE RAILROAD TRANSPORTATION AT YOUR END

The night was cold. A drizzling rain fell outside. A big lantern was hung with a rope from the middle of the tent, and we sat around a trunk playing poker with the sheriff. After every jack-pot Thardo would pull out a bottle and pass it around. We did nothing more than moisten our lips, for every drop of that liquor was more precious than attar of roses; but the sheriff, who was cold, took long, generous swigs, which, however, had no appreciable effect on him. It was plain that we had underestimated his capacity, and the success of our plan began to look dubious. A clock somewhere in the village tolled the hour of ten. The sheriff yawned and threw down his hand.

Then he started on his round of the tent to see that none of the baggage had been tampered with. Mrs. Samuels leaned swiftly toward me, and whispered:

"I'll have that 'boob' dead to the world in ten minutes."

He accepted a tin cup of hot toddy and we went to bed. It was not long before the sheriff was snoring lustily. Stealthily we sneaked out of the tent, bundled the animals and our belongings onto the wagon and away we skipped.

When we reached Pittsburgh, Mr. O'Connor, manager of Harry Davis' Museum, was at the station to meet us. He had liberally advertised the "Country Circus." The front of the Museum was plastered with huge placards blazoning the wonders of our performance in dazzling adjectives and still more dazzling pictures. Mrs. Samuels, as Tattooed Lady and Snake Charmer, was assigned to the Curio Hall; as was Coffee, the Skeleton Dude; and Lano, the Human Pincushion. Thardo went back to heaving knives at the Tattooed Lady.

When the Great Country Circus disbanded we organized The Great New York Circus, but it was not destined to have a brilliant career. One morning in Long Island City, in August, 1894, the manager informed us that there would be no matinée and that we could go to New York for the day. When I returned, the tent had vanished—everything but my little table with its velvet cover. Old Pop had saved my apparatus and my cherished dress suit which I had bought from the museum people at Pittsburgh. He told me that the tent and baggage had been attached and were stored in another part of the city.

Touring the Far West

I ferried back to New York that night. The next day I answered an advertisement in The Mirror to join, as a magician, the side show of the Sells Brothers' Circus. The show had the usual variety of freaks. We played through the South that winter, but as business was bad the show closed.

In a little Georgia town I met Sam Meinhold. He and I visited small towns throughout the state doing our own advertising and giving the whole show ourselves, Sam playing the zither, and I performing tricks. In this way we spent the winter of 1894-95. We saved enough money to open a Fair Ground Show. We bought a tent, engaged some freaks, and patterned our show after the Great London Side Show. Our business was good during the Fair season, then we worked up north into Minnesota.

Business became bad, and at Duluth the show was attached for debts. I obtained an engagement in a Dime Museum in Minneapolis. This was followed by an engagement in Butte, Mont., at sixty dollars a week, and life looked rosy again.

I stayed at Butte for a month, and then went to Great Falls. A manager of a concert hall at Boulder, up near the Canadian line, offered me two weeks at seventy dollars a week.

Arriving at Boulder I inquired for the theater. To my surprise a frame building, two stories high, in front of which hung a sign "Theater and Saloon," was pointed out, and I learned that in the daytime the theater was used as a pool parlor and also as a poker and faro joint. In the evening before the curtain went up, the pool tables were removed and the gambling paraphernalia was placed at the sides of the hall.

Men surged around roulette wheels, card tables and faro layouts, struggling with one another to place their bets. Scattered through the hall were a score of painted women, smoking, drinking and playing as eagerly as the men.

While I was setting the stage for my act there was a sudden fusillade of pistol shots, and a bullet pinged through the curtain, smashing a goblet in my hand. The affray was over almost as soon as it had begun and, peering through the peekhole, I saw a man being carried out.

At ten o'clock the room was cleared, chairs were arranged in rows and the curtain was raised. With a feeling of uneasiness I stood in the wings. Conjuring is a nervous business under the best of conditions, and it does not improve the quality of the work to have a glass shot out of your hand before going on the stage. My opening number was catching playing cards out of the air, and my fingers trembled so that it was with the greatest difficulty I manipulated the cards. As soon as the curtain went down there was another fight, and this exciting program was kept up during the entire two weeks' engagement.

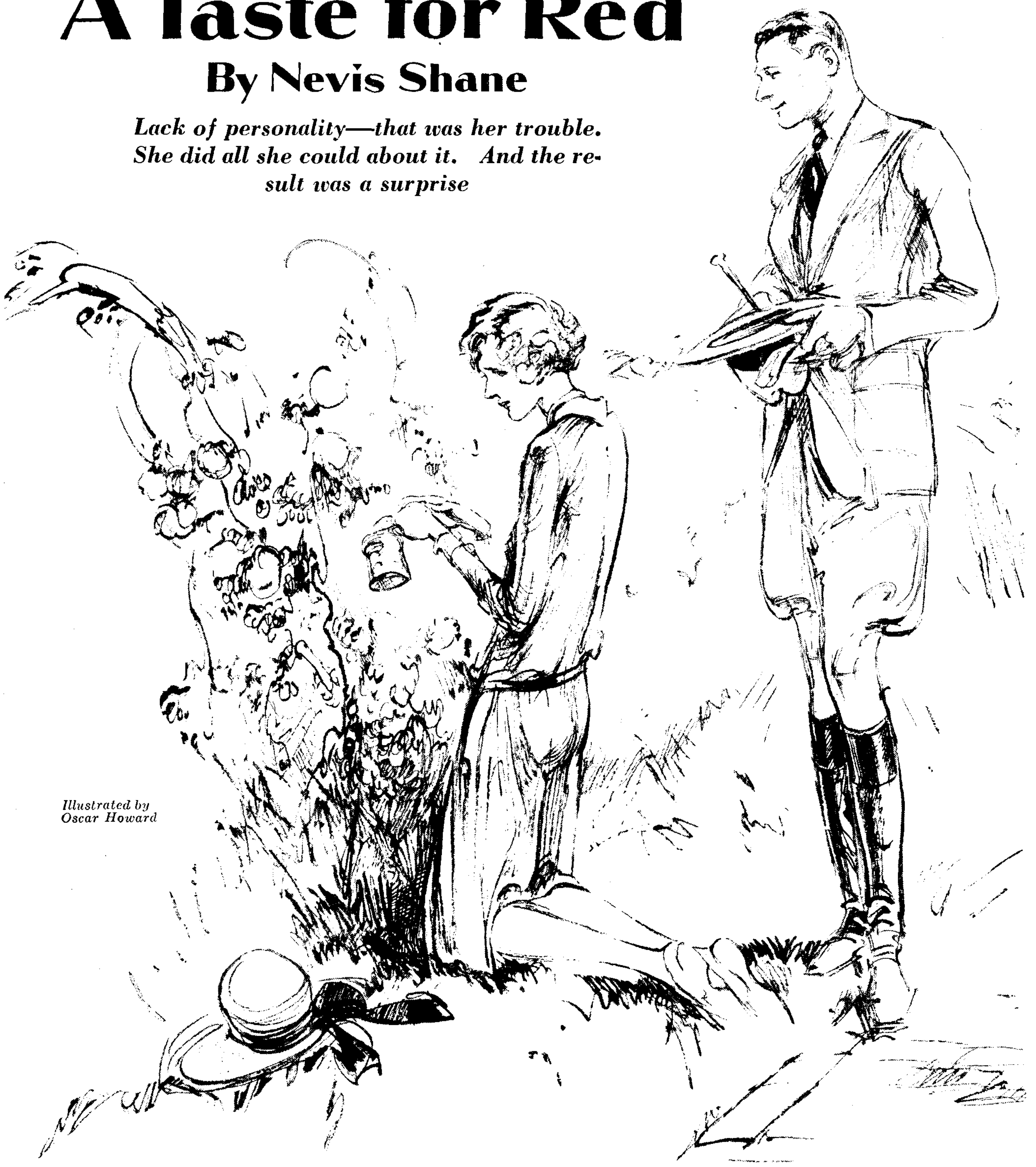
At Boulder I became an inventor of illusions. At the opening performance, with my fingers trembling, expecting at every

(Continued on page 71)

A Taste for Red

By Nevis Shane

Lack of personality—that was her trouble. She did all she could about it. And the result was a surprise



Illustrated by Oscar Howard

Anne attacked a fresh bush. "I reckon there's no one about," she mumbled

"TOMORROW," said Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill to her daughter Anne, "is your birthday."

"Yes, Mother," said Anne.

"And," said Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill, "you will be twenty-five."

"Yes, Mother," said Anne.

"That," said Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill, "makes it just seven years since your début."

"Yes, Mother," said Anne.

"In which time," said Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill, "you have never been engaged."

"No, Mother," said Anne.

"Nor," said Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill, "even rumored engaged."

"No, Mother," said Anne.

"For pity's sake," cried Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill, in exasperation, "can't you find anything but 'yes' and 'no' to say?"

"No, Mother," said Anne.

Her mother looked at her. Anne recognized that look. It was the "what-have-I-ever-done-that-I-should-be-inflicted-with-such-a-daughter?" look. So far, Anne had not been able to reply to that look. So far, Anne had not been able even to speculate as to why her mother—*the* Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill—had been inflicted with such a changeling sort of offspring as Anne Tabitha Sherrill.

"You're hopeless," sighed Mrs. Sherrill.

Anne was silent. There was no necessity of saying "yes, Mother" in this case. Anne's hopelessness was a tacit understanding of long duration.

"It isn't as if you were actually bad-looking," reflected Mrs. Sherrill.

Indeed, there had been a time when Mrs. Sherrill had thought Anne was going to be a beauty. She had anticipated, watched, studied—but the quality of Anne's beauty eluded definite analysis. It was elusive, fluctuating, exasperating, changing in response to a mood as a landscape changes in response to the wind.

ANNE had not been entirely unaware of that potential loveliness. Had been cognizant of the fact that beauty might have been hers had she only claimed it positively; if, instead of that negative, tormenting shyness, she had only asserted her own confidence in it with some of the assurance of, well, Lilas Terhune, for example. Lilas, whose nose was too short, and whose eyes were too shrewd, and whose mouth was too small, but who charmed all men by her vivid gayety, her warm, carnal coloring. Men have a crude taste for red.

But Anne—yes, Anne could have been, as Mrs. Sherrill stated, worse-looking. It wasn't that . . . It was . . . it was . . .

"What you lack," said Mrs. Sherrill decisively, "is personality."

"It," murmured Anne.

"What?" said her mother impatiently.

"It," murmured Anne, "must be my personality."

"Well, isn't that what I just said?" demanded her mother.

"Yes, dear," said Anne. "I was simply agreeing with you."

Mrs. Sherrill moved her cabinet-bathed, Swedish-massaged, French-girdled, and calorie-limited body restlessly.

"There you are!" she declared. "You agree with me! That's an example of your lack of individuality. You aren't positive enough—not assertive enough. You agree with a person, or you remain silent. You never take an aggressive stand and maintain it. Now, tomorrow—"

"Is my twenty-fifth birthday," interrupted Anne, "and I've been out seven years, and I've not been engaged, nor even rumored engaged, and what am I going to do about it?— All that's been said, Mother."

"Anne," returned her mother quietly, "it is not to the credit of a woman of my wealth, my influence, my reputation, and my social standing to have a daughter as palpably unattractive to the masculine contingent as you are."

The girl stared at her. As long as she had known her mother—as well as she felt she knew her mother—there were still times when her mother's stark brutality left her bewildered and even frightened.

She said, with an effort: "Perhaps I'd better go away—disappear—"

"Don't be ridiculous!" said Mrs. Sherrill.

"Besides," said Mrs. Sherrill, "it wouldn't do any good—people would speculate and some vile scandal-sheet 'rumor' the reason—"

"Then perhaps," said Anne, "you might have me psychoanalyzed. Perhaps you might buy me a new personality."

MRS. SHERRILL frowned. She disliked most humor, but she abhorred levity. Only Anne wasn't being deliberately facetious.

She said again: "I could be psychoanalyzed. I've read there are men—psychoanalysts, I believe—who make a specialty of developing personality—"

"Oh, keep still," requested her mother impatiently. "I want to think."

Anne kept still.

"I could take you to Europe," said Mrs. Sherrill finally. "And—"

"But you've taken me to Europe every year since I was fourteen," Anne pointed out.

Mrs. Sherrill's delicate nostrils flared slightly. By which one realized Mrs. Sherrill was annoyed.

"Your money," said she deliberately, "would attract any number of titled foreigners, to whom you could be rumored engaged, then—"

"That's out," said Anne, quiet but positive.

"Nothing," said Mrs. Sherrill, also quiet but positive, "is out that might establish you as a social success."

Anne was silent. But this time silence meant neither admission nor consent.

Mrs. Sherrill reflected. She said finally: "This is January. We can sail next week for the Riviera, spend the winter in Cannes, go to Rome for Easter, to Paris for early Spring, and take a house in London for the season. Or—"

She paused and regarded Anne intently.

"Or—" prompted Anne quietly.

"Or, if you object to this program, you can avoid it by giving me the assurance that you will be engaged—publicly engaged—by June. And to a man of some importance. Not a fortune-hunter. That gives you five months—"

ANNE bit her lips. She had a sudden wild terror that she was going to cry. She wanted so horribly to cry—

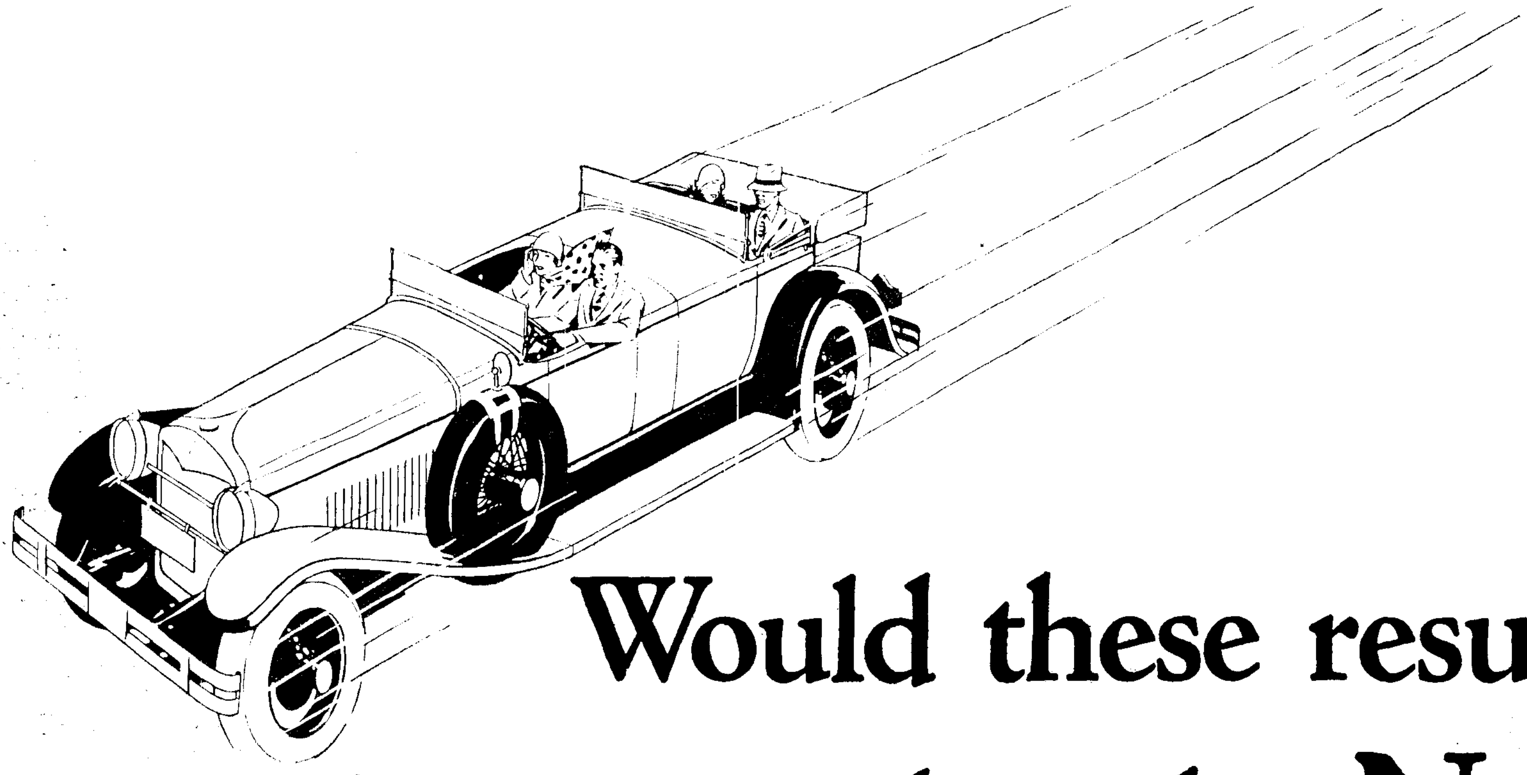
She said suddenly: "I've never been in love—that's why I've never become engaged. I could have been engaged lots of times."

But Anne was always a bad liar. Still, she hadn't ever been in love—that is, literally. At least that much was true.

Mrs. Sherrill rose gracefully to her five-feet-three-inches of slim elegance.

She smiled acridly, said acridly: "No doubt. But, unfortunately, only you are cognizant of this fact. Unfortunately, you have kept your light hidden beneath the bushel of your modesty. However, now is the time for you to discard that charming reticence—"

She went out (*Continued on page 20*)



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As a result of these tests, we definitely offer you at least 30,000 of the finest miles you've ever driven—with the first-year feel in every mile. Moreover, we offer a noticeable increase in power, and a saving of at least 20% in oil consumption.

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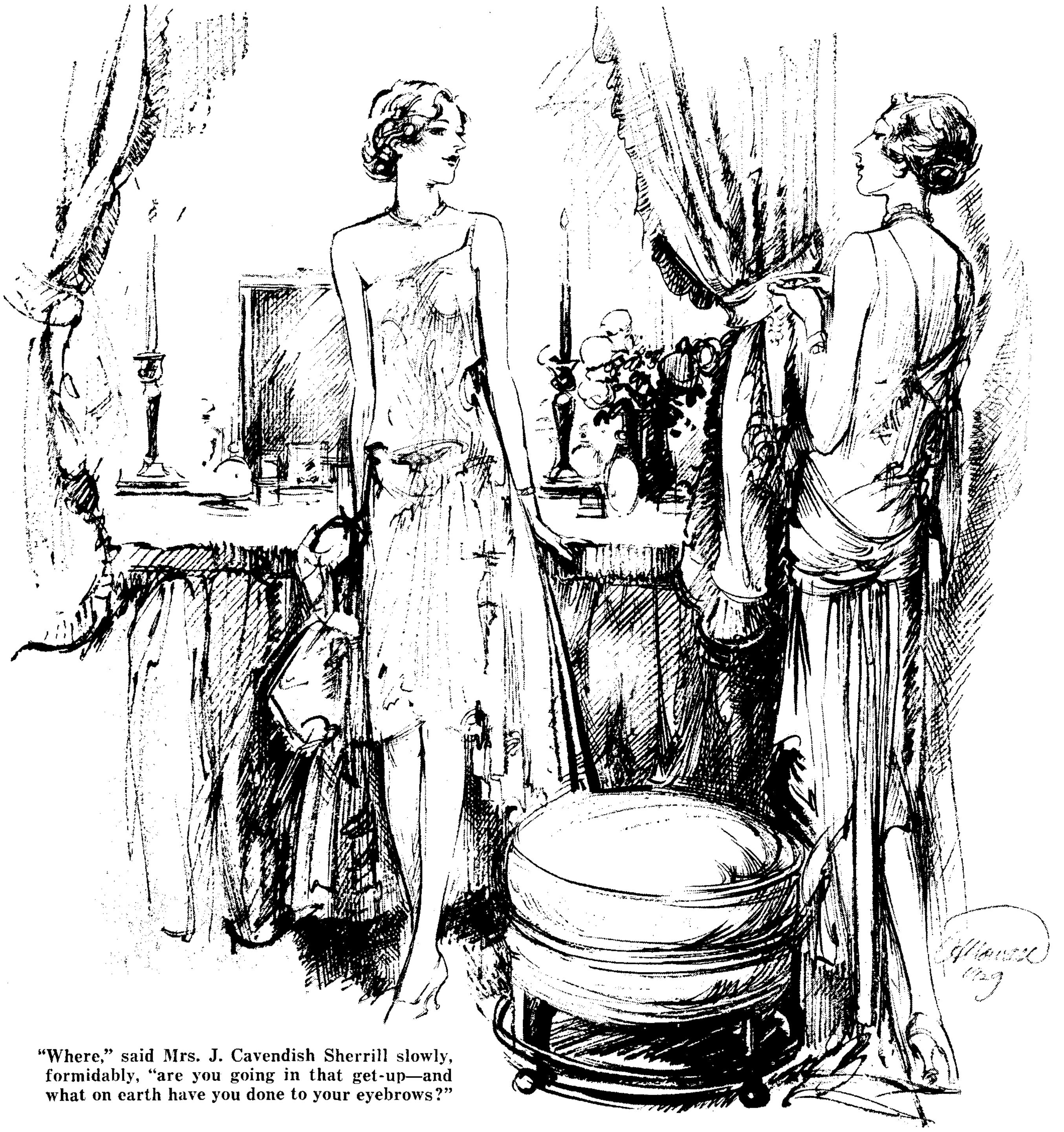

"Where," said Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill slowly, formidably, "are you going in that get-up—and what on earth have you done to your eyebrows?"

of the room, her final words trailing delicately, with her soft chiffon draperies, behind her.

"I—I hate her," whispered Anne.

But she knew that she didn't. Knew that, actually, she adored this beautifull, brilliant, ruthless mother of hers. Knew that in her secret heart of hearts she desired passionately to be like her.

She crossed to the window. It was raining. She stared somberly down at the sodden pavement of East Sixty-fourth Street. And as the barometer mounted, the tide of desolation within Anne rose in competition with the day. Anne now believed that certain persons were born, foredoomed, to unhappiness. To tragedy. Anne now believed that she was one of these persons.

"A wet smack"—that was what the girls of her set had dubbed her in her débutante year. And the boys had agreed that between themselves, as gentlemen, she was a "flat tire."

A quiet, unassertive girl in a fashionable world of egotistical, aggressive young females, Anne had emerged from that débutante year definitely labeled a wallflower—a "dead one." And that opprobrium had traveled the years with her until now, at twenty-five, even her mother had been forced to take verbal cognizance of a bitter fact. Anne lacked—Oh, shameful admission!—sex appeal . . . the publicized "it," which makes for reputations, runaway marriages, and movie contracts.

Behind her, the room brooded complacently about its own business. It was a lovely room, with a definite gray and violet personality, and had nothing to worry about.

She turned back to the self-assured drawing-room. On one of its low tables, a smart magazine lay face downwards. Anne took it up, turned its pages thoughtfully, found what she sought—"Dr. Emil Friedlich . . . psychoanalyst . . . readings by appointment only. . . ."

Anne crossed thoughtfully to the telephone, and thoughtfully gave a number.

DR. FRIEDLICH said: "I'm expecting a young lady at twelve o'clock, Rachel. When she comes, show her into my private office. And, Rachel, close the door to the back hall. That gefilte has got a strong odor this morning. It ain't a smell what a Park Avenue doctor should have in his foyer."

"Gefilte is gefilte," said Rachel. "And the smell ain't no stronger one time from another." But she closed the door nevertheless.

"And now," said Dr. Friedlich to Anne some minutes later, "what can I do for you?"

"You can psychoanalyze me," Anne told him without equivocation. "I'm suffering from an inferiority complex and an utter lack of personality. I'm simply hopeless—a nonentity—"

"My dear young lady," protested Dr. Friedlich gently. "My *dear* young lady. . . . Well—" And Dr. Friedlich proceeded to business.

An hour later he was still absorbed with his subject. He talked, asked questions, listened to replies, with many and diverse movements of his facile hands and shoulders.

Anne was fascinated and not a little frightened. She had never before known so much about herself. She listened, bewildered but enthralled.

"It is clearly," Dr. Friedlich summed up finally, "a simple case of repression. You have never learned to look intelligently inwards upon yourself. You have always had your eyes fastened on a glittering star . . . have tried to hitch your wagon, if I may employ the platitude, to a star, instead of attempting to be a star yourself. You are, my dear young lady, a suppressed volcano of emotion—a dangerously suppressed volcano of seething, turbulent desires and conflicting inhibitions. You are afraid of life, evidently. Afraid to test the delicate fabric of your emotional wings against the sharp winds of a ruthless world.

"From the tests I have made on you this morning, I have established your personality as a peculiarly vivid one. I see your aura as a clear, brilliant red. You should be gay, vivacious, even startling in your speech and dress and manner. And you should discard all restraining, stupid prejudices.

"Do not be afraid of yourself, of the possibilities within you, or of the emotional crises which your true, unrepressed self will bring upon you. Open your mind, heart, soul, and senses to the glory and beauty of the true life which is the true you—" and so on, until Anne said at last, "I think I understand." After which, Dr. Friedlich held her hand, patted it gently, gazed deeply into her eyes, and said vibrantly: "Fear not . . . fear not life, nor yourself. . . ."

Anne stood up. "After this," she stated, "I'll fear nothing. . . . What do I owe you, please?"

Dr. Friedlich became abstract. He said absently: "My secretary in the outer office attends to all that. . . ."

His secretary did. She said, not at all absently: "Fifty dollars, please."

Anne paid her and went out, followed by a pungent odor of pickled fish.

As the door clicked to behind her, Dr. Friedlich smiled at his secretary.

"Well," said he, pocketing the crisp bill, "well, it ain't so bad, this racket, is it, Rosie?"

IN THE cold, gray street below, Anne stood uncertainly looking up, then down Park Avenue. What to do first? What first gesture should she make toward developing this strange, vivid personality which was to be hers?

Still absorbed by the question, she walked slowly through Fifty-third Street to Fifth Avenue. Then, quite naturally, a thought occurred to her. A new personality demanded new clothes. She was wearing a quietly smart ensemble of beige English tweeds collared with conservative mink. Her hat was small and plain and came well down over her wide eyes and pale, straight hair. She looked expensively dressed but unexciting. Her new personality was definitely opposed to this latter. Vivid . . . compelling. . . .

She went into a shop.

An hour later, a young woman wearing a lip-stick-red ensemble furred with Astrakhan, and a deeper red skull-cap cut obliquely across the forehead to expose one arched provocative eyebrow, came out of Jickson, Inc.

She hesitated and an impressive doorman jumped to attention.

"Madame's car?"

Madame!

"No, I shall walk."

The young woman in red continued down the Avenue. Occasionally a head turned—two heads . . . men. . . women . . ."your aura as a clear, brilliant red" . . . still, one red ensemble, label—Poiret, price $450, did not make a personality . . . one had still to be gay, vivacious, witty, brilliant, unafraid. . . .

It was nearly seven that same evening when Mrs. Sherrill came into Anne's bedroom. Anne was seated before her dressing table arranging her hair.

Mrs. Sherrill said: "I haven't a moment to spare—" (she rarely had a moment unaccounted for) "—but— Good Lord! What have you done to your hair?"

"Cut it," said Anne succinctly.

"But it's—it's outlandish!" declared Mrs. Sherrill. "It makes you look like —like—"

"Greta Garbo, I hope," said Anne.

"You're mad," her mother told her coldly. "Or have you been drinking?"

"Neither," said Anne, "I've been psychoanalyzed. And I find I've been repressed, inhibited, emotionally starved. Also, that I've a brilliant red aura which needs nourishment. Also, that I've really got 'it' and—"

"Your speech," accused Mrs. Sherrill icily, "is disgusting."

"That's too bad," said Anne. "I'd almost hoped it was vivid—startling. That's what I really am—my personality, I mean."

Mrs. Sherrill rose from her seat and went toward the wardrobe. Then—"Great heavens, where did *that* come from!"

(*Continued on page 63*)

YESTERDAY . . TODAY . . TOMORROW

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WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT . . . BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

You weren't Born that Way!

By Ruth F. Wadsworth, M.D.

Here's a fistful of common sense thrown into another flock of your pet superstitions—ills the flesh is heir to. Dr. Wadsworth substitutes "isn't" for "is" in many cases. And warns you not to frighten your children when there is a weak strain, but to help them fight it

SITTING opposite me in the surface car were two women so alike in appearance, although apparently separated by twenty-five years in age, that I watched them in fascination. They had the same straight black hair, the same gray eyes and rather muddy skins, the same prominent chins and flat cheek-bones, legs of the same contour and held in the same way; even the same mannerisms.

I knew at once that they were mother and daughter, and yet I was astonished at the completeness of the likeness between them, because I am familiar with rather more mothers and daughters who are completely unlike than with those who resemble each other.

Who is not acquainted with the beautiful blond mother of the homely brunette girl? Or with the homely blond mother of the beautiful brunette child? Such dissimilarity leads to the familiar remark that "heredity is a wonderful thing." In truth, the more we know about heredity the more remarkable it becomes. We know that it follows definite laws, and we have had a peek at some of these laws, and understand others fairly well; but we know that there must be many, of which, as yet, we have not the faintest inkling.

Unnecessary Fears

In the realm of biology there are specialists in heredity the mass of whose special knowledge makes the average brain reel. Many of the laws they have worked out are applicable at present only to animals—and to animals, at that, only of the lower orders—but after all, we have to begin somewhere. And the fact that in the fruit-fly heredity follows definite laws leads to fascinating speculation as to what we may some day know about the laws of human heredity.

Although we all are interested in what our children will inherit in the way of physical appearances—whether their hair will be light or dark, their skins fair or dusky, their contours symmetrical or ungainly—most parents are primarily preoccupied with what sort of tendencies, or potentialities, for health or disease their children will inherit.

People who know that certain diseases have occurred in their family history spend unhappy hours worrying for fear these diseases will recur in themselves or in their children. An amazing amount of misapprehension exists about the hereditary nature of some of the common diseases. Heart trouble, tuberculosis, cancer and rheumatism are examples. It is as if we pictured the dreaded disease as an inherent quality of the family protoplasm, sitting back and waiting to pounce on the individual at the crucial moment.

One of the most important jobs of the family doctor is to dissipate this sort of fear, by telling the patient just what, little though it may be, we know about the transmission of disease by heredity.

There are three ways in which the forbears of an individual may influence his health:

1. He may contract a disease directly from his mother before he is born.
2. He may inherit organic defects which lead to disease in later life.
3. He may inherit what we rather vaguely call a "tendency to certain diseases," although often this tendency is based on the organic defect of Class 2.

1. The direct inheritance of disease from the mother is fortunately rare, and occurs only in a limited number of diseases. Syphilis is inherited directly from the mother, and if the child survives he may show symptoms of the disease at once, or develop them later in childhood, certainly at or before puberty. Congenital syphilis is now so well known and so carefully looked for that treatment for it begins early and is encouragingly successful.

One of the most commonly-held misunderstandings about hereditary diseases is that congenital syphilis may be transmitted to the next generation. There is supposed to be Biblical confirmation for this idea in the passage about the sins of the fathers being carried on to the third and fourth generation. The best authorities now hold that the disease was not even known in Biblical times or countries, but that it originated with the American Indians. Moreover we have no evidence that the children of parents who have inherited syphilis show signs of the disease, which should remove a potent bugaboo from the minds of those who know that they or their parents have inherited the disease.

Rarely, a mother who is severely infected with tuberculosis will bear a child also infected with the disease; but such a child does not live long, so that, strictly speaking, tuberculosis is not an hereditary disease. About the *tendency* to develop tuberculosis we will speak later.

Although gonorrhea of the eyes is contracted at birth it is not, strictly speaking, inherited because it happens by contact with the infected tissues of the mother at the moment of birth. It is a preventable accident, and in time should be unknown, owing to the law which makes it compulsory for those delivering babies to instil a drop of silver nitrate in the eyes immediately after delivery.

2. The inheritance of organic defects is something from which few people are entirely exempt. We may fall heir to a perfect liver, but not fare so well as far as eyes and teeth are concerned: we may have a fine mental equipment but lack a long-lived pancreas, or our bone-forming equipment may be a little weak.

FAMILY TREE
Maginel Wright Barney

Illustrated by Maginel Wright Barney

The more we know about heredity the more wonderful it becomes. But an amazing amount of misapprehension exists about the subject

Exploded Theories

Among the common organic defects clearly traceable to heredity are:

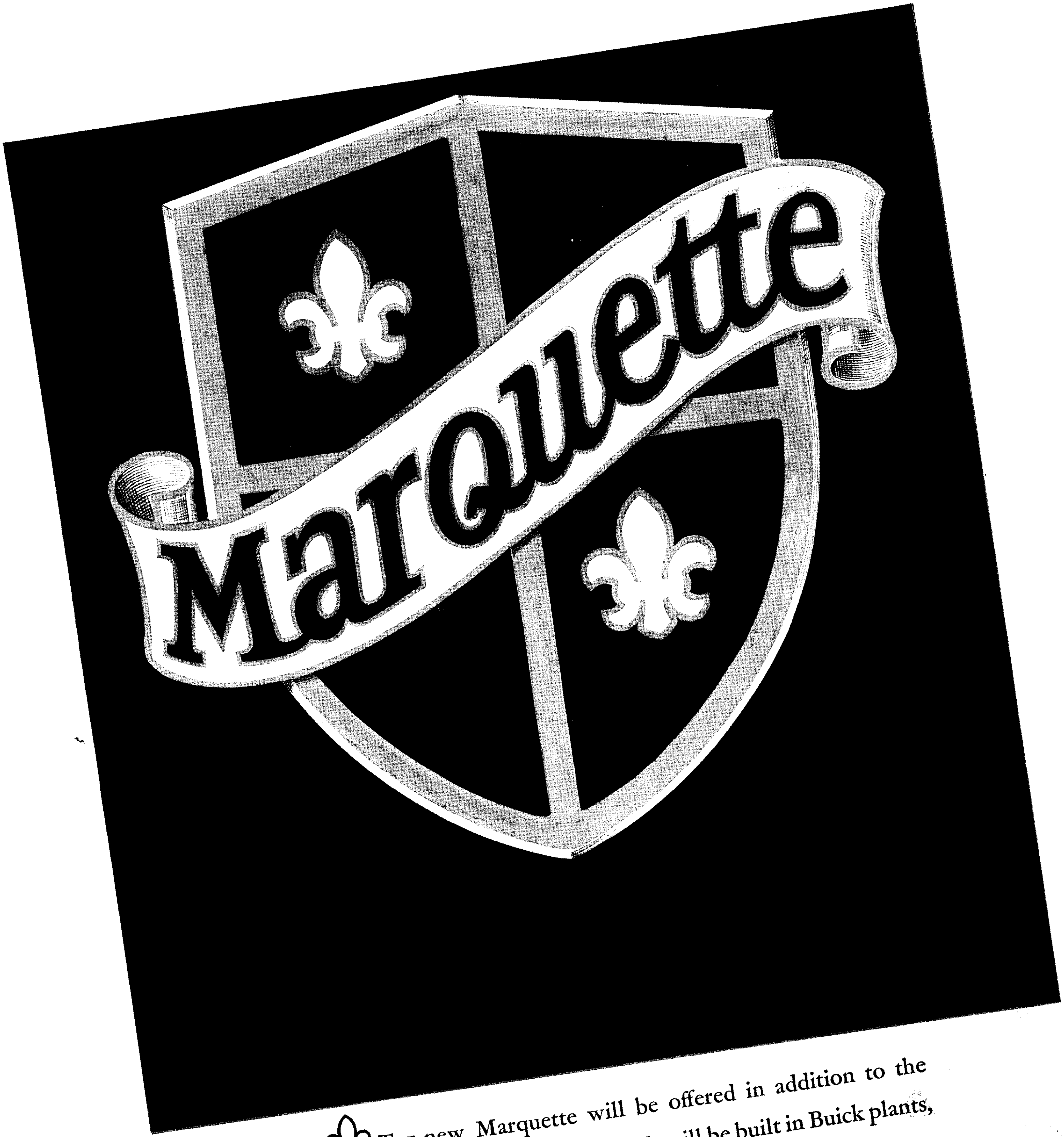
(a) Eye defects. Nearsightedness is an expression in terms of inconvenience of a disproportion between the bony cavity which holds the eye and the eye-ball itself.

Color blindness is the outcome of a defective development of the nervous elements of the eye, which follows a fascinating, so-called sex-linked, law of inheritance. It is carried from mother to son, but as women do not show it, it seems to skip a generation.

Other less commonly known defects of eye structure are inherited.

(b) Ear defects. While a great deal of deafness is caused by infections in early youth, and by chronic infections of later life, the average duration of the life of the sound-registering equipment seems to depend on inheritance. Whether this is due to a familial habit of bone development, or a similar habit of nervous degeneration, we cannot say.

(c) Defects of the teeth. That children inherit (*Continued on page 54*)



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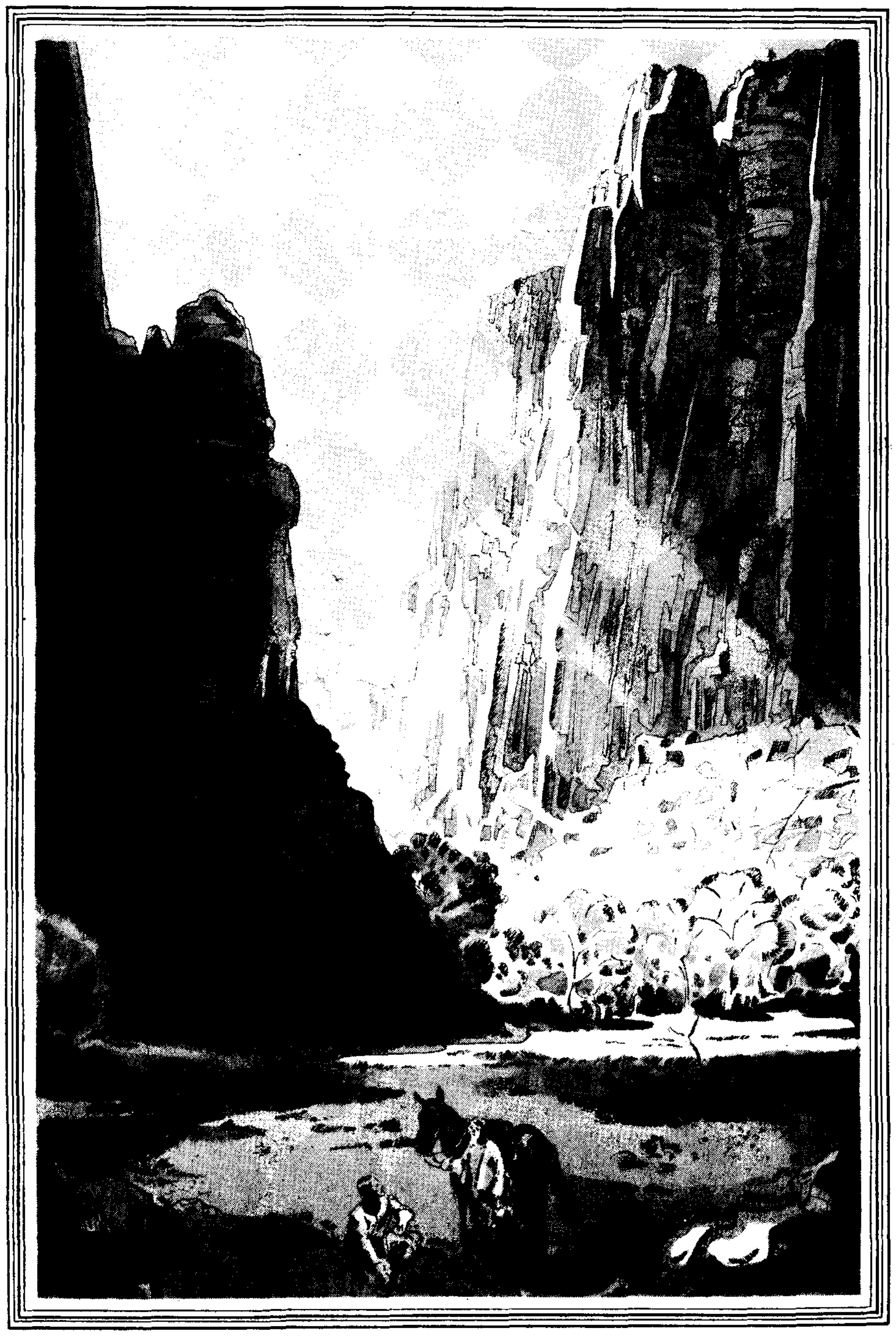


The Grandeur of Zion National Park is unforgettable

LOW SUMMER FARES TO ALL THE WEST *via*

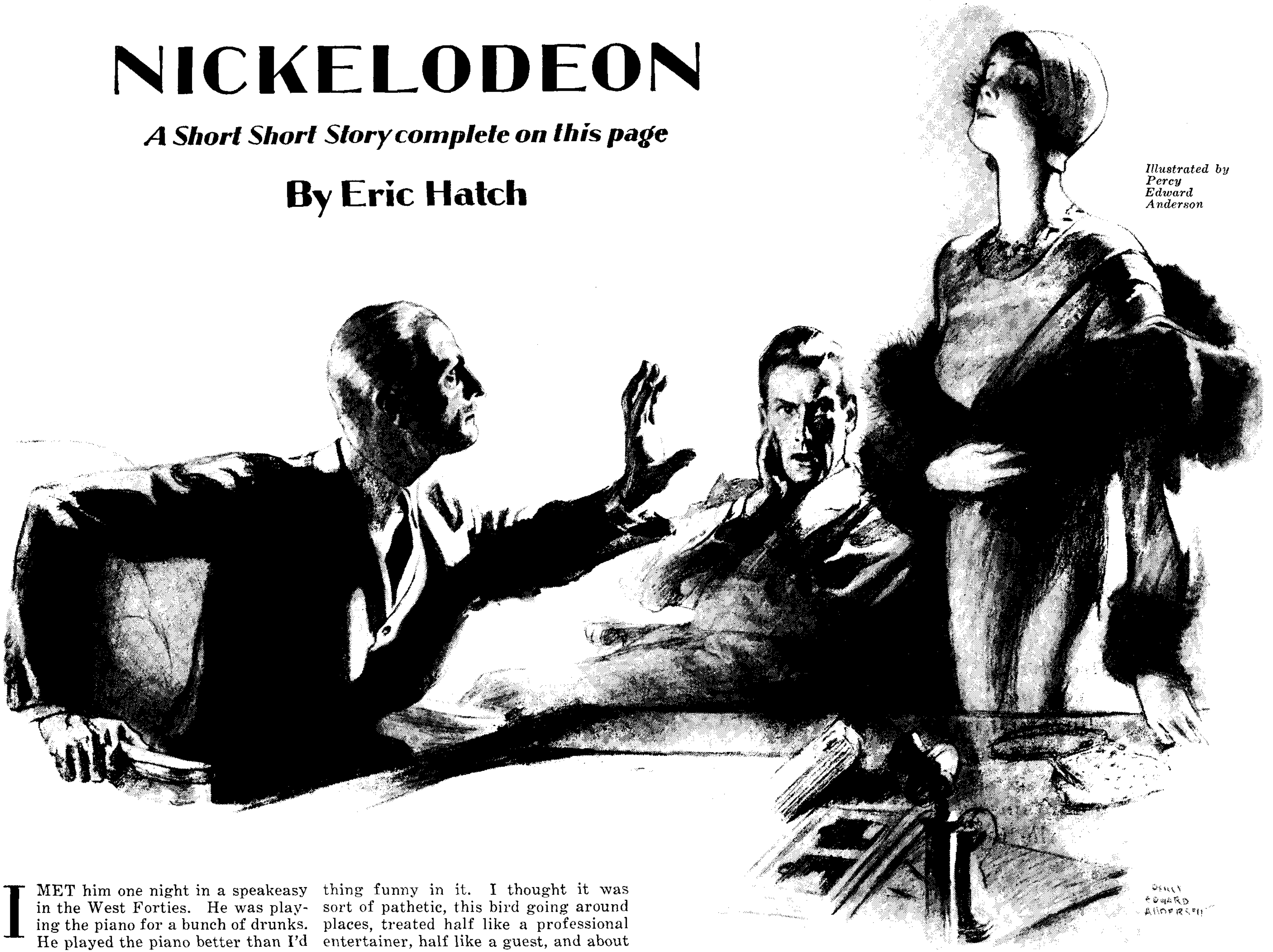
Union Pacific

THE OVERLAND ROUTE

NICKELODEON

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Eric Hatch



Illustrated by Percy Edward Anderson

She said, "It's too bad you feel that way, Pa, because it's going to make things so hard for you"

I MET him one night in a speakeasy in the West Forties. He was playing the piano for a bunch of drunks. He played the piano better than I'd ever heard anybody play before; all the tunes you liked to hear. The drunks were singing with him, counting him in on a round every now and then so he'd keep on playing.

After a while I went over and edged my way in beside him.

He turned his head, stuck out one hand while he kept on playing with the other and said, "My name's Bill Humbert."

I said, "When you get finished I want to talk to you," and he said, "Fine."

About an hour later the party broke up and he and I went over to a corner table and sat down. I said, "You're a swell key smacker; how about coming to a party I'm giving at my apartment tomorrow night?"

He said, "Fine! I get asked to a lot of parties so I'll play the piano at 'em."

I said, "No hard feeling?"

"No," he said. "No hard feeling on my part."

And that was that.

Bill Humbert came to the party the next night. He played the piano, he seemed to be enjoying himself, and he made a hit with my crowd. When everybody said good night and began grabbing their coats and stuff I heard Marion Hollister talking to him in the hall.

She was saying, "A week from Saturday, then, Bill. Okay?"

"Fine!" I heard Bill say. Then he saw me and went on, "You see? I told you I get asked to a lot of parties so I can play the piano there. Isn't that funny?" He laughed.

I laughed too because it seemed the thing to do, though I couldn't see anything funny in it. I thought it was sort of pathetic, this bird going around places, treated half like a professional entertainer, half like a guest, and about a third like an interloper. When I got to bed I thought about him some more and wondered vaguely what happens to birds who go around nights to a lot of nice houses and burrow away in some hall bedroom the rest of the time. I couldn't make it out.

At Marion Hollister's shindig I began to find out.

Eda Tobin quite obviously fell in love with him. This was fine for Bill. Eda's old man was rich, but Eda was my cousin and I couldn't see it somehow. I decided to do an inverse Pollyanna. I called on Uncle Tobin next day. The results were even more startling than I had anticipated.

TOBIN asked me what I knew about the Humbert bird. I stalled. Then he asked me how I happened to meet him, and as I saw I'd let myself in for something I shot him the works. He sent for Eda.

I wouldn't have witnessed that scene for anything if old Tobin hadn't caught me just as I was sneaking out of the door.

As it was, I had to.

The old gent never gave Eda an opening. From the minute she got inside his private office he was at it, and the things I heard about young men who use their talents to worm their way into society were a caution.

Then he let me have it for a while on the subject of frequenting what he called "drinking hells." It was all very "family" and like that until, after about ten minutes, he ran out of breath. Eda was ready for him.

She stood up as straight as she could, looked the old geezer in his good eye, and said:

"It's too bad you feel that way, Pa, because it's going to make things so hard for you."

She left before the roof fell. I went home wondering what happens to girls who marry birds who go around nights to a lot of nice houses, and burrow away daytimes, because Uncle Tobin told me before we parted that he would cut her off and nobody's ever doubted Uncle Tobin's word yet. The next morning Eda married Bill, and Uncle Tobin kept his promise. I felt pretty bad about the whole thing.

I was away for a few weeks after the tragedy.

When I came back I found a letter from someplace out West waiting for me. It was from Eda. She said she was happier than a Cheshire cat and since I'd been a sort of godfather to them wouldn't I come out for a visit?

I didn't want to go to Los Angeles, where they apparently lived, but I felt guilty.

I took the next train. All the way out I thought about them.

Bill, I supposed, was making some sort of a living smacking the keys for the talkies or something like that. God knows he had to do something, and that seemed to me to be all he could do. I almost hated to think what being a poor man's wife must be doing to glorious Eda.

I hadn't told them I was coming, so I took a taxi when I arrived and went to the address on the letter.

The feller drove up to the door of one of the biggest houses I'd ever seen in my life.

"Judas," I said to myself. "He's a butler!" Then I barged up and rang the bell. A servant in livery opened the door and I saw Bill himself coming down a big staircase. He greeted me like a brother.

Then he knocked me over with, "How do you like this joint? I just bought it for Eda."

BEFORE I recovered the phone rang. Bill took it. I heard him say, "Fine! I'll be there at ten."

Then all of sudden it struck me. I said, "Listen you, are you the William Humbert who owns all the cattle ranches?"

"Sure," he said. "That's me—but don't tell anybody back East, they'd all be after my jack.

"Say," he went on, "I just got asked to a party Marion Hollister's giving out here so I'd play the piano at it. Isn't that funny?"

I said, "You're gol darn tootin' that's funny. Let's write Eda's old man about it. He'll think so too."

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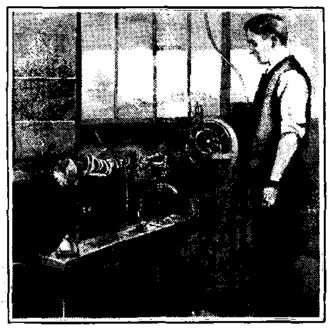
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR . . DODGE BROTHERS SIX
DE SOTO SIX . . PLYMOUTH
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES *and* MOTOR COACHES
FARGO TRUCKS *and* COMMERCIAL CARS
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

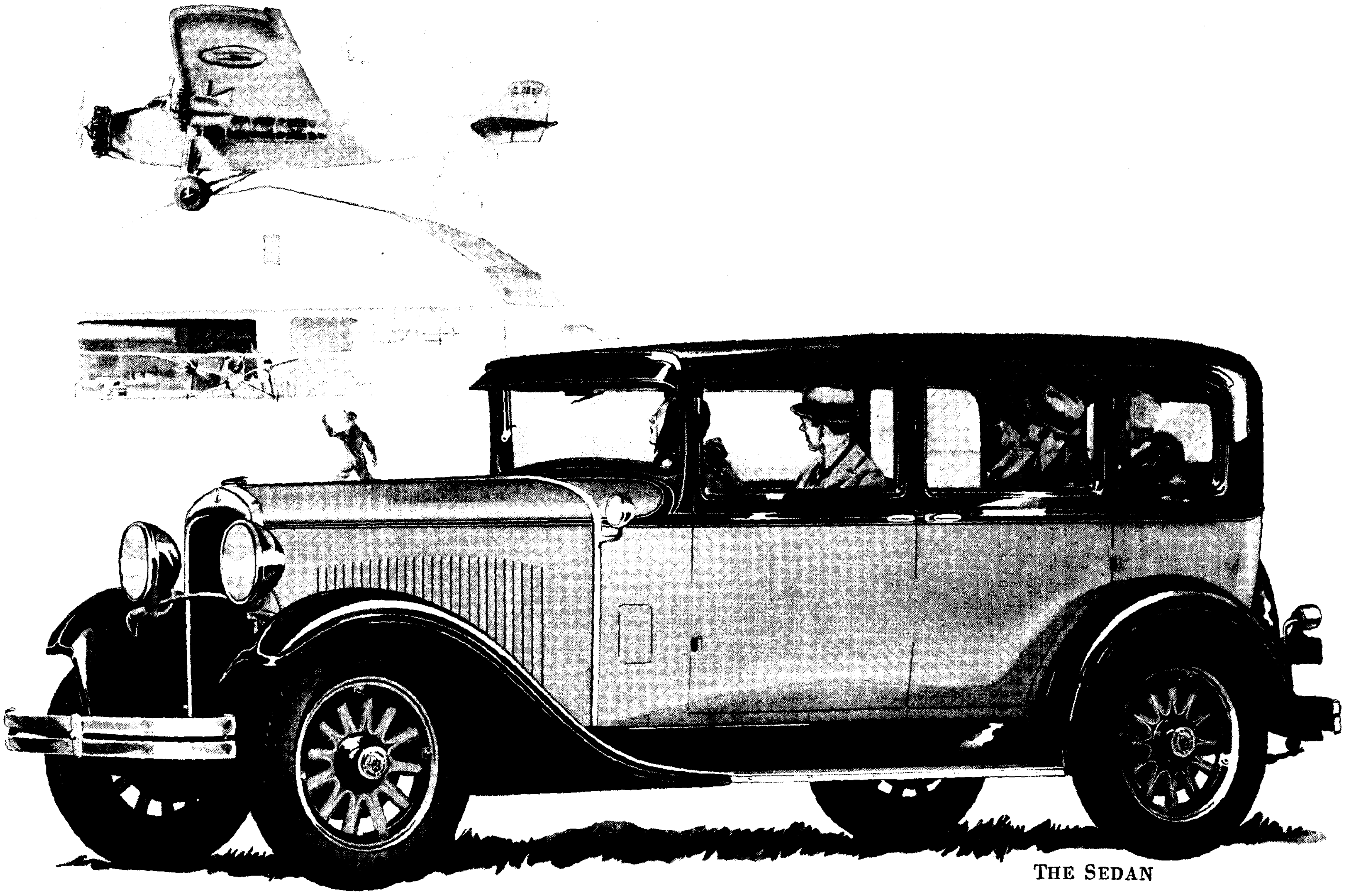
Each profits from every other

When you buy *any* Chrysler Motors product, you have the satisfying knowledge that it represents all that is best from its own particular unit, *plus* the aggregate brains, skill, experience and resources of *all* other Chrysler Motors units as well. For example: the same engineering ability that electrified the world with Chrysler "65" and "75" performance co-operated with Dodge Brothers engineers to assure new dependability and new efficiency for the new Dodge Brothers Six. Hence, every Chrysler Motors product embodies an advantage—in modern style, in progressive engineering, in generous value—that is absolutely unequaled in all the field of motor cars.



Every crankshaft forged in the Chrysler Motors plants is tested exactingly for accurate balance. This is only one of the many reasons for the smooth performance of every Chrysler-built motor.

BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE



THE SEDAN

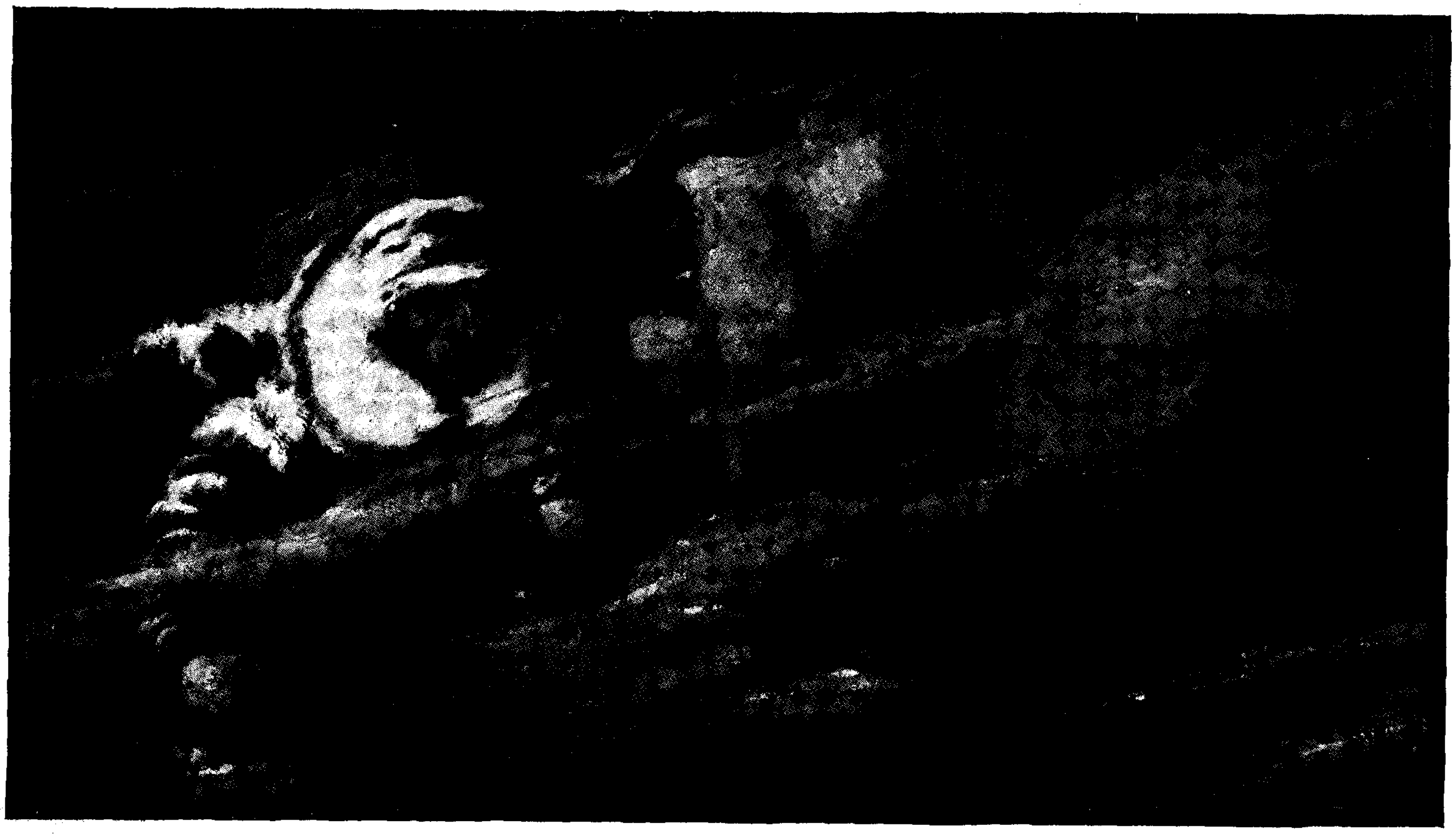
Dependability—in smartest style

The new Dodge Brothers Six is all that is sound and dependable—backed by an organization whose success is founded on these very qualities. Its alert, powerful performance is surpassing even for a Dodge Brothers car. Yet with all these practical qualities, the new Dodge Brothers Six could sell itself on style alone! Unusually smart—tasteful in colorings—with a wealth of modern style-features inspired by Walter P. Chrysler, it is admired wherever it goes. Dodge Brothers have never presented a car offering so much for the money as the new Dodge Brothers Six. Nor one so appealing both in dependability and in charming style.

EIGHT BODY STYLES: $945 TO $1065 F. O. B. DETROIT. *Convenient Terms.*

NEW DODGE BROTHERS SIX

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



Moving clumsily on saddle-cramped legs, Jed sought a windbreak behind which a man in blankets could live through the night

The Wolf Hunter

By Alan LeMay

Illustrated by
Cornelius Hicks

Jed learns to miss his worst enemy as he never missed a friend

DURING the third winter of his wolf hunting on the open range Jed began talking to his horse; he soon gave it up, however, since it was apparent that the horse never listened. At the first word the animal always flicked back a hairy ear, but as Jed's nasal voice droned ahead without command the ear relaxed again, and the horse jogged on unnoticing.

It was a colorless sort of horse, anyway, a dirty gray-white, shaggy, and always round-barreled, for it was a good keeper; the only horse that Jed had ever thought of as "it." The name it recognized was "Hey!" though Jed also addressed it as "Here, you!"

Jed never thought of wolf hunting as a job. Its hardships were the same as those of paid winter riding, but because nobody was telling him what to do Jed thought he was idling—just drifting around, and meantime piecing out by taking wolf scalps for bounty.

He meant to go back to work by and by, to "get somewhere." The trouble was that he never rode for a cow outfit for long without concluding that everybody in the spread was down on him. Since he was uncommunicative, a methodical man with an unkindled eye, no one ordinarily thought anything about him—but Jed believed differently. Presently some small dispute would arise, over a rope or some such matter, and Jed would recognize the old story—universal enmity breaking out again.

As a wolf hunter he found that the few cents each scalp brought was enough for his needs. He almost never had to buy food; that was supplied by the cow camps to which necessity periodically drove him. This liberality, accorded by the ranchers to the wolf hunter as a valuable, almost self-sacrificing citizen, was a mystery to Jed. He could neither imagine himself publicly useful nor believe in anyone's friendliness. The generosity remained unexplained; Jed took it as an ominous sign.

Summers he grub-tested, moving on from camp to camp, working stock satisfactorily but very little; but through the long winters he wandered alone with his strychnine bottles. He would ride a twenty-mile circle, leisurely scattering wolf bait; then slowly traverse the circle again, looking for dead wolves. He found plenty. Sometimes he shot a steer, for meat and bait; that was another thing the ranchers thought nothing of.

Each year he grew more solitary, avoiding chance meetings shamefacedly, almost like a hunted man. As he grew more solitary he grew more careless of his own comfort. He would go for days without making coffee or cooking food, subsisting by perpetually chewing raw corn meal, like tobacco. Since he did not count raw corn meal as food, he thought he was a man who could go for days without eating. He had worked himself into a singularly bleak rut by the time the Grinner took him up.

THE Grinning Varmint was an undersized but unusually shaggy coyote of the race that formed the bulk of Jed's catch. They were commonly accepted under the law as prairie wolves, drawing a bounty somewhat less than that for timber wolves or grays.

When Jed first saw him the Grinner was sitting in the open a hundred yards away, watching Jed make his perfunctory camp. Jed upped his rifle, but lowered it again, for the coyote flicked out of line and merged with the sage. The wolf hunter went about frying a steak from a chunk of beef he was packing, the coyote out of his mind.

The steak had no more than sizzled in the pan than the coyote appeared in another quarter, again sitting on his haunches, his tongue lolling. This time Jed pretended not to see. Casually he lay down, as if intending sleep; worked the rifle out in the coyote's direction, slowly rolled on his belly, upped sights, and—the coyote was not there.

Not until he had sat up, rifle in hand, did he see the coyote sitting in another place, looking exactly as before. This time he made a snap shot of it, and the dirt jumped where the mark had been. But the animal had disappeared.

Jed was not surprised; it had happened before. Only one scare was generally enough for one coyote. This time he was surely gone for good. A faint sift of snow was beginning to settle, and Jed, who made almost a fetish of his rifle, wrapped the weapon in a blanket. When this was done, and the steak turned, the coyote reappeared again.

The wolf hunter took a better look at him—meanly small, foolishly furry, with the usual slanting, close-set eyes. Some coyotes have a wrinkle between the eyes, giving them a sharp look, and this one had that. The frown gave that tongue-lolling laughter a peculiarly personal, irritating turn.

Jed's lips formed unfriendly names. There was still plenty of light—long hours formed no part of Jed's régime. With deliberate motions he unwrapped his rifle. When he looked up again, and found, as he had expected, that the beast was gone, he sat down to wait the coyote out.

The long minutes passed. The steak scorched, was jerked off the fire, and slowly cooled to rigidity. Jed sat twisting his neck, watching for the coyote to reappear. Dusk settled, with the snow that was frosting his sheepskin collar. It was almost too dark for a shot when he decided that the coyote was gone for good. He thumbed his nose in two directions.

"Go to hell!" he shouted, so that Hey, the indeterminate horse, raised a simple head.

He wrapped the rifle in the blanket once more. When he raised his eyes, there sat the coyote, scarcely fifty yards away.

That night the Grinner stole his beef.

ALL the next day the coyote followed him, not pointedly, but casually, as if merely trotting about its business. Twice Jed fired at it. As he slowly scattered his baits he was thinking that he would pick up the ears of that coyote on his next round.

During the night a coyote howled surprisingly close to the ashes of his fire, a shrill, yammering, nickering scurl of sound fit for twelve animals of that size: "Hee-ee yipipipip, ah-ah-yapapa-papa-o-o-o" dying away at last in a mournful dree. And in the morning, when he found that his saddlebags had been dragged off, rifled, and their non-edible contents defiled, the same meanly-sized, over-furry coyote was sitting on a hummock two hundred yards away, his tongue lolling in that foxy laughter.

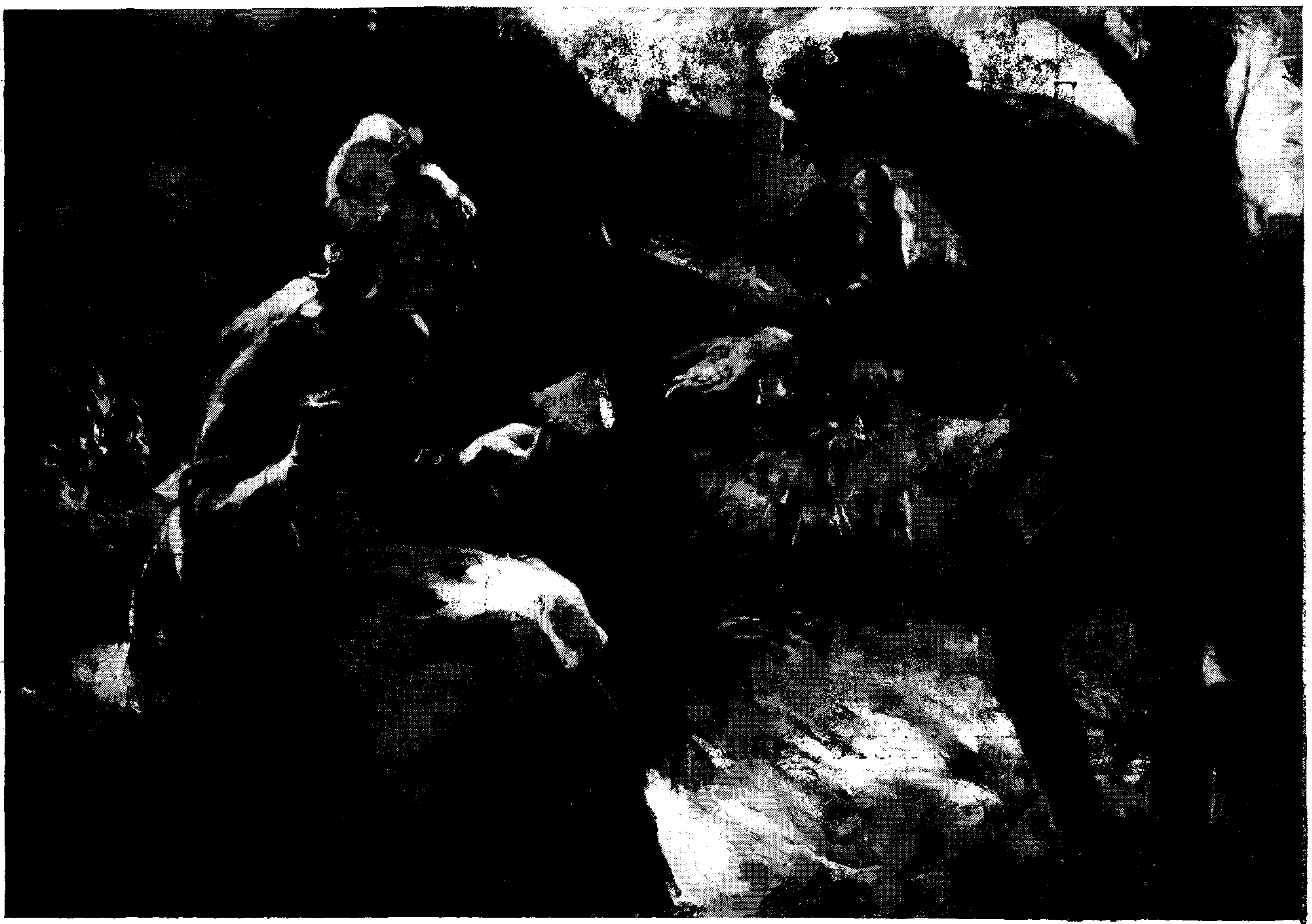
"You damned Grinner," Jed shouted, "I'll fix your clock works fer that!" From then on he thought of the coyote as "he" instead of "it."

At his next camp he poisoned a bit of meat, and left it close by his dead fire, and took care that nothing else stealable was left around.

Daybreak showed the bait gone, but the coyote in the middle distance scratching fleas. Jed was mystified and exasperated. (*Continued on page 60*)

BUILDING THE FORTRESSES OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.



An English doctor's scientific curiosity in 1785 gave the world an important new medicine—till then locked in the leaves of a common purple flower.

Golden sovereigns for the secret of a wayside flower

Old Mother Hutton, the Shropshire herb-woman, guarded her secret jealously. Had not her herb tea relieved an Oxford dean of his dropsy, when all other remedies had failed?

To solve this mystery, a certain Dr. William Withering sought out the old woman, nearly 150 years ago. At first she stubbornly refused to talk to him. But finally one argument prevailed. There was the clink of golden sovereigns in Mother Hutton's palm, and the cherished recipe was his to examine.

Withering saw that the crudely written scrawl called for twelve common herbs and plants. After long and patient trial he found eleven of them medicinally worthless. But from the twelfth, the purple foxglove, he obtained a powerful new drug which has come down through the generations as one of the most valuable remedies at the command of the medical profession—digitalis.

How a baffling problem was solved

Although physicians welcomed Withering's contribution to Medicine, they soon found that the use of digitalis was attended by a serious difficulty.

Extracts made from the drug were by no means uniform in potency. Some were too weak; others were much too strong for safety.

For over a century, physicians and pharmacists grappled with this problem of making uniform extracts of digitalis. Only in 1898, exactly 113 years after Withering's announcement, the first *standardized* tincture of digitalis made its appearance. Working in the Parke-Davis laboratories, Dr. E. M. Houghton, the research pioneer in this field and for many years director of our medical research division, finally achieved this far-reaching triumph.

Digitalis, however, was not the first drug to be standardized. In 1879—just half a century ago—after long years of preliminary research and experiment Parke, Davis & Company gave to Medical Science the first medicinal preparations of fixed, unvarying strength. Then the principle of standardization was applied by Parke-Davis scientists to a long list of important drugs, thus making it possible for physicians to prescribe medicines, and for druggists to compound them, with the assurance of absolute accuracy.

✓ ✓ ✓

Your druggist today looks to us for many of the drugs, chemicals, and other medicinal preparations essential in compounding prescriptions. He puts unquestioning faith in the standardized products bearing the Parke-Davis label.

PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products

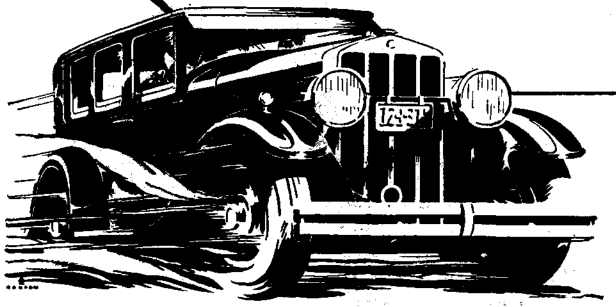
Parke-Davis quality in Milk of Magnesia

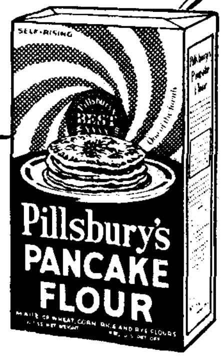
Creamy smooth, free from grittiness and earthy taste, Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia is pleasant and easy to take. It mixes readily with water, milk and other liquids, and is especially acceptable to children. Only a product of *exceptional purity* could meet all these requirements. The high-quality ideals of a great research and manufacturing laboratory are reflected even in the simplest home remedy. When Milk of Magnesia is needed ask for Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia.

"Sells Luxurious Fast Travel"

"Valuable in the Food Field"

THE FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY and the Pillsbury Flour Mills Company now add their endorsements to the growing testimony on Collier's quick advertising action in the automotive and food markets. In merchandising their Collier's advertising to their salesmen and dealers they say—





"Franklin dealers know that the New Franklin appeals to the type of people who demand the most modern performance—the finest of interiors—and the most luxurious comfort in a motor car.

"We selected Collier's—for ACTION! to tell the public about the new 1929 models at new prices and to pave the way for sales for Franklin dealers. Because Collier's reaches more than 1,900,000 homes—it is now one of America's two largest weeklies—and the fastest growing.

"Furthermore, we feel that Collier's readers as a group are alive, active, and interested in modern methods—which makes this advertising particularly valuable to our dealers."

—FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY

"We selected Collier's—for ACTION! to carry Pillsbury's advertising into more than 1,900,000 homes.

"Heretofore, the large majority of our advertising has been concentrated in women's publications—because we usually have felt that a so-called general magazine had insufficient women's appeal to make it as desirable as a strictly women's magazine.

"In the case of Collier's, however, we were convinced that the great variety of its subjects, and its concise and sparkling editorial style, were certain to appeal as much to women as men. We consider Collier's a valuable medium for Pillsbury's advertising."

—PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS COMPANY

Collier's — for Action!

now more than 1,900,000

The Long, Lean Count

By Grantland Rice

The Hertzes of Chicago bought $15,000 worth of ugly duckling—and a Kentucky Derby winner. Not long on looks, personality or spectacular form, Reigh Count proves that the artist can be gentle and placid as well as temperamental

Wide World

Reigh Count, fast, courageous, easy to handle and undaunted by the worst the track has to offer, is a contender for Man O' War's position

THERE is still one picture that few race track followers can ever forget—that of a big, powerful, nervous race horse apparently trying to hurdle the barrier at the start as he swept on his way around the track to one victory after another.

The horse was Man O' War, and when he was retired to the stud there was a general belief the race track would never see another like him. Those who saw the race will still tell you of the day when Man O' War broke the heart of the game, gallant John P. Grier with a final burst of speed down the stretch that could not be matched, although Mr. Grier gave his heart to win.

Man O' War broke their hearts as Dempsey in his prime broke their hearts and bodies. Big, game, fast and nervous, he was the horse of a hundred years.

So I received something of a shock when I asked John Hertz if he thought Reigh Count was almost as good as Man O' War.

"Almost as good?" said Mr. Hertz. "Just as good."

And I saw that he meant it. It was like saying that some ball player was just as good as Ty Cobb.

The story, one way or another, goes back to the time when Willis Sharpe Kilmer went out to win the Kentucky Derby with Sun Briar. Sun Briar was the Derby favorite, but he went wrong before the race. Later Mr. Kilmer decided to keep on trying, so he bought a gelding by the name of Exterminator. Exterminator not only won his Kentucky Derby but he piled up a golden stack of winnings that were only a bit back of Man O' War's total.

About two years ago Mr. Kilmer decided to sell some of his horses—among those he kept was his favorite, a colt by the name of Sun Edwin. One of the sales was made to John Hertz, the Chicago sportsman, for $15,000. This horse, a son of Sun Reigh, an English stallion, was known as Reigh Count. Mr. Hertz gave his new purchase to Mrs. Hertz, but the ownership in the way of affection was a joint account. Here was a horse that had speed, courage and class, but unlike most stars, there was nothing temperamental about him.

Man O' War was a marvel but Man O' War was hard to ride. He was gentle and docile as a lamb in and around his stable but a nervous, excitable fellow when on the track. He wanted to run—to do his duty as quickly as possible and be done with it. Reigh Count had speed, class and courage but he was also well-behaved, easy to handle, easy to start and easy to ride. Later on Mr. Kilmer sold Sun Edwin for $65,000, leaving Reigh Count in the "ugly duckling" class, but the Hertzes were well satisfied. He quickly developed into the best two-year-old in the country. A few days before the Kentucky Derby of 1928, Reigh Count, the favorite, cut himself. But the injury was not sufficient to keep him out of the race. The track that day was a mass of mud, but through injury, mud and the rest of it the fast, game son of Sun Reigh went on to win the big stake.

On that day in May something over 60,000 people, gathered around the Kentucky classic, decided that Mr. John Hertz of Chicago had come out and gotten hold of a pretty good horse, a horse that would bear a lot of watching later on. The horse that a year before had cost only $15,000 couldn't be purchased now for a quarter of a million.

The Jockey Club Gold Cup

But one good race, even against odds, doesn't make a world beater; so the crowd decided to sit back and watch future developments. They had to wait for some time, for Reigh Count cut himself again and had to be laid up until the Saratoga meeting that opened in July.

He won his first race and, after that, the wise following made him a prohibitive favorite for The Travers at a mile and a quarter. He was sent in at 2 to 5, and in a four-horse field, the Derby winner ran last. W. B. Mitchell, his trainer, was worried but not discouraged.

Reigh Count's next big chance came in the Saratoga Cup at a mile and six furlongs. Display was supposed to be unbeatable at that distance. Many were confident that Reigh Count couldn't travel that far with a chance to win. But he won, just the same. And he went on to win The Realization at Belmont for three-year-olds, beating Victorian, among others, in close to record time.

It was now beginning to dawn on the following again that another great horse was moving into the picture. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, a two-mile race for all ages, was about all the test you could ask from a three-year-old. Once more Reigh Count made good. He had shown not only fine speed but amazing stamina and it was evident by this time the Hertzes had a champion.

Still, ranking him with or above Man O' War was another matter. I asked a well-known trainer for his opinion on the subject. "I believe Mr. Hertz is right," he said. "Man O' War was a great horse. But he was hard to handle on the track. Reigh Count is the easiest horse to handle I ever saw."

All his jockeys as well as his trainer insist Man O' War was not extended except in two races—the John P. Grier duel and when he was beaten by Upset in the Sanford memorial as a two-year-old.

Reigh Count was always running well within himself. When he was right he never had to extend himself to win. It was for this reason that he could still run easily up to two miles.

There's another factor. It was seldom that Man O' War was called on to meet or beat older horses. Once, I think. Reigh Count has met them at all ages. Man O' War wanted to be in front. Reigh Count can run in front or keep his place and pace and come up from behind. They are both great horses, the greatest I have seen.

The test of a fighter is his ability to weather hard and heavy going. This is also the test of a great horse. Man O' War, Reigh Count and Zev were all great mudders. They could run in muddy or cuppy going and they could move along on a dry track. Ability to face any given condition must always be the trade-mark of a champion.

In addition to his great ability, one of the things that helped to give Man O' War even more publicity and fame than he might have drawn was his personality. I have seen him break at the start, pawing the air with both feet. He was as spectacular to look at as a knockout at a fight or a forty-yard run in a big football game. Thousands who never saw a race before came out to look at Man O' War run.

But all this doesn't alter John Hertz' opinion that Reigh Count is just as great.

"I don't believe," said Mr. Hertz, "that Reigh Count will ever be beaten again. There are always accidents, injuries and perhaps a sickness to consider. But when we decided to send the horse to England where he will meet the best of the class over there, I felt certain that, under anything like an even test, he would prove his greatness."

The Needs of a Champion

Even Reigh Count, with his lack of temperament, had to have a pal to go along on the English invasion. One of his friends, a minor stable mate, was sent over to keep him company where they could talk things over. Champion fighters usually need some pal around, someone in whom they can confide. Dempsey has always had a companion of this sort. Tunney had Bill McCabe. Mitchell, his trainer, and Chick Lang, his jockey, were two of the leading members of Reigh Count's English invasion. And before this invasion is over, Mr. Hertz believes that the fast, game and quiet son of Sun Reigh will prove that even Man O' War has an equal.

Certainly no sportsman ever got more out of $15,000.

EXTRA QUALITY
REGISTERED
MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX
NEW YORK

PREMIER QUALITY
KNOX
NEW YORK

THE KNOX "COMFIT" ▸▸▸

THE Knox "Comfit" is a stiff straw hat as crisp and smart as sunshine. Its narrow brim, its high, slightly belled crown are young and debonair features of the season's most distinguished straw hat. For the sake of smartness alone the "Comfit" ought to be yours. Agents everywhere.

KNOX HAT COMPANY, INC., 711 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 920 PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO

EXTRA QUALITY
REGISTERED
MOVEO ET PROFICIO
KNOX
NEW YORK

IT OUGHT TO BE YOURS

And where it touches your head the "Comfit" is as soft and cool as moonlight. The inner circle of the brim is made of strands of flexible straw braid. It rests firmly, but lightly on the brow . . . The Knox "Comfit" costs $6. Other smart Knox straws from $5. Agents everywhere.

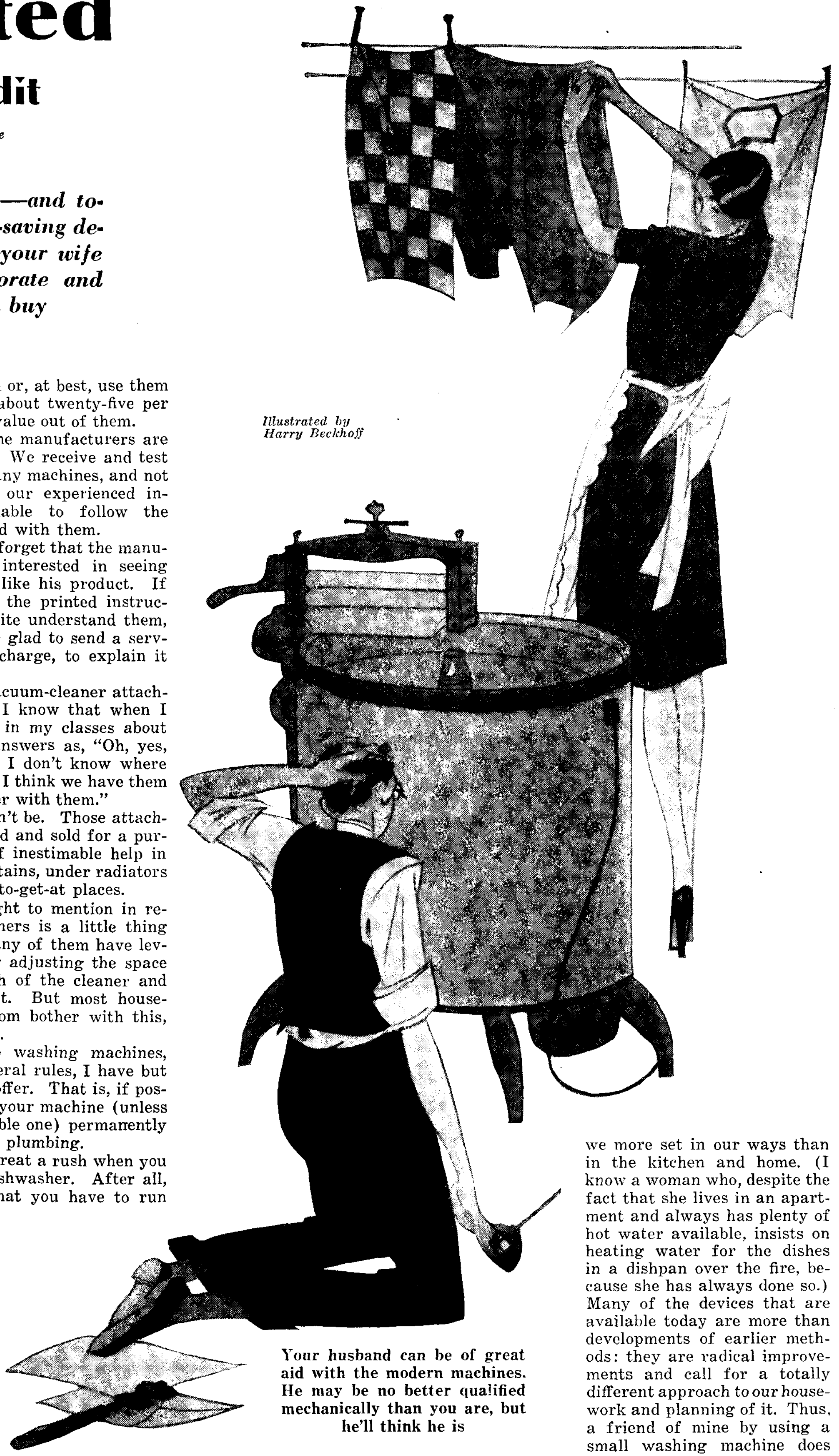
KNOX HAT COMPANY, INC., 711 FIFTH AVE., N. Y.   920 PALMER HOUSE, CHICAGO

Help Wanted

By Elizabeth Condit

Supervisor, Homemaking Courses, Pratt Institute

It's all a matter of choosing carefully—and together, when you're shopping for labor-saving devices. If she hasn't room to store it, your wife won't thank you for the most elaborate and efficient washing machine you can buy



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Your husband can be of great aid with the modern machines. He may be no better qualified mechanically than you are, but he'll think he is

A HUSBAND I know surprised his wife the other day by sending home an expensive washing machine. Surprised is not the word; she was flabbergasted. He had gone alone to buy it and with the eager coöperation of the salesman had selected a machine which, although doubtless a good one in its place, was by no means suited to the needs of the family nor the space available. It was bulky, noisy, complicated and equipped to handle a load a great deal heavier than the weekly wash of the family.

Of course his wife didn't have the heart to tell him this. And so she will use the machine a few times until the husband has forgotten his generosity and fails to notice whether it is still in service. Then she will store it away somewhere and go back to the old-fashioned tubs.

Here's a case where a little forethought would have saved money and avoided disappointment. It happens every day, with the markets full of all sorts of labor-saving devices—many of them excellent—and husbands taking more and more interest in the kitchen and the home because of the introduction of machines which appeal to their mechanical instincts.

But it's always safer to invite your wife to go along with you when you're shopping for labor-saving devices. Unless, of course, you'd really enjoy becoming one of those men of whom their wives say: "You know, I don't dare trust Charlie alone in a store, he sends home the most impossible things!"

Yes, the wife should go along, too. She knows better than her husband her needs and requirements. He is more likely to detect features in the machinery which might make it too complicated or tiring to use or take care of.

Washing machines, vacuum cleaners, dishwashing machines and the like usually represent a fairly sizable investment and they shouldn't be chosen too quickly. Every housewife has her individual needs and requirements and nowadays the manufacturers make so many and such varied models that it's only a matter of devoting a little time to find the one best suited to your needs.

Thus the wife to whom I referred above would have been ten times more pleased with a small portable washer that could be affixed to a basin than with the bulky (though doubtless efficient) and much more costly one which her husband selected.

There are certain general rules which apply to the selection of all these devices. One of them I have already mentioned: go together and see them all. Another is to learn how to use them properly. People will buy automobiles and spend a great deal of time learning how to use them correctly and how to get the best out of them but they will invest in other devices and if they can't get the hang of them right away will often discard them or, at best, use them so as to get just about twenty-five per cent of their real value out of them.

In some cases the manufacturers are to blame for this. We receive and test at the Institute many machines, and not infrequently even our experienced instructors are unable to follow the instructions packed with them.

However, never forget that the manufacturer is most interested in seeing that you use and like his product. If you cannot follow the printed instructions or cannot quite understand them, he will be only too glad to send a service man, without charge, to explain it all to you.

In the case of vacuum-cleaner attachments, especially, I know that when I question the girls in my classes about them I get such answers as, "Oh, yes, we have them but I don't know where they are," or "Yes, I think we have them but we never bother with them."

Now this shouldn't be. Those attachments are perfected and sold for a purpose. They are of inestimable help in cleaning sofas, curtains, under radiators and in other hard-to-get-at places.

One thing I ought to mention in regard to such cleaners is a little thing but important: many of them have levers or controls for adjusting the space between the mouth of the cleaner and the floor or carpet. But most housewives, I find, seldom bother with this, simple though it is.

With regard to washing machines, outside of the general rules, I have but one suggestion to offer. That is, if possible, plan to have your machine (unless it is a small, portable one) permanently connected with the plumbing.

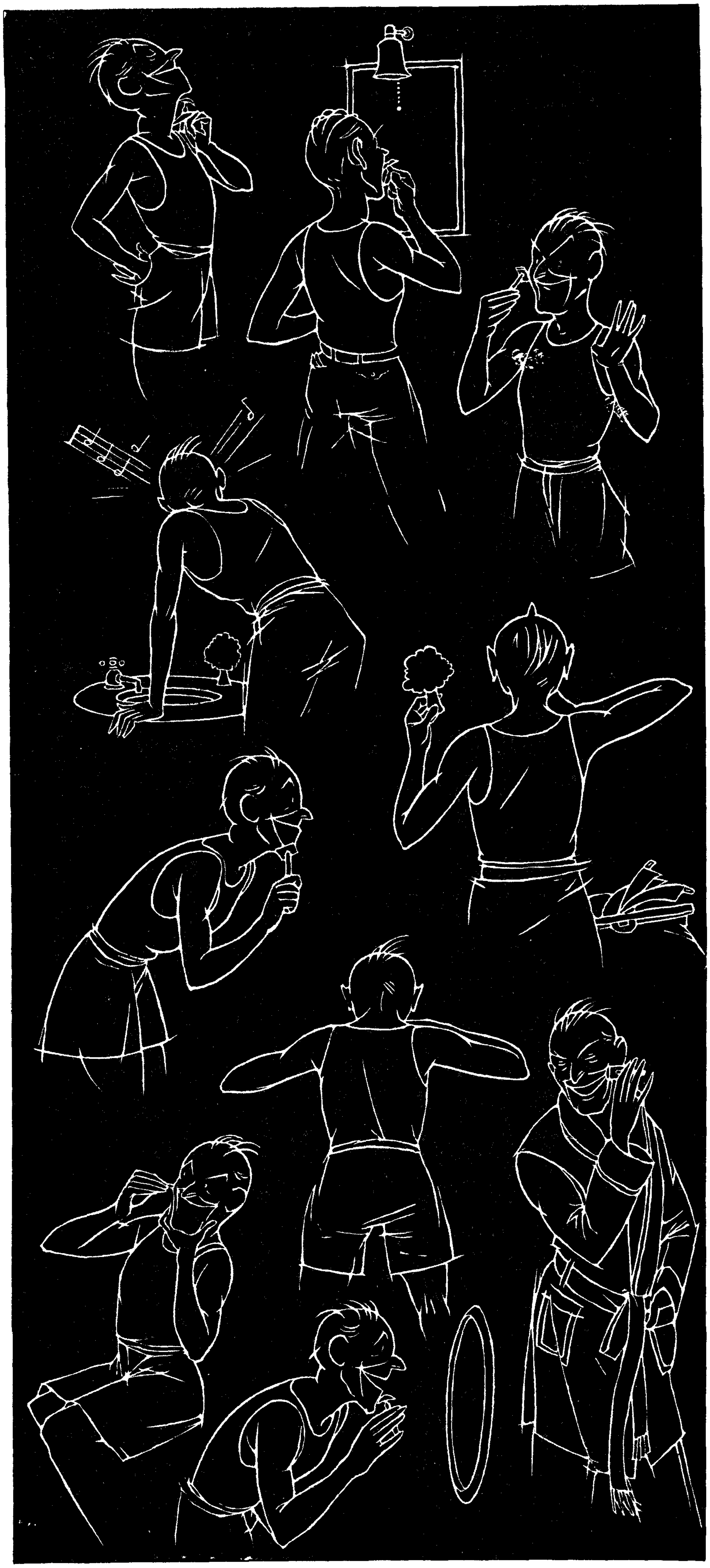
Don't be in too great a rush when you decide to buy a dishwasher. After all, it isn't a thing that you have to run right out and buy so as to have it in time for the dinner party for the Fergusons next Tuesday night.

An investment of time and thought as well as money should go into the purchase of a dishwasher. Consider the size of your family and weigh carefully the question of what size washer you will need. Even if your family is not a large one you can well afford to invest in a washer and it will repay you many times over, for small washers are now being made that hook on to sink faucets and which are practical for small families. Of course there is a wide variety of larger machines.

In passing, it might be well to remind well-meaning husbands that good housekeepers are cautious about buying the smaller household devices because too many of them may be more of a care than a help. Some men can't go into a drug store or a hardware shop without returning home with their pockets filled with all sorts of mechanical doohickeys calculated (by someone or other) to be of inestimable aid to the Little Woman.

We must remember that nowhere are we more set in our ways than in the kitchen and home. (I know a woman who, despite the fact that she lives in an apartment and always has plenty of hot water available, insists on heating water for the dishes in a dishpan over the fire, because she has always done so.) Many of the devices that are available today are more than developments of earlier methods: they are radical improvements and call for a totally different approach to our housework and planning of it. Thus, a friend of mine by using a small washing machine does her washing in small lots each day while she is fixing the baby's milk or preparing luncheon and has thereby eliminated the strain and wear of the old-time weekly washday.

Your husband can be of great aid in keeping the modern machines 100 per cent efficient. He may be no better qualified mechanically than you are (though he'll think he is) but two heads were ever better than one, and perhaps you may even get him so interested in the washer or the cleaner that he'll insist on running it all by himself. Or is that too optimistic?



Never the same job twice

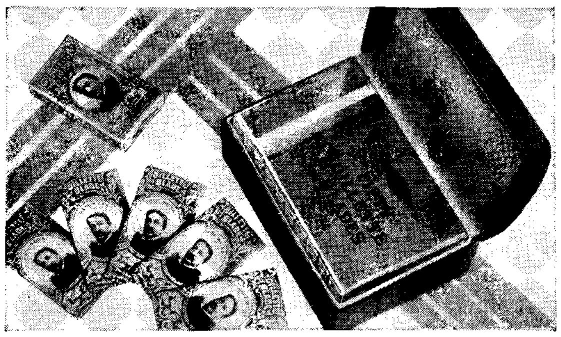
YES, it's the same man shaving on ten different mornings, ten different conditions of water, temperature, and nerves; ten different methods of lathering and stroking.

> *But his Gillette Blade meets all these changing conditions with the same even temper*

So much dependable shaving comfort has been honed and stropped into this blade that eight out of ten American men have learned to expect — and get — a comfortable shave even under the worst possible conditions.

To meet that expectation Gillette has developed and perfected some $12,000,000 worth of new machines during the past ten years. They condition the Gillette Blade far more delicately and precisely than even the most skilful artisan could sharpen a shaving edge.

Conditions vary. But the Gillette Blade is the one *constant* factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A



THE NEW FIFTY-BOX. Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of fives) in a colorful, useful gift chest. Five dollars at your dealer's.

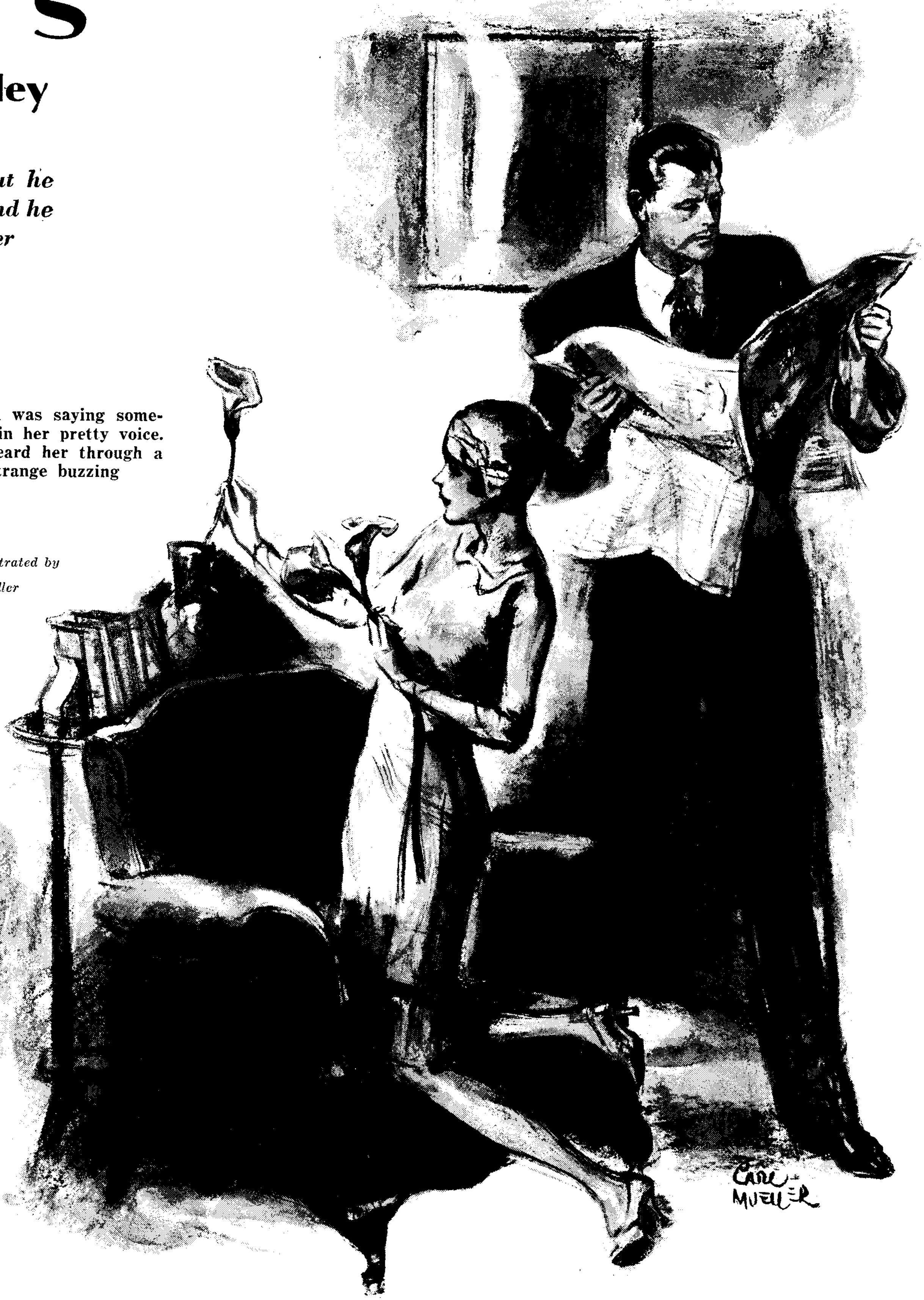
*** Gillette *****

TRADE Gillette MARK

LILIES

By Maxwell Aley

Bill was no highbrow, but he understood psychology. And he knew Gaspari, the killer



Marvel was saying something in her pretty voice. Bill heard her through a strange buzzing

Illustrated by Carl Mueller

BILL DENNY looked at the mirrored reflection of Marvel pulling her little blue hat over her short, fair hair, and thought how doggone pretty she was and how lucky he was to have her. He looked around the twelve-by-fourteen living room of the little Bronx flat—furniture on the installment plan, two rooms complete for $198.00—and swelled with pride. She was his and this was his, and—aw, what was the use? He grinned past her shoulder into the mirror, and her little white flower of a face smiled back at him.

"Happy, honey-boy?" she said.

"Happy? Gee!"

He kissed her, his big cub body curling about her slightness in an awkward embrace, her face white against his darkness, against the blue of beard coming through.

Then they went out and down the three flights of stairs to the street.

"Five-and-Ten first," Marvel said. "I need two enamel pans, and—are we rich enough to spend some money just—foolish?"

Bill Denny patted his pocket. "Fifty bucks, Baby," he said, "and earned honest." He caught himself on that. It might make Marvel wonder. But he discarded the fear. Marvel never questioned. "Earned honest," he repeated. "Blow yourself, Baby, and then we'll go to the movies tonight."

Little Marvel clung to his arm, stealing glances at him, now and then, from her golden-lashed blue eyes. He towered over her, feeling very strong and self-sufficient, and stole glances at her, too. Once their eyes met.

Gee! He didn't know a guy could be happy like he was. With a happiness that both sang—and hurt. Gee!

People looked at them. They were young and she was pretty and Bill was attractive in his big, awkward way, and they were so obviously bride and groom.

MARRIED six weeks now! And those six weeks had been worth all his other twenty-three years, Bill thought.

They bought the pans, and some other little odds and ends. Then Marvel bought a glass vase, and with the bulky package it made in her arms, paused by the table of artificial flowers.

"I want something pretty," she said to Bill. "Something to put in this vase and set on the little side table under the mirror."

Bill said, "Sure, Baby, but we don't need anything else pretty in the flat while we got you."

Marvel made an absurd face at him, and said "Blarney! But that's what I get for marrying an Irishman. . . . Only go on, I love it!"

And so, laughing, they came to the table of artificial flowers blooming with unnatural brilliance beneath the hard glare of the electric lights, and Marvel set about to pick the "something pretty" that she wanted to adorn the little flat.

The roses didn't please her. She passed over the apple-blossoms. The dahlias were too poisonous a color. The sweet peas were too short. Finally she came to lilies: red tiger lilies, and white lilies like those you see at Easter. Marvel decided on three of the white ones. "They'll be pretty," she said, "and if you half shut your eyes you can imagine they're real. Those folks I lived with at Saugerties had some in their garden."

Marvel wasn't a New Yorker. She came from up the Hudson. Had no folks. All died when she was little. The county had placed her "out," and when she was nineteen she'd come to New York to work. She and Bill had met in an automat one noon. And it had been a real case of love at first sight.

FOR some reason the sight of those lilies made Bill shiver. (But he didn't tell Marvel that.) Oh—he had it now. When Gaspari had bumped off Egg McGurk, there'd been the swellest funeral Brooklyn had seen since Monk Eastman died, and when they carried the coffin out it was covered with lilies—white lilies. Bill shivered again. Things like that were always coming up out of the past to throw sinister shadows across his happiness.

He knew that he would feel uncomfortable every time he looked at those flowers. They'd remind him of Gaspari and Gaspari's long arm. God! Couldn't you ever get away? Even if you'd never done time—could you ever go straight once you'd gone crooked?

Six more weeks passed. Just as good as ever, too. Not a cloud—except out of the past for him. She was so happy and so sweet. Their happiness made him afraid. Too good to last.

So he wasn't surprised when that evening as he left the garage where he worked as a mechanic a man stepped out of a curtained touring car—and the man was Gaspari.

"Got you, kid," Gaspari said. "Thought you'd give me the slip, eh? Like hell." He laughed. "It's all right. I need you—or will. And you're staying right where you are. Swell blind. I'm not even telling the mob. No one knows but me. Well, one of these days I'll send you your orders. You get me?"

Bill "got" him all too well.

"Yeah?" he drawled, trying to seem indifferent.

"Yeah!" said Gaspari.

That was all. But it was enough if you knew Gaspari.

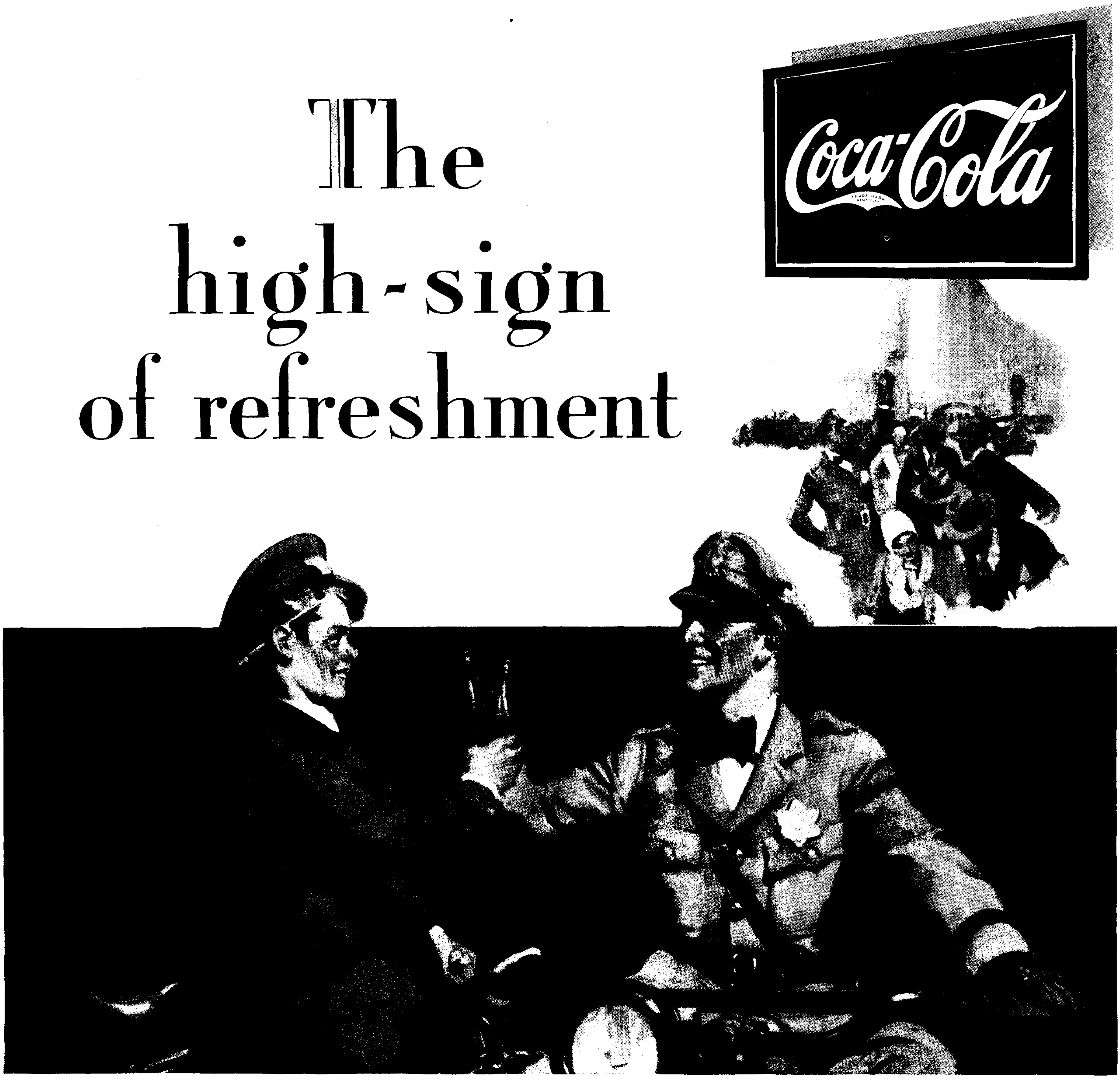
Going along the street Bill found himself saying, "It won't be long now"—saying it with a horrible sort of humor that chilled his own blood.

It wouldn't be long— It wouldn't be long—till what?

That night he took Marvel to a chop-suey parlor where you could dance, and then to a movie, and then for an ice cream soda on the way home.

If all this was too good to last it must be the (Continued on page 52)

The high-sign of refreshment



The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

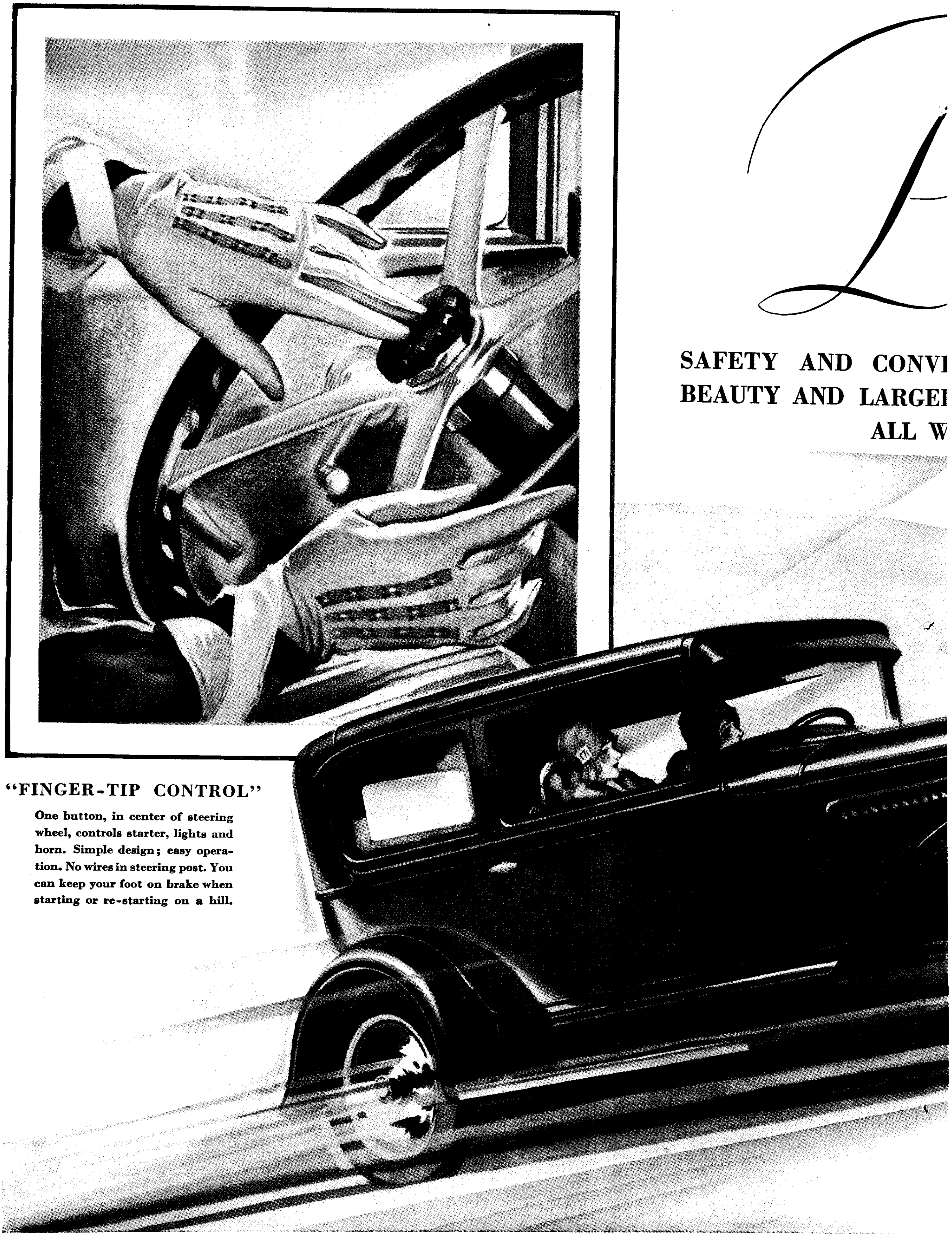
YOU never need go far or wait long! Look up, and you'll catch the high-sign of refreshment—a red flash to stop for a minute, pause for an ice-cold Coca-Cola, and be off with all the pep and pick-up of a sport roadster. ▼ ▼ ▼ In answer to the signal, all men show their friendly, sociable side. Everybody thinks alike about an ice-cold Coca-Cola. The care with which it is prepared makes it pure as sunlight. The wholesome zest of its tingling, delicious taste and cool after-sense of refreshment makes a little minute long enough for a big rest.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own bottle—the distinctive Coca-Cola bottle. Every bottle is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight by automatic machines, without the touch of human hands—insuring purity and wholesomeness.

OVER 8 MILLION A DAY

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



SAFETY AND CONVI
BEAUTY AND LARGE
ALL W

"FINGER-TIP CONTROL"

One button, in center of steering wheel, controls starter, lights and horn. Simple design; easy operation. No wires in steering post. You can keep your foot on brake when starting or re-starting on a hill.

henomenal SUCCESS.

RECORD SALES!

ENCE OF "FINGER-TIP CONTROL," PLUS GREATER ODIES, WIN TREMENDOUS PUBLIC ACCEPTANCE FOR PET FOUR AND SIX CYLINDER MODELS

All Willys-Overland sales records are broken as the new Superior Whippet's ever-growing tide of popularity sweeps the country. Thousands of new owners are responding to the appeal of the unprecedented value offered by this finest and most modern of light cars.

The longer bodies, smarter lines, higher radiator and hood, more distinctive colors and one-piece full-crown fenders of the new Superior Whippet make it the style authority in its class.

In sustained speed, dashing pick-up and brute power, the Superior Whippet is so far ahead that it surpasses even its own predecessor. A new higher compression engine gives more than 20% added horsepower. And Whippet's dependable performance and low operating costs result in complete owner satisfaction.

WILLYS-OVERLAND, INC., TOLEDO, OHIO
WILLYS-OVERLAND SALES CO., LTD., TORONTO, CANADA

4-CYLINDER COACH	6-CYLINDER COACH *With 7-Bearing Crankshaft*
$550	$695

Whippet Four Coupe $550; 4-passenger Coupe $580; Roadster $500; 4-passenger Roadster $530; Collegiate Roadster $595; Touring $495; Sedan $615; De Luxe Sedan $695; Chassis $380. Whippet Six Sedan $760; Coupe $695; Coupe (with rumble seat) $725; Sport De Luxe Roadster $850 (including rumble seat and extras); De Luxe Sedan $850. All prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio, and specifications subject to change without notice.

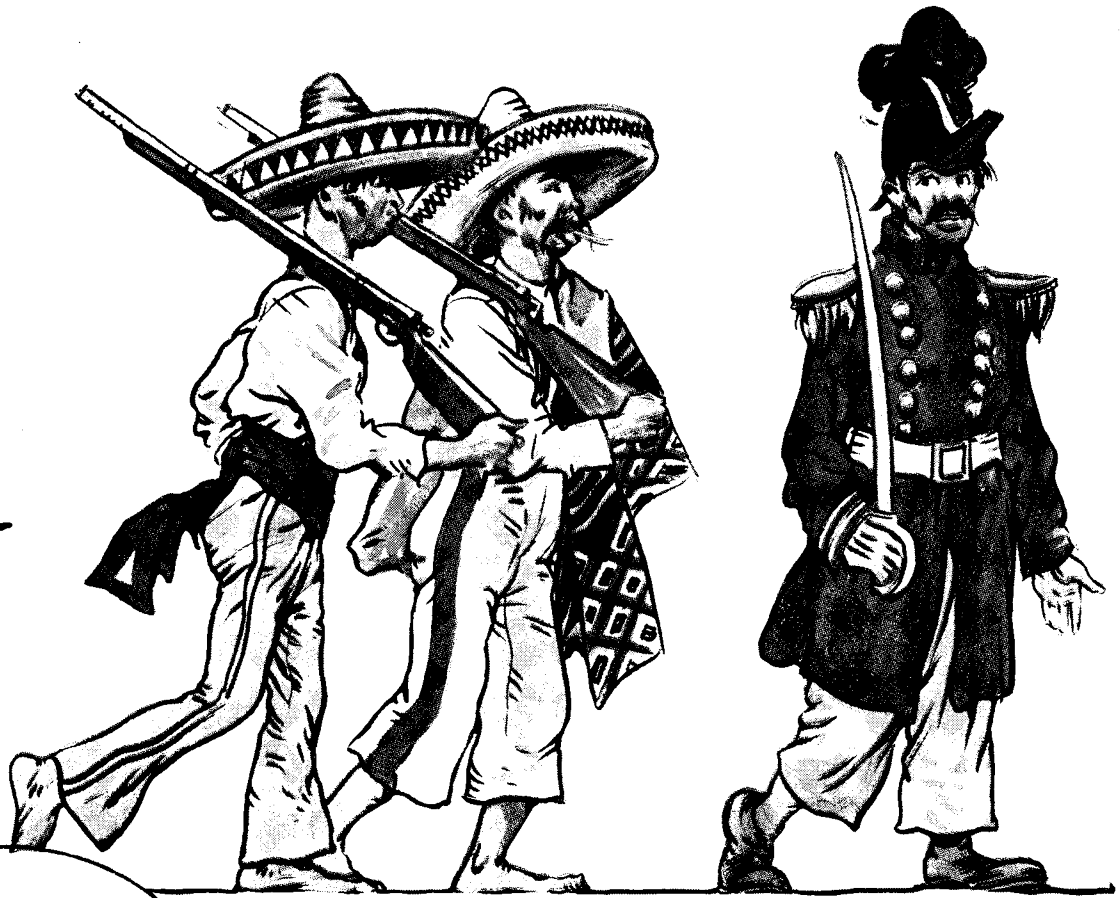
Whippet

FOURS **SIXES**

A General to Boot

In Mexico, until recently, even generals ran no large amount of personal danger, for when a rebel leader lost he had only to take his place at the foot of the line

Uncle Henry



"In Mexico, 'Lonzo, any soldier with a pair of shoes is a general"

"I WISH somebody would tell me what's the matter with Mexico," begged Mr. Stubbs. "You don't see Americans rebellin' all the time."

"That's because our Mexican neighbors are a much more spirited people," explained Uncle Henry. "The proud descendants of the Montezumas have developed personal honor to a point where it has the size an' sensitiveness of a home-grown boil. All of 'em wear their pride on the outside, due south from the sacro-iliac, so that a swift kick comes close to bein' a mortal wound.

"It's a peculiar an' particular kind of pride, to be sure. If you venture to call a Mexican a bum for not workin', or bawl him out for livin' on his wife's folks, he takes it as a compliment, an' sends you flowers. He also finds an equal pleasure in bein' reproached for not payin' his debts. But let one of 'em be beaten in an election, an' he knows a fury that is absolutely foreign to the colder-blooded denizens of Nordic climes.

"Take the case of Alfred E. Smith by way of comparison. Why, what Hoover an' the Pennsylvania machine did to poor Al ought to have brought forth impassioned protests from the Humane Society, yet what was the Governor's attitude in the hour of his defeat? Did he make an instant appeal to arms, callin' on General Raskob to seize Wall Street, orderin' General Dave Walsh to fortify Boston an' telegraphin' General Josephus Daniels to attack Jersey City from the south?

"Not so you could notice it, my dear 'Lonzo. Instead of raisin' the red flag of rebellion, tearin' up the sidewalks of New York for barricades, an' declarin' that he meant to save the country from itself, Al actually sent Hoover a telegram of congratulation.

"Can you imagine a Mexican ever bein' guilty of any such shameful supineness? Not so, Bolivar! Down there, politics operate on a hair trigger, an' a presidential candidate lets out a scream of rage if he even *suspects* that he's goin' to be beaten at the polls. Not that he's personally ambitious, of course, but only actuated by a patriotic resolve to save the fatherland from the ignominy an' degradation of bein' looted an' exploited by anybody other than himself.

"Gettin' an army together in Mexico presents no very large difficulty, for all a rebel leader's got to do is to float an international loan of thirty-two dollars—sixteen for beans an' sixteen for cigarettes—an' recruits pour in without waitin' to hear what it's about.

"A persistent gentleman who calls regularly"

"It isn't as if the insurgent rank an' file ran any great risk, for Mexican warfare is always conducted at long range, an' about the worst that can happen to a soldier is chapped lips an' stone bruises. When rebels are captured, all that's required of 'em is to give three cheers for the Government, an' if federal troops are taken, they merely ask the name that they are to *viva* for. Now an' then a man is killed by stray bullets, but regret is soothed by the conviction that a favor has been done.

"Generals offer even less of a problem than private soldiers, for any reputable employment agency stands ready to send 'em down in blocks of a hundred, although refusin' to guarantee that they won't spoil in transit. In Mexico, 'Lonzo, any soldier with a pair of shoes is a general, an' if he's got a brother an' a couple of cousins who are suckers enough to follow him, he doesn't even have to have the shoes.

Stabilizin' Influences

"Until lately, even generals ran no large amount of personal danger, for revolution was frankly regarded as the national game of Mexico, an' the rules were known an' respected. When a rebel leader lost, the laugh was on him, also the drinks, assumin' he could find a saloon-keeper to give him credit. The only punishment was that he had to take his place at the foot of the line, an' wait there until all the generals ahead of him had their fling at rebellion.

"This fellow Calles, however, is makin' a sad mess of things. The fellow doesn't seem to have any sportin' instinct at all, for up to date he's killed about four hundred generals, shootin' 'em first an' givin' 'em a fair an' impartial trial immediately afterward.

"Unless Calles can be induced to play the game accordin' to established rules, I wouldn't be a bit surprised to see revolutions called off owin' to lack of attendance. You can't have a good vigorous rebellion without a bunch of generals, an' it's gettin' so in Mexico that no man's willin' to acknowledge any rank higher than that of a corporal.

"In my opinion, however, killin' isn't the answer. Even if you put every general before a firin' squad, or, what would hurt much worse, put 'em to work, there would still be trouble an' unrest, for Mexico lacks stabilizin' influences. Lots of Americans urge the Strong Man stuff, but no nation ever got fat sittin' on a bayonet. What poor old Mexico needs, if you ask me, is not any more Strong Men, but the introduction of the Installment Plan.

"You can talk all you please about a nation's peace bein' dependent upon good government an' just laws, but it's the bunk. What puts a people to work, an' keeps 'em at it, is ownin' somethin' that's not entirely paid for. If the United States really had the interests of Mexico at heart, instead of sendin' down machine guns we'd lend 'em money enough for every peon to make the first payment on a talking-machine, a flivver and a radio set. *That's* what would make for permanent peace.

"Look at all of the injustices that curse American life! Terrible inequalities, 'Lonzo! Simply terrible! One man lolls along in a luxurious limousine while another is compelled to put up with an open car. One man lives in lordly luxury an' another is forced to rest content with mere comfort. One man is able to get London an' Paris on his radio, an' another, every whit as worthy, is only able to get Topeka or Los Angeles.

"We can't walk on the grass in our public parks, we can't spit on the sidewalk or in the street cars, we get arrested if we disregard traffic signals, we can't park within half a mile of where we want to stop, an' we have no protection at all against art theaters, autobiographies, newspaper columnists an' theme songs. As for marriage, it's only in certain progressive communities that a man is allowed to trade in an old wife for a new model.

"Yet you don't see anybody rebellin', do you? Even Democrats have ceased to do more than beg the favor of a local anesthetic. No, we submit because we've got to keep busy earnin' the money to meet our installments on the first of every month.

"The real stabilizer in the United States is not the army, not the police, but the persistent gentleman who calls so regularly for our payments on the house, the car, the radio, the vacuum cleaner an' the furniture. Everybody owns somethin' in the United States, an' that's what makes it so hard for the radicals who urge us to copy Russia."

A Yankee Trick

"There's a revolution that seems to be successful," asserted Mr. Stubbs. "Don't you think we ought to recognize Russia?"

"But how can we?" protested Uncle Henry. "Even people who've spent their entire lives in the country are unable to make a positive identification. The changes have been so many an' so violent that there's absolutely nothin' left to go by. All the strawberry marks, moles an' wens have been wiped out by the various upheavals, an' Russia never did afford any such clues as dry-cleanin' tags, laundry marks an' distinctive underwear.

"We've got much the same sort of problem right here in the United States. Both Texas and Virginia are clamorin' for recognition, but since the late election nobody can be found that's willin' to swear to 'em. Senator Swanson, born an' bred in the Old Dominion, confesses that he don't know Virginia any more, an' Al Smith insists that New Hampshire has put on a slouch hat an' a goatee an' is impersonatin' Texas."

"That certainly was queer about Virginia and Texas," said Mr. Stubbs. "I can't understand it."

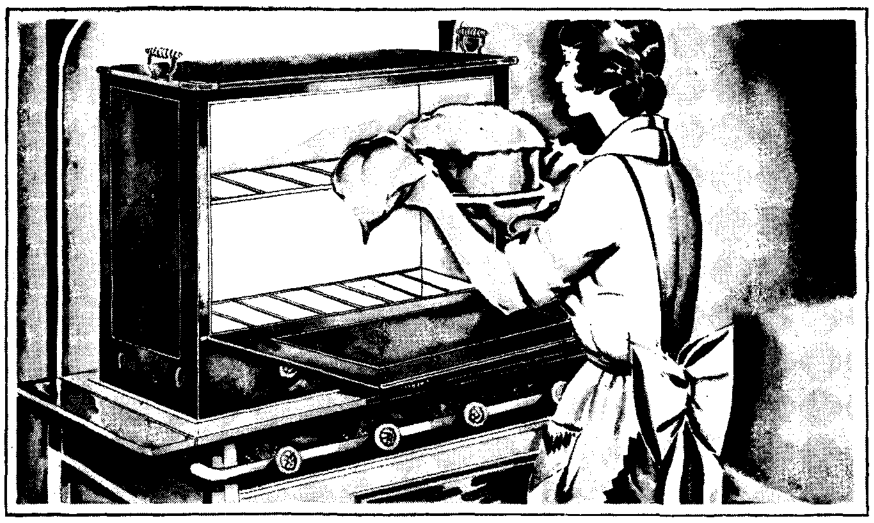
"It's perfectly simple," said Uncle Henry. "The people in those parts have been votin' by sight for the last fifty years, an' some Yankee hound simply reversed the eagle and the rooster on the ballot."

Steel that is made even better than ever

WHEELING COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

THE COPPER ALLOYED SHEET STEEL



TONS and tons of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, are required by manufacturers daily to supply the demand for metal products of COP-R-LOY durability, convenience and economy. In this alloy steel are combined the essentials to all practical manufacturing, along with extra features that are a guarantee of longer service at low cost.

COP-R-LOY makes its appeal to the public through beautifully formed, substantially constructed, low priced metal products for the home, office and factory. Also in sheet metal work, such as roofing, window and door casements, gutter and spouting, cornices, ventilators and almost endless forms of service,—that gives added protection and service to home and industry. Its selection by manufacturers and metal workers is the result of demonstrated superiorities. These are advantages which they would pass on to you in a sincere effort to render greater service.

COP-R-LOY by reason of the fact that it has served successfully in a multitude of ways and a multitude of products, for twenty years is accepted as the metal of today, meeting today's requirements for durability and economy in the finished product.

As a homekeeper, why should you be interested in the fact that a sheet steel, known as COP-R-LOY, enables manufacturers of metal products, such as metal ware, stoves, furnaces, washers, dryers, radiator covers and other things to reduce costs and to secure better workmanship? The answer is that COP-R-LOY by these contributions to better manufacturing operations sets a new low price for you while increasing the quality and durability of these aids to better living.

You can profit directly by insisting on COP-R-LOY in the various metal articles which you purchase for your home. Write for a booklet about this modern steel.

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"FROM MINE TO MARKET"

For Building Construction—Roofings—zinc, tin and terne coated; gutter and spouting, metal lath, corner bead, window and door casements, clothes and coal chutes, furnaces, ranges, heaters, and many other necessities to convenience, economy, protection from fire and freedom from repair. Important among building needs is Wheeling Pipe, made of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, frequently used in the natural black finish as well as the bright zinc coated form for extra protection. It is an example of the day's best pipe making skill as well as the standard of quality in tubular goods, sold and installed to the architect's specifications by leading plumbers and pipe fitters everywhere.

For Manufacturing Industries—COP-R-LOY is prepared in Sheets for manufacture into as many as five thousand articles, many of which are used in the home, apartment, hotel and office. From the culvert under the highway to the finest of steel furniture, COP-R-LOY provides the workable raw material required for excellent workmanship, reasonable cost and satisfactory service. In other forms such as Plates, Rods, Wire, Black Plate, Tin and Terne Plate it serves for countless purposes.

For Railroads—COP-R-LOY Plates, Sheets, Pipe, Car Roofing, Tie Plates and Spikes, specified by railroad metallurgists and engineers to reduce maintenance costs while improving construction of buildings, rolling stock and right of way.

This label, in green and black, identifies an article as made of COP-R-LOY. *It is* a hall mark of quality indicating that the user is one of the many now employing this very best obtainable material with its insurance of better service to you. *Write for the book that tells in non-technical manner how* COP-R-LOY *affects your interests in many ways.*

WHEELING STEEL CORPORATION
WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

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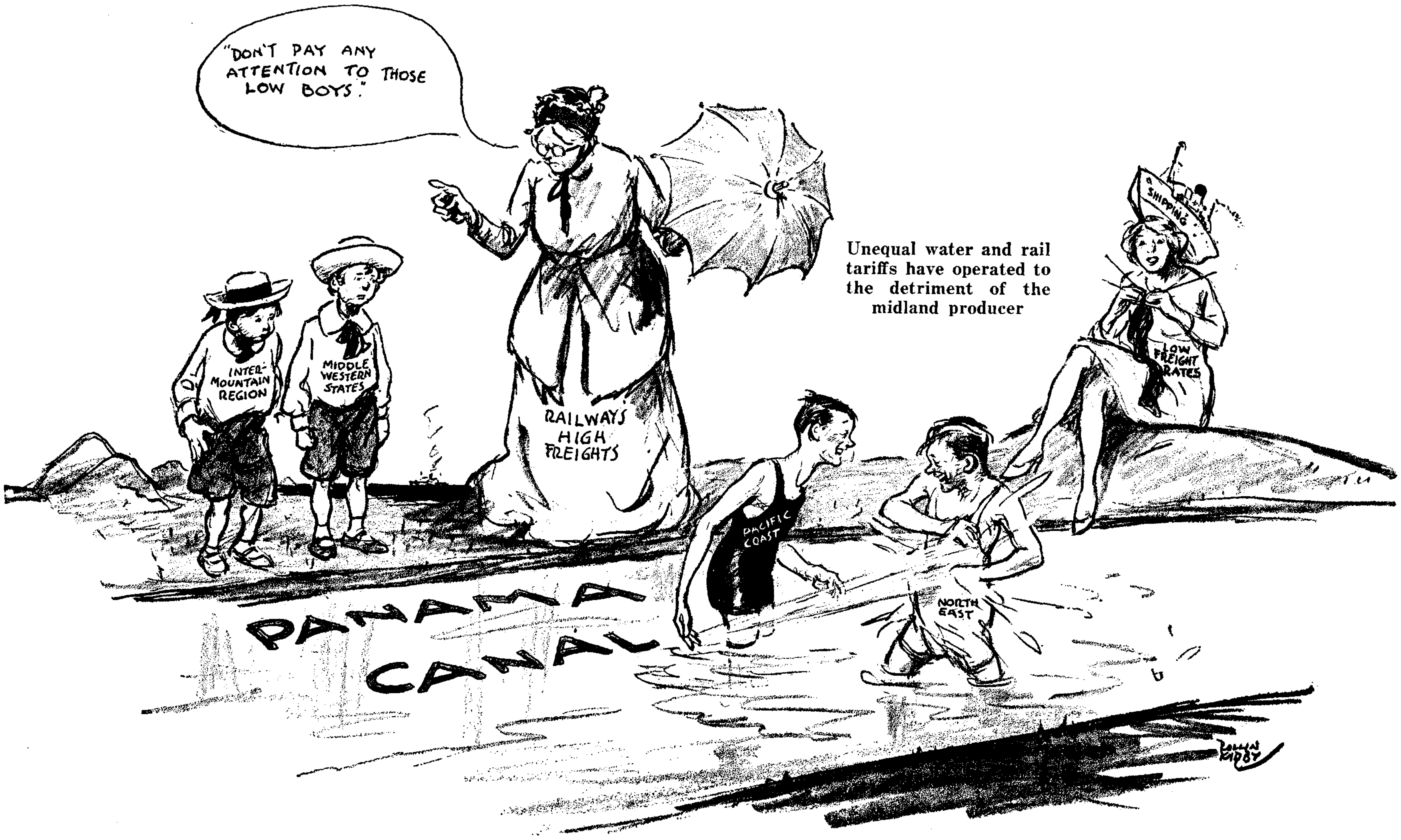


Unequal water and rail tariffs have operated to the detriment of the midland producer

Shall we fill up the Canal?

By Merle Thorpe

Editor, Nation's Business

One man's meat is another's poison, and so James J. Hill, famous railroad builder, looked forward cheerfully to the time when pond lilies would crowd ships out of the Panama Canal. Freight rates and sectional competition are making others repeat his pious hope. Here is the surprising story

THE Senate Committee on Interoceanic Canals recently reported out a joint resolution authorizing an investigation and survey for another Isthmian canal. Which recalls the exclamation of Henry Blakeley, then freight traffic manager of the Northern Pacific Railroad, at a railroad rate conference held four years ago in Salt Lake City:

"The Panama Canal—we would all be better off today if somebody filled it up!"

Of course Mr. Blakeley was not seriously proposing that we should fill up the Panama Canal. He was merely stating the attitude of some of the railroads and the citizens on their lines toward the canal. It was the attitude that James J. Hill expressed years ago, at a public meeting in Spokane, when he said:

"I look forward to the time when we shall grow pond lilies in that canal."

Not even the wisest foresaw the sweeping changes in commerce and industry which would be brought about by the digging of the canal. Few realized that so little a thing as the changing of a freight rate on a single commodity might, by disturbing delicate adjustments, spread out and out and affect more people directly and indirectly than any other similar economic factor.

The canal was built by the American people, at a cost of $500,000,000, in order to shorten ocean routes. It reduces the distance from New York to San Francisco by water from 13,135 miles to 5,262 miles; from Baltimore to Valparaiso from 8,454 to 4,560 miles. From Liverpool to Honolulu from 13,679 to 9,276 miles.

Some Americans who joined enthusiastically in building the canal now want to fill it up. To a majority it gives an added commercial advantage. For all it aids the national defense; it aids the coast-to-coast trade; it aids international trade.

Since 1920 the commercial traffic passing through the canal has grown rapidly. Of the 26,000,000 tons of cargo that went through in 1926, 16,000,000 were international and 10,000,000 intercoastal. (In 1927 the international was 17,000,000; the intercoastal 10,500,000.) Excluding 4,000,000 tons of oil shipments, 6,000,000 tons of ordinary commodities might have been carried by the railroads if there had been no canal. Three and a half millions of these moved west from the Atlantic Coast to Pacific Coast ports and two and a half million tons moved in the opposite direction.

A Selfish Viewpoint

Canal operation has helped some of our people and hindered others. The manufacturer, the wholesaler, the farmer, the railroad man, the consumer—each has reached a different conclusion with regard to the value of the canal—a conclusion based on his own interest.

The railroads have made vigorous efforts to recover the canal traffic wholly or in part. Compare canal figures with the tonnage of transcontinental railroads that reach the Pacific Coast—the Northern Pacific, the Great Northern, the St. Paul, the Union Pacific, the Santa Fé, the Southern Pacific, and several smaller systems.

In his testimony before a House Committee of Congress in 1924, Mr. J. F. Shaughnessy, chairman of the Nevada Public Service Commission, said:

"Compared with this relatively small tonnage (6,000,000 tons), the all-rail tonnage handled by the transcontinental lines reaching the Pacific Coast exceeded 248,000,000 tons for 1923. This was an increase of 25,600,000 tons over the previous year. Moreover, for the same period, one system, the Southern Pacific, increased its 1923 tonnage over 1922 by approximately 7,000,000 tons, or 1,000,000 tons in excess of the total canal traffic.

"The railroad traffic managers contend that they are entitled to what they term a fair share of this canal traffic, and that if permitted to establish long and short haul rates their share will approximate 3,000,000 tons per annum."

That would increase their traffic a little more than one per cent.

The railroads in 1926 applied to the Interstate Commerce Commission for authority to fix rates to the Coast lower than rates to intermediate points; that is, they wished to carry freight from Chicago to Seattle at a lower rate than they would charge from Chicago to Spokane. The commission said no.

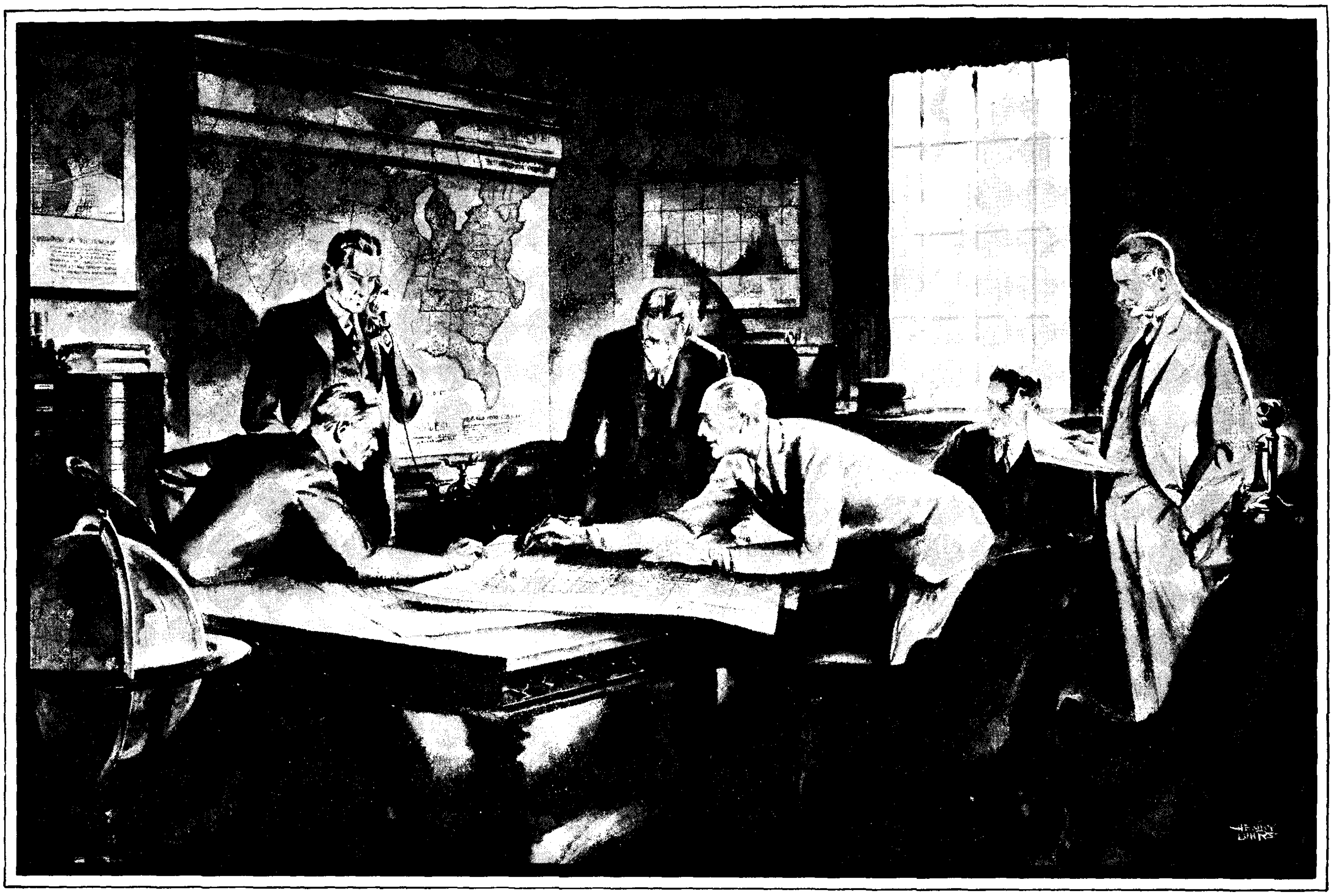
The commission reported, after extensive hearings, that all Middle West interests, with the exception of iron and steel industries affiliated with the United States Steel Corporation, had reached a new acute competition with Eastern manufacturers, because business which they formerly enjoyed on the Pacific Coast now moved largely from the East through the canal. The commission found also that the Pacific Coast was divided in its views as to the proposed application.

Manufacturers of commodities other than lumber opposed a lower rate on transcontinental shipments because it would open up a new competitive field. Manufacturers of paper articles said that the movement by water of many of the items was not in sufficient volume to justify the proposed rate reductions. Jobbers and distributors at Coast ports said they would benefit by having the large producing districts of the Middle West made available to them as additional sources of supply.

Meeting the New Competition

So likewise, the fruit, lumber and flour-mill shippers supported the new rate policy on the ground that it would result in an increase in westbound traffic and thus afford a better car supply for their shipments to Eastern markets, and this might lead to reductions in their rates.

Decided opposition was found, according to the commission, in the intermountain country, with the exception of lumber, fruit, mining and flour-mill industries. They said a reduction in the rates charged for commodities moving through to the Pacific Coast at rates less than the rates charged to intermediate territory would impose an undue burden (*Continued on page 67*)



Planning high-speed business

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

More than 95% of the telephone calls from one town to another in the Bell System are now on a high-speed basis. This holds whether the call is between neighboring cities or half way across the continent.

Even if it is a long call, the operator in many cases now asks you to hold the telephone while the call is put through.

Calls from one town to another used to be handled by one operator taking your order and giving it to another group of operators to put through. You now give your call direct to the operators who put it through—and put it through fast while you are on the line. The average time for handling all toll and long distance calls in the Bell System was further materially reduced in 1928.

A high-speed service to all parts of the country—calls from one town to another as swift, clear and easy as local calls—that is the aim of the Bell System.

This is one of the many improvements in methods and appliances which are constantly being introduced to give high-speed telephone service. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is ever the goal of the Bell System.

"The Telephone Books are the Directory of the Nation"

Up where the Wets begin

Continued from page 9

to make full-strength beer and then to de-alcoholize it into near beer. Clever brewmasters went one better. They didn't brew the beer full strength. Instead, they brought it to the verge of alcoholization; then it was poured into five-gallon cans and hermetically sealed. On delivery to the customer he was "warned" that yeast introduced to the contents of the can would ferment the beer into a palatable, potent and illegal beverage. All customers were shocked; all tried it once to see if this horrible prediction might come true. Many have tried it since—repeatedly.

Under the law a seller of illicit drinks can be punished. By some accident—say an artistic impulse to do the right thing by hops and malt—a brewmaster might can the real stuff. The brewers protect themselves. They do not sell. A coöperative corporation takes over the product of all the breweries, for what purpose the brewers, in all legal innocence, do not know.

Shunning dependence on hermetically sealed cans, and on Canadian export, the tavern keepers of Buffalo who adhere to art for art's sake make their own brews.

I visited one of these places for to see. Going in I had only a hazy idea as to its whereabouts; coming out that idea was much hazier. Connoisseurs in beer were there drinking a nut-brown fluid of delicious flavor and noble effect—and ten cents a seidel. As a point of honor mine host scorned the sale of spirits.

"At least," *said one city-wise expert* to a question as to total output, "thirty or forty thousand gallons of city brew are sold and consumed in Buffalo each week."

It isn't easy to gain access to beer clubs. But anybody can order the arrested-process brew—and get it.

Leave the beer belt *behind* and you find a different tale with the same moral. Jump, by way of diversion, to South Bend, Indiana. Everybody knows the Wright Law in Indiana is the farthest north of arid edicts. By its terms you can almost be sent to jail for thinking of liquor. Yet South Bend's speakeasies outnumber South Bend's old-time saloons: 170 as against 116. Cursory inspection revealed apricot brandy—canned apricot juice plus grain alcohol—at $1 the half pint, bad whisky at $8 a quart and excellent beer in a highway inn at a quarter the glass.

"Matters," said a responsible and respectable citizen to me, "reached a pass where the liquor sellers organized and sent a proposal to a magistrate offering him $100,000 a year if he'd go easy on sentences. Not too easy, that would ruin the racket—but reasonable-like. He declined, increased the rap. But you can get it c. o. d. in your hotel room or f. o. b. any alley dive in South Bend."

Jump back to New York's glorious wine country of yore, where Great Western champagne and other brands were grown and made. There, under the benign reign of Volstead, what has happened to the vineyards of the Mohawk Valley and of the gorgeous country that rolls from Penn Yan to the St. Lawrence? What, indeed, has become of the luscious grape whose ancestral roots were imported from the Champagne country of France?

The answer's easy. Business as usual during altercations with the dry agents and the courts. It is all surmise, of course, but when in scores of places spirits distilled from grape mash and sugar retail at $20 a gallon it's easy to guess who's winning the new battle of the Brandywine.

A Handsome Profit

The fruit-juice business, thoroughly legal, prevails for home-made wine. *But prohibition has caused stills to out*number wine-presses, and just as applejack is the standard beverage of the Hudson Valley, so brandywine rules beyond the Mohawk Trail.

Tossing out the thrice-told tales of high school orgies, familiar to every traveler to every town, a quick trip along the terrain of the Thousand Isles exposes ten thousand more points of contact for bootleggers on the Canada-New York front. From Ogdensburg the customs men operate in their fight on contraband that has its main rail and motor transport at Rouse's Point. Train passengers are frisked by hundreds daily, and motorists by thousands; but the hundred-and-one roads, to say nothing of hundreds of miles of water, make the task of tracking all shipments an impossible one.

Half a million travelers a year pass through Rouse's Point and fines or liquor seizures make that district, like all border customs districts, almost self-supporting. Thus booze pays the bills. But while officers are diligently spotting petty, one-bottle smugglers, the lads who import on the grand style are running the roads with—as one retired from the racket told me—three chances in ten of getting by.

"Looka here," he said, affably, as one retired may to a laborer yet in the vineyard. "Take ale, for instance. We buy it—bought it, I should say, at the Canadian brewery for five cents a pint. O. K. It sells wholesale in New York and Boston for about sixty cents, retail for a dollar. Supposing four loads in five are knocked off around the border. That makes the jobber's cost twenty-five cents a bottle. But there's still a handsome profit."

That expert analysis was confirmed by a tour of what is probably as efficiently run a customs district as any in the country—dear old, dry old Vermont. That is, dry in sentiment.

Vermont has a stiff state law to back up Mr. Volstead; but good liquor is plentiful, and cheap. And this, in light of the efficiency of the customs patrol of thirty-seven men, merely goes to show that there are always plenty of *openings* in the booze trade for ambitious boys.

At Burlington, metropolis of the state, beer is comparatively difficult to find. But whisky is available in the original Canadian wrapper at from $6 to $10 a quart, depending on your appearance and degree of eagerness.

"Business has been better, but it's pretty good now." I quote a gentleman now renowned as a master bootlegger of Vermont, who was formerly a barber.

Good liquor in original packing seems to miss many points between the border and Boston—where cultured demand will stand for nothing but the genuine, reaching for it up to Canada and down to Florida. Carefully distributed caravans of cars roll down and up to Boston from both directions, bearing the raw material of whoopee.

"Those two great markets, Boston and New York, make Vermont the strategic middle-ground for rum-running," Harry C. Whitehill, collector of the Vermont District, told me at his St. Albans headquarters.

"One of my boys came off the ice at Lake Champlain this morning," said Mr. Whitehill, who's a former newspaper editor and knows his news. "He's a youngster with two children on $1,750 a year. He told me he was offered $2,000 a week to stay off post for half an hour one night each week. Yes, we've got the man who made the offer.

Hand-Picked Patrols

"I know," said Mr. Whitehill, as we rode about St. Albans in one of the 190 cars seized by his men in twelve months—a handsome limousine with bottle marks pressed into the nap of its velour—"I know we can't dry up the border. We'd need three or four times our force for that. But we can make booze-running so expensive that it'll discourage the many and leave us with only the few to tackle. I'm convinced the law can be enforced—up here."

There are two reasons why he thinks so. He's extremely careful in selecting his patrolmen for the fifty-seven roads he must cover, plus three lakes. They are all Vermont boys whose families are known. Disgrace of exposed bribe-taking would go hard with them. Further, *they are all youngsters with a relish for* adventure in hunting booze-runners—and also a grudge.

One of these told me how one night he and a fellow patrolman were homeward bound to St. Albans from a show in Burlington. That had been incidental to capturing student bootleggers of the University of Vermont who made a flourishing business for a while, hopping 110 miles to Canada and returning heavily laden.

"We stopped on the road about here," said Officer Murray Tucker. "I and Webb were alone and not in uniform. Suddenly we saw a fellow swerve down that snow-road at breakneck speed, keeping his eyes on his mirror. That spells bootlegger to us. We went after him and he stopped. In his open hand as I went up I saw a roll of bills. That's the way they offer bribes—no talking.

(*Continued on page 46*)

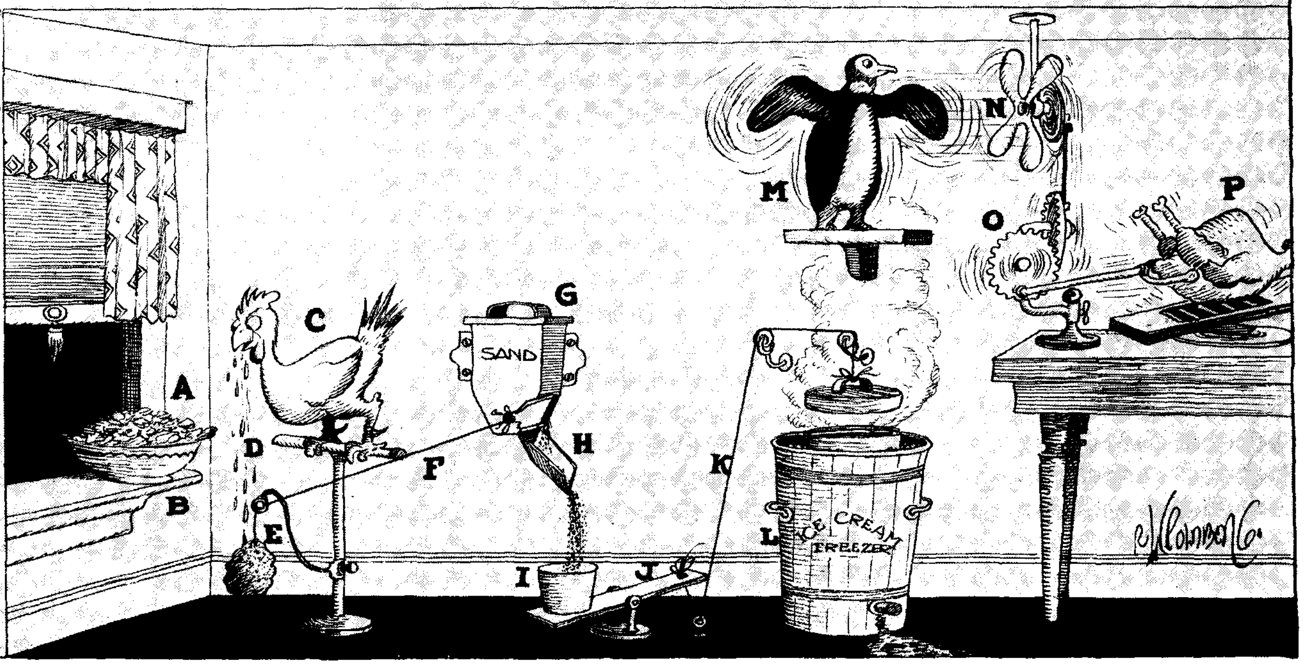
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

By Rube Goldberg

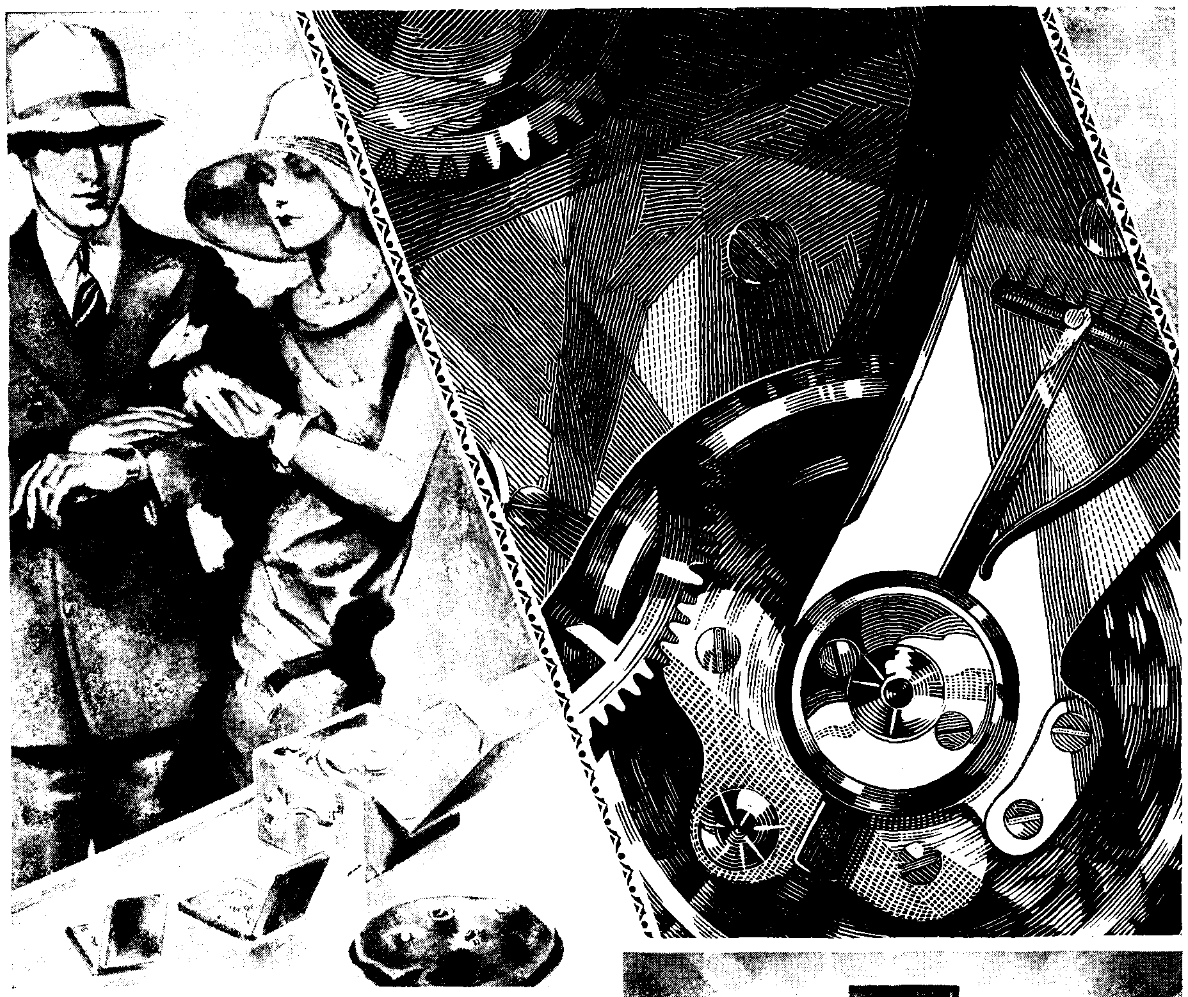
SIMPLE WAY TO CARVE A TURKEY. THIS INVENTION FELL OFF THE PROFESSOR'S HEAD WITH THE REST OF THE DANDRUFF.

PUT BOWL OF CHICKEN SALAD (A) ON WINDOW SILL (B) TO COOL. ROOSTER (C) RECOGNIZES HIS WIFE IN SALAD AND IS OVERCOME WITH GRIEF. HIS TEARS (D) SATURATE SPONGE (E), PULLING STRING (F) WHICH RELEASES TRAP DOOR (G) AND ALLOWS SAND TO RUN DOWN TROUGH (H) INTO PAIL (I). WEIGHT RAISES END OF SEE-SAW (J) WHICH MAKES CORD (K) LIFT COVER OF ICE CREAM FREEZER (L). PENGUIN (M) FEELING CHILL, THINKS HE IS AT THE NORTH POLE AND FLAPS WINGS FOR JOY, THEREBY FANNING PROPELLER (N) WHICH REVOLVES AND TURNS COGS (O) WHICH IN TURN CAUSES TURKEY (P) TO SLIDE BACK AND FORTH OVER CABBAGE-CUTTER UNTIL IT IS SLICED TO A FRAZZLE —

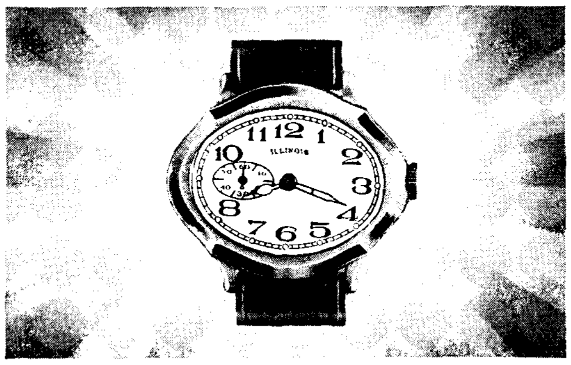
DON'T GET DISCOURAGED IF THE TURKEY GETS PRETTY WELL MESSED UP. IT'S A CINCH IT WOULD HAVE EVENTUALLY BECOME TURKEY HASH ANYWAY.



"*The Better Half of Beauty* ~ THE BEAUTY THAT LIES WITHIN"



It keeps time *Beautifully*



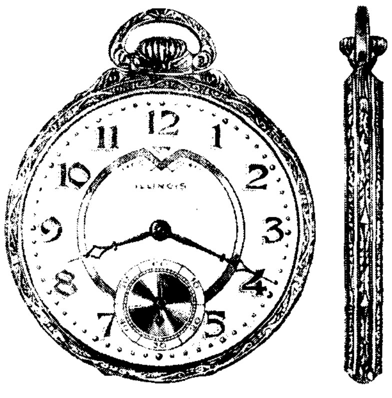
The new Illinois Piccadilly, *17 jewels, 14k gold-filled case, raised figure dial with luminous dots, $45. Other men's strap watches from $40 to $75.*

THIS GREAT AMERICAN WATCH

THE beauty of an Illinois Watch is more than case-deep. It only begins there. Inside is a marvelous beauty of precision which alone makes a watch worth having.

That is why an Illinois Watch keeps time—beautifully. And you can own one—a truly beautiful watch—in some models that cost as little as forty dollars!

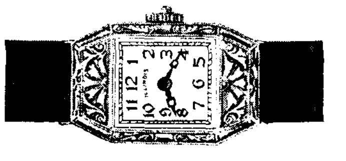
It takes from eight months to a year to make an Illinois Watch. Many long hours to attain its almost unbelievably fine adjustments; weeks and months of timing, testing, proving at every step, so that when an Illinois Watch reaches the jeweler who sells it to you, it is a timepiece in every sense—good for years to come.



The new thin Illinois A. Lincoln, *19 jewels, solid gold, $110. Other men's pocket watches from $40 to $120 and more.*

And because such workmanship deserves a setting of comparable beauty, you will find the Illinois Watch encased in many exquisite designs which express the decorative trend of today's styles with most authority and charm.

All this you buy in an Illinois Watch. That is why the watches shown on this page represent such unusual values. And that is why, for over fifty years, the Illinois has been recognized as more than a fine watch—a great American watch.



The Illinois Edgewater, *17 jewels, 14k gold filled, $50. Other ladies' ribbon watches from $50 to $75 and more.*

Ask your jeweler to show you his Illinois Watches—the new models for men and women. He will tell you how good they are. For it's his business to know watches, and he has known Illinois ever since he's been in business.

~ ~ ~

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SILVER

KING

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85¢

$10 a dozen

We announce with pleasure that you can buy the "King o' Them All" in 1929 for 85 cents— the lowest price at which this ball has sold in a long and distinguished history.

SILVER KING
3

The

Silvertown Company

London

John Wanamaker, New York

Wholesale Golf Distributors

★ ★

Up where the Wets begin

Continued from page 41

You can't indict 'em for just displaying money.

"He was a new type to me—not the rough and tumble alien booze-runner. New York State man, he was. He said nothing while we peeked into the car with pocket torches. Remember, we were out of uniform and unarmed, although we showed our badges.

"Webb found a trick compartment under the car, loaded with bottles. I bent down to help him pull the stuff out when the bootlegger tackled me. I struck him with the butt of my torch, and he fell. We let him lay for a few seconds while Webb figured how to truss him. In a flash he had out a gun and banged away. One shot went through Webb's ribs and another smashed my right hand. He hopped in his car and got away—but not far. Webb died.

"All of us fellows think of Webb when we're out on patrol. Most of the runners give up cheerfully when they're caught. They generally duck and leave their loads on the road when we're cornering them. But we take no chances, now. Guns are out when we meet up with 'em."

Collector Whitehill imposes a strict rule of courtesy to the petty smuggler. Rotary, Kiwanis and the rest want no undue hindrance to tourists. Those who entrain at Canadian points, anxiously awaiting the ordeal of the border, are politely asked by veteran inspectors, who wear high collars like sails, whether or not they have anything to declare. If they say "no" and the bottles are uncovered—$5 per bottle. If they clear their consciences and say "yes," the bottles are confiscated and the traveler proceeds—disconsolate but unmulcted.

The customs inspectors are instructed to watch closely all passengers who insist on getting to bed the moment the train pulls out of Montreal, Ottawa or Quebec. Early to bed means booze or some other form of contraband. Three enterprising lads who acquired Pullman pillow cases and filled them with furs and slept on them were betrayed by their premature urge to slumber.

An inspector knew something was wrong, and, as he found no bottles, became even more suspicious. He stood by one of the berths and pretended to lurch. His hand shot under the pillow, felt it. Suddenly he pulled the pillow from beneath the passenger's head. Careful examination disclosed five fox furs neatly tied in tape.

Said an inspector of forty years' experience: "When I get on a train or examine a motor-car, the passenger starts out with the assumption that I'm a damned fool and I begin by taking it for granted that the passenger's a damned liar. We break fifty-fifty."

"Persons, Not Places"

Yet there, in the flourishing town of St. Albans, the thirsty need not thirst in vain. For instance, a lady of the town was turned up by inquisitive neighbors. She made frequent trips into Canada. Officers sympathetically observed her delicate condition and abstained from frisking her. But the delicate condition persisted unnaturally. Finally, they gave her the works, and discovered an elaborately arranged corset with a capacity of nine quart bottles. Before they caught her she was a small but reliable source of supply for the town topers.

In Canada and America prohibition has extended the hospitable possibilities of private homes. Across the border they accommodate you without secrecy when the vending stations are closed and you thirst. This side of the prohibition paradise you can buy a bottle from somebody in the next block—but you have to be known. That's all the difference: there isn't any more.

Ingeniously arranged shipments of scrap iron, lumber and apples that conceal booze used to be common discoveries in the freight yards of the Vermont ports.

"But that has ended," Mr. Whitehill avers. "We are still watchful, and thankful to the Canadian railroads for their coöperation in carefully scrutinizing all shipments across the line."

"If," Mr. Whitehill said, and he was not alone in saying it, "the Canadian government would give a moiety of twenty per cent ad valorem to its customs officers for any liquor found being exported from Canada, our problem would be about over."

As it is, the hardy Vermont farmers have changed their sympathies from the bootleggers to the customs and prohibition forces since they found they could collect twenty-five per cent of seizures for giving information as to caches.

I've heard of barrels of beer being mysteriously dumped in back yards—and by dumped I don't mean spilled as the law requires of contraband liquor. And I'm inclined to credit the large tales told in Vermont of a bootleggers' system by which drinkers are discovered and made the recipients of mysterious deliveries, afterward being billed for these refreshments.

But in rock-bound Vermont, dry for forty years, the mountain-still does not flourish, because there is no need of it. Those fifty-seven roads leading from Canada, plus the lakes, with only thirty-seven patrolmen on guard, assure Vermont of its supply. Prohibition agents are not taken seriously. The only fear rum-runners have is for Mr. Whitehill's nattily uniformed young men.

"Why," the collector told me with righteous indignation, "the bootleg system has even invaded Canada. I have evidence that huge shipments of alcohol from New Jersey were sent into Canada to be adulterated with government Scotch and wrapped in stolen official labels and packages for sale to wholesale bootleggers at a price cut well under official commission tariffs."

He showed me evidence that vending stations in the Province of Quebec are, to say the least, sensitive to the American demand for huge quantities. Under Canadian law liquor is only supposed to be sold by the single bottle. Each bottle is supposed to be taken from the case-package and stamped with the number of the store. Yet in a room atop the federal building in St. Albans lie case after case of whisky shipped directly from Scotland to the commission and from the commission to unit stores—and secured in conveniently large quantities by American bootleggers.

Volunteer reformers in Canada, alarmed at the magnitude of bootlegging, formed a fellowship organization to give chase to bootleg loads, halt them on the road and ask the bootleggers to join in prayer for the good of their souls. The moment the first hardy bootleggers were prayerfully approached they waited long enough to make sure their pursuers were not officers, clouted them with motor-cranks and proceeded merrily on their way.

From the confusion of desultory enforcement one truth emerges—that all along the line the running is large and profitable. Checked it may be, but choked it will never be.

Rebellion at Rouse's Point

Why pay $4 a quart in Canada with the risk of confiscation and a $5 fine, making $9 and no liquor, when for an average of $8 in Vermont you can get your bottle with a dollar in pocket?

Lives in memory a picture of a British major hauled from a train at Rouse's Point after having made vain endeavors to bribe customs officers to let a box car or two filled with booze slide past the border. He was caught with a kit-bag liberally lined with bottles. And as the customs men detained him for another day he stormed about the station.

"Outrage!" he bellowed, purple of face and mauve of verbiage. "Has a British subject *no* rights?"

An hour or two later, calmed by release and soothing his soul with a highball in a hide-away, a wise old bartender who has been bartending steadily for eighteen years, Volstead to the contrary notwithstanding, answered his question.

"Nobody has any rights," said he. "But what difference does that make when you can get anything you can pay for?"

The Little Marquis

Some people attract adventure. Of these Sir Jasper Slane is one. For him a quite ordinary railway coach may contain a marquis out of Alice in Wonderland. And the marquis may require his aid against a beautiful and designing woman.

By
E. PHILLIPS
OPPENHEIM

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The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 15

easy, graceful, yet boyish steps. The waiter had been unable to tell me who she was—and I had not dared to follow, being already suspected by the guardian dragon. But of whom did she remind me—and why?

But now, I came sharply to my senses, and:

"I do," said I. "Why do you ask?"

"Because somebody was exploring in there a while back."

"What! In my room?"

"Sure."

"It must have been the manservant," I said quickly. "He has the key."

"*I'm* talking sense," Lonergan rejoined ill-humoredly. "The kite I mean had no key. He arrived and he left per balcony window."

"You saw this! And you let him escape!"

"Suffering Moses!" Lonergan groaned. "How ever did you pull off that Brazil stunt without brains!"

"Possibly, Mr. Lonergan," I said smoothly, "you confuse bad manners with wit. I assure you that I find nothing funny in being called a fool by a comparative stranger."

"Is that right?" he replied gloomily, and banged the table to attract the waiter's attention. "Well, *I'm* not laughing. Here am I playing a lone hand in a murderous game, and I find out that one of the suspects is on my side of the border. He's a man that's done good work, and I look for intelligent coöperation—"

The waiter attended.

"Beer," said Lonergan. "What do I find?" he shook his head gloomily. "Stupidity. But maybe I'm too hard on you. It's a game that needs experience. Listen! You're fussed. Forget it. If you and I are to get out of this pleasant spot alive, we have to be clever!"

He bent forward across the table, so that his face was lost in shadow.

"We're covered at this very minute!" he said tensely. "You and I are up against the toughest proposition that either of us ever faced. Don't look around. I have a plan. We'll go back to the hotel."

WHEN in a comparative solitude my surly companion broke long silence:

"You put one wise move across," he conceded grudgingly. "You figured out that the best spot to study Felsenweir was the Devil's Elbow."

My humor was nearly restored, and:

"For a man of your experience," I said, "wasn't it rather foolish to confuse me with the other party? My credentials are easily checked."

"Maybe they are," he returned. "But bigger men than you are in the enemy's camp."

"If, as you say, we are covered," I remarked, "isn't it unwise of us to be seen together?"

"No, sir," he replied. "I've baited a trap, and you're part of the bait. We'll go straight to your apartment and when I've done talking maybe you'll grasp the size of the proposition."

But when, at the far end of the alcove, a spot distant from my shuttered windows, John Lonergan had talked solidly for half an hour, I was merely more bewildered than before.

His place in the drama was clear enough. He had been detailed by the United States authorities to follow Madame Yburg! (I now learned that she had recently returned from America.) Of his methods of "following" I had had personal experience; and he had adopted a similar system in the case of the mysterious German lady.

She had left the port of New York on a slow boat. Lonergan had "followed" in the Mauretania—sailing twenty-four hours later—and had been waiting at Cherbourg for her arrival!

During the overland journey Lonergan had succeeded in making her acquaintance.

"Get it clear," said he, in his unmusical voice, "that we'd never have let her go if we'd had all the facts on the day she sailed. . . ."

THE facts to which he referred were astounding. But in what way they were related to those other facts—known to me—and to the rumored outbreak of vampirism in the Black Forest, was a complete mystery.

Briefly, it appeared that some two months earlier there had been a disastrous disturbance of radio in America. It had affected seven states; namely: New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Furthermore, it had operated in the North Atlantic over an area roughly contained within latitude 40-45, longitude 65-70.

The newspapers had been "gagged," I was given to understand. But during a period of three weeks or more the phenomenon had occurred at irregular intervals. It had consisted of a complete silencing of all radio communications.

Experts employed upon the job had finally traced the mysterious influence, narrowing down their inquiries to a point where it seemed certain that a wave of unknown character, which "dumbed" or diverted all others, was being sent out from the neighborhood of Hartford. A process of combing followed; and the result was noteworthy.

Interference had ceased for a week or more. But on private, enclosed property, belonging to an absent landlord, the searchers came upon a dismantled plant which taxed the experience of many specialists. In some respects it suggested that here had been a secret transmitting station. In other respects it was unlike—or had been unlike—any such station known to the investigators.

"Some of the stuff brought away is still under examination," said Lonergan. "Latest reports don't help. But how I came in was this: the kite the lay-out belonged to—his name don't matter—had beat it to some destination unspecified. A local hotel register showed that a certain Madame Yburg had been staying in that locality during the time the funny business was going on. Inquiry proved that they had been acquainted.

"One agent was detailed to trace the missing man and his associates. I was given the job of covering the woman. She'd left. But I cut in on her at Cherbourg."

"But have none of the American inquiries led to anything? She must have been in touch with others there as well as with the missing proprietor of the Hartford property."

"She was," Lonergan replied, "and they've been closely covered. It's a mighty big thing of some sort. There are people high up socially in it. She butted into another bunch of 'em in Paris. When she alighted here I thought *you* were one of the circus."

"And I thought *you* were! But who is Madame Yburg? Have you any data bearing on her history?"

"No, sir." He regarded me under drooping lids. "Have *you?*"

"Nothing—beyond a few hints she has dropped about herself."

"I should quote that stock pretty low. And now—I've put my cards on the table. Where do *you* come in?"

LET me say at once that doubts of Lonergan's *bona fides* still remained. But, I agreed, in any event, I had nothing to gain by hiding what little I knew.

Without undue waste of words, therefore, I told him. The rumors current in London had not reached New York, apparently.

When I spoke of the great bat alighting in the cemetery, he flicked his eyes, but otherwise gave no sign of incredulity. My later meeting with Madame Yburg he seemed to regard as important, for:

"How was she dressed?" he snapped suddenly.

The inquiry, breaking his long silence, came with something of the effect of a pistol shot. I told him—for I remembered every detail very clearly. My conversation with Madame Yburg I also reported, and:

"I could have sworn you had a date with her that time," he said. "I followed you for half a mile and then gave it up!"

(*Continued on page 50*)

Nameographs

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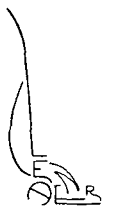
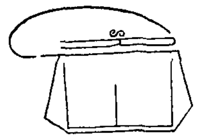
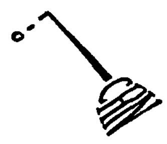


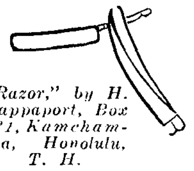
"Cleaner," by J. J. Johnson, 4032 Congress St., Chicago, Ill.



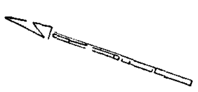
"Purse," by Irene S. Kellow, 1304 W. Gibson St., Scranton, Pa.



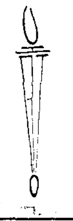
"Oil Can," by Henry Frobish, 1218 5th Ave., Akron, Ohio



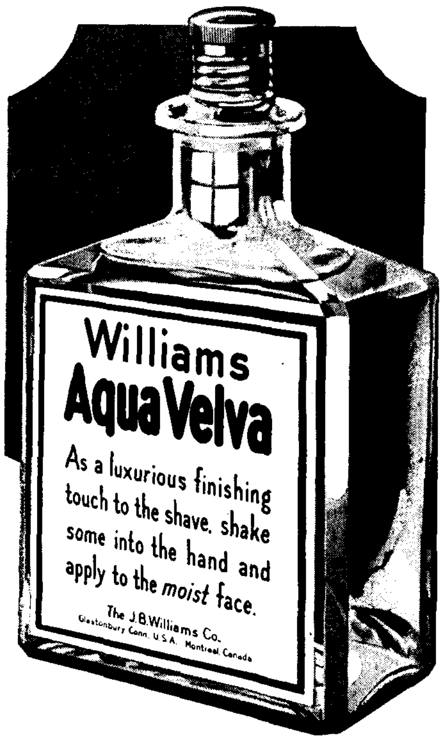
"Razor," by H. Rappaport, Box 121, Kamehameha, Honolulu, T. H.



"Spear," by F. A. Marquandt, 5810 North Rockwell St., Chicago, Ill.



"Torch," by Jose Paloma, 2325 Gough St., San Francisco, Cal.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Aqua Velva, absolutely.

¶ Assurance that your after-shaving preparation will do all that any other has ever done before—and a lot more—

Aqua Velva!

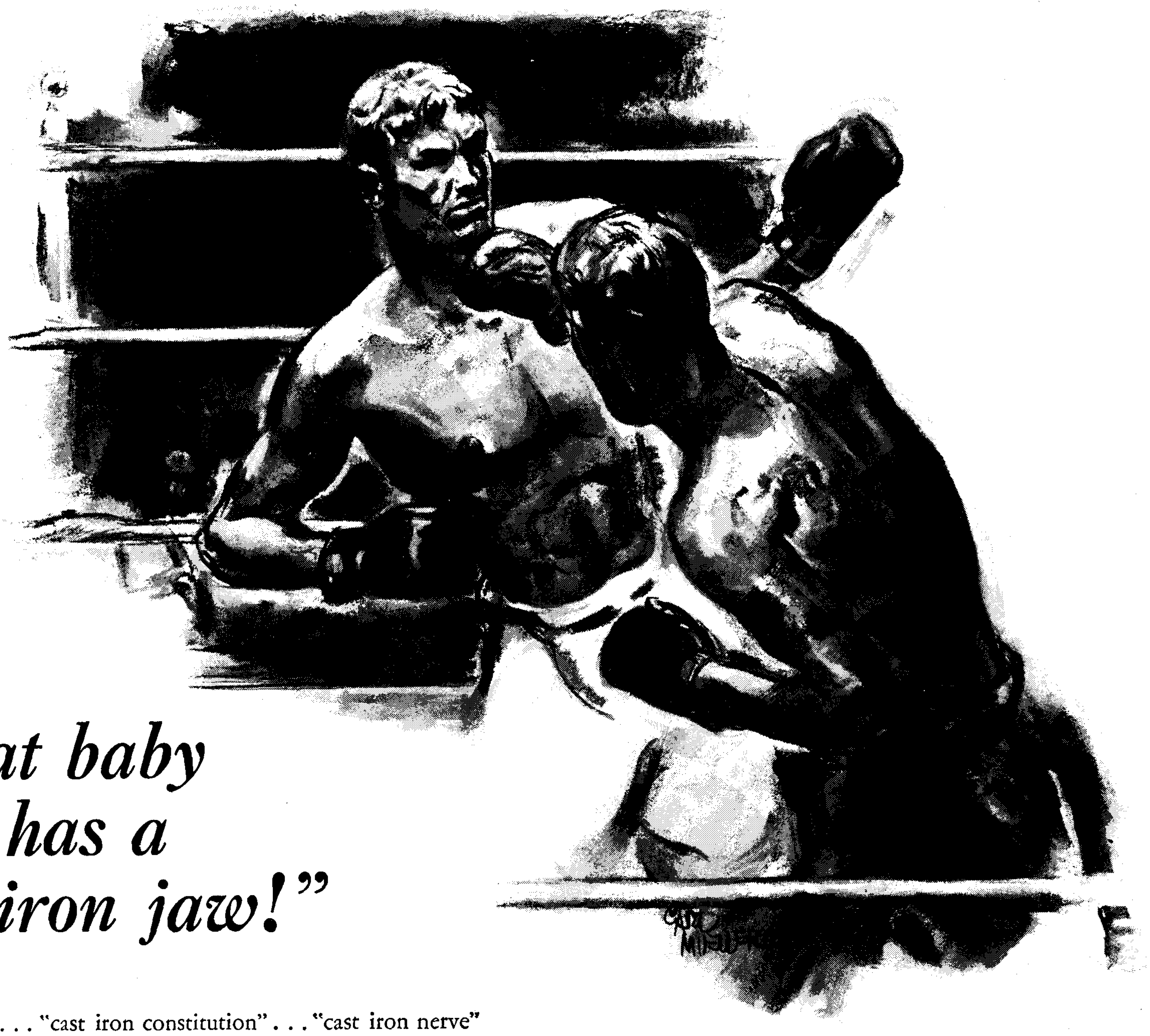
¶ Aqua Velva is made by the makers of Williams Shaving Cream. It is the product of many years of research. It will *keep* your skin all day as the super mild, super moist Williams lather leaves it, flexible and *Fit!*

¶ Men who value face comfort, who consider Face Fitness a reasonable requirement, *make assurance of it doubly sure* by using Aqua Velva after shaving.

¶ Start your summer mornings with Aqua Velva. Now and then through the day, if you feel a bit fagged wash your face and apply Aqua Velva generously. Good treatment for the skin. Brightens up the day!

5-oz. bottle 50 cents at all dealers,
Or a Free Trial Size by addressing:
Dept. C-59, The J. B. Williams Co.,
Glastonbury, Conn.—Montreal, Canada.

Williams
Aqua Velva
For use after shaving



"that baby sure has a cast iron jaw!"

"Cast iron jaw" . . . "cast iron constitution" . . . "cast iron nerve" . . . "wears like cast iron"—

Cast iron has gone into the language as descriptive of anything that is hard to wear out, long-lived, enduring. And all these adjectives *unquestionably* apply to cast iron pipe for water and gas mains.

Cast iron pipe wears one century, two centuries *and longer*. In fact, cast iron is universally recognized as the longest-lived material for underground mains. Its full span of life has never been measured! There is cast iron pipe in use today that has given more than 250 years of continuous service. In Philadelphia, cast iron pipe laid more than 100 years ago is still in daily use. In New York City, cast iron pipe which had served 50 years was dug up *and relaid* to serve indefinitely . . .

No wonder cities which look 100 years ahead are choosing cast iron mains in preference to shorter-lived pipe. Engineers who vision today's traffic problems in terms of the future are specifying pipe that will outlast even the finest streets now being laid—*cast iron* pipe. Taxpayers who realize that cast iron pipe has already saved untold millions in assessments are insisting on cast iron pipe as an insurance of continued civic economies.

Cast iron pipe marked with the "Q-check" symbol is produced by modern methods, in accordance with established technical standard specifications, by the leading pipe founders listed at right. The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association offers to taxpayers, city officials and engineers, information on the use of pipe for water, gas, sewers, road culverts and for industrial needs. All information is supplied without cost. Ask for free illustrated book, "The Two-Main System of Underground Piping." It explains how this modern system, with cast iron pipe, will do away with all tearing up of streets either for repairing or replacing mains, or for installation of service connections. Address: The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association, Thomas F. Wolfe, Research Engineer, 122 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association is a service organization of leading pipe founders, formed to promote the scientific improvement and use of cast iron pipe. Pipe bearing the "Q-check" mark may be obtained from the following: American Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; James B. Clow & Sons, 219 N. Talman Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Donaldson Iron Company, Emaus, Pa.; Glamorgan Pipe and Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; Lynchburg Foundry Company, Lynchburg, Va.; National Cast Iron Pipe Company, Birmingham, Ala.; United States Cast Iron Pipe & Foundry Company, Burlington, N. J.; Warren Foundry and Pipe Company, 11 Broadway, New York.

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The "Q-check" symbol shown below has been adopted as the trade mark of The Cast Iron Pipe Research Association. Insist on the "Q-check" mark when specifying cast iron pipe for gas, water, sewer, or industrial service.

CAST Q IRON

CAST IRON PIPE

Clip the coupon for 7 shaves as Cool as . . . Arctic Breezes!

SURE, I'LL TAKE THOSE 7 COOL SHAVES !!
7
Ingram's Shaving Cream
Bristol-Myers Co.

ONE clip of the shears and you're free for life from the stings of the razor. For as soon as you get these 7 cool Ingram shaves you'll know that a new shaving sensation has come to town and to your bathroom.

For Ingram's is cool . . . cool . . . COOL . . . COOL! It's different. It's unique. It brings an amazing new comfort to the faces of all men who lather up with it—and it keeps your face in comfort long after the shave is done!

Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face!

No lotions need apply when Ingram's is foaming on your face—because it has three special healing and cooling ingredients which tighten and tone the skin while you shave.

And with Ingram's you can shave closer. Your skin is in better condition to "take" the razor. You get through the job with comfort and dispatch. Ingram's does these four things and does them superlatively well:

Number One. It cools and tones your skin while you shave.

Number Two. It keeps your skin in better shape.

Number Three. It enables you to shave closer and without discomfort.

Number Four. It gives a heavy lather that lies close and keeps wet.

Don't let two minutes' trouble separate you from a lifetime's happiness of solid shaving comfort. That little coupon just below brings you seven glorious, cool morning send-offs. Our sample is no beauty to look at but it's the most powerful persuader and the greatest gatherer of friends any company ever had!

Don't fail to try Ingram's. Your face will be grateful all your life! Clip the coupon! Do it now!

7 COOL SHAVES FREE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C59
110 Washington St., New York
I'd like to try seven cool Ingram shaves.

Name__________
Address__________
City__________

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

"Never mind your Whiskers, think about your Face"

The Day the World Ended

Continued from page 48

"Good Lord! I *thought* someone was following me!"

"That so?" said Lonergan gloomily. "Bad work. Have you kept the *caporal* you picked up?"

"Yes."

"Madame Yburg smokes—"

"Egyptians. Always."

"Ah! Did you see anything of Paul?"

"He passed me on my way up! He was in a car."

"Ah! I lost him for two hours. But I got the pair of 'em along to a party and listened in. They gave nothing away."

He was silent for a while, then: "Felsenweir is some kind of headquarters. I made my mind up on that point a week ago."

"But a headquarters of what?" I asked, helplessly. "Of vampires?"

He shot one of his keen glances along the room in the direction of the shuttered window.

"It wouldn't be surprising—with men in armor on the walls!"

I COULD not fail to note a subtle change in the speaker's voice—a note of humility wholly unfamiliar. And now he fixed his eyes upon me, lids fully raised, with an expression almost of pleading.

"Is that your story, complete?" he asked. "Because if it is, you're lucky!"

"Whatever do you mean?"

"I mean, sir, that even a giant bat maybe can be accounted for; men in armor the same. But if *you* had heard a voice in the night, calling you by name, when not a living soul was near—"

"Stop!" I jumped up. "I have heard it!"

"What!"

Lonergan was on his feet, facing me.

"I have been given *two days!*" I cried excitedly.

The knowledge that I was not alone in my nightly terrors, that another had experienced what I had experienced, that, in short, I was *sane*, brought a mental relief and a flood of gratitude which I found no words to express.

"Never mind the details," said Lonergan. "The plain fact's enough, and it's Balm of Gilead. There's work for both of us. Just step right across to the table and I'll show you something."

We moved out of the alcove and went to the big writing-table. From a pocket of his dinner-jacket, Lonergan drew out a fat wallet. And from the wallet he selected three photographic prints which he laid side by side on the blotting pad.

"I wasn't working from so good a look-out as you," he said. "There's a tree-branch in the way. But if these aren't pictures of a man in armor, tell me what they are. I travel with a telescopic camera—and it can't lie!"

With interest and ever-growing amazement I examined the prints. They represented the figure of just such a grotesque man-at-arms as I had seen on the walls of Felsenweir. The legs of the figure were concealed in each case. But the head and trunk showed in sharp detail. The quality of the armor intrigued me. It was unlike that of any period which I knew.

But, even whilst I studied these extraordinary pictures, I was listening. I thought I had detected a faint sound on the balcony.

I heard some few distant footsteps, voices, and the ripple of the Oos; but nothing else.

"Well?"

"I have never seen armor like it."

"Did you ever see any kind of armor walking?"

"Only in a pageant, perhaps, with an actor inside it."

"And who do you suppose was inside that?"

I looked up at him, over my shoulder.

Lonergan bent forward and rested a finger on one of the prints.

"That wall," said he, "is ten feet from there to there. I've figured it out—never mind how. Now, just see where the helmet comes." He doubled his long thumb to form a ruler. "I'm going to tell you, Mr. Woodville, that the man inside this suit must have been *seven feet high!*"

"Good God! You're right!"

Convinced against my will, I stared harder than ever. Seven-foot men-at-arms! Giant bats! Was it all some extravagant illusion? An insane practical joke? Small wonder that Felsenweir had a bad reputation!

"I've been moving heaven and earth," Lonergan went on, "to get a permit to view those ruins. But there's some big influence working against me."

"Nobody in these parts," said I, "will go near the place—not within a mile—after dusk."

"Most of 'em won't even *talk* about it," he growled.

"Oh, have *you* found that? My experience has been similar."

Lonergan moved left of the table, standing with his back to the shuttered window and facing in my direction.

"And now," said he, "I'm going to show you something still more surprising. I'll have to go to my apartment. But I shan't be gone many minutes. Are your notes up to date?"

"Fairly. I have some to add."

"What I've told you is private, yet. Wait right here."

Whereupon he crossed the room and went out.

I listened intently in the silence which followed the closing of the door. The hour was growing late—for Baden. Outside—everything was very still. Only the silvery music of the little stream was audible.

Nothing reached my ears to confirm an uneasy suspicion that I was spied upon. Nevertheless, I was aware of a sense of tension. Something seemed to be closing in around me: I began, in the stillness of the night, to regard my mission from a new and even more unpleasant angle.

I started.

Surely a faint sound!

Was there someone—*something*—outside?

UNABLE to put up with this nervous doubt any longer, I pushed my chair back, and was on the point of standing up to investigate, when a sharp, low cry—a cry of pain—came from immediately outside the shutters!

I sprang up, as:

"Go easy!" said a strident voice . . . *Lonergan's!* "The time to break that hold was a second before you started! Mr. Woodville! Raise your shutters!"

But I was already hauling on the cords with all my might. And, as the center shutter shot up, in from the balcony marched Lonergan, shoeless—his feet clad in silk socks—pushing before him a captive whose arms were oddly twisted behind him!

Light fell on the stranger's face, as he turned to glare at his captor, and:

"Suffering Moses!" said Lonergan, and released the prisoner's arms. . . .

It was M. Paul!

(To be continued next week)

It took 200 Years to Perfect this Curved Blade for Your Razor

WADE & BUTCHER
SPECIAL

SINCE 1725 Wade & Butcher has been world famous for the manufacture of fine Sheffield straight razors that always delivered a perfect shave. *Now you* can get the same kind of a shave with *your own safety razor* by using Wade & Butcher *Curved Blades.* New in principle, new in appearance—but two hundred years old in quality.

Not an imitation ~ A patented blade

Examine one of these blades—observe that it is already curved to fit your safety razor—that it is made of a piece of steel three times as thick as a wafer blade—that it has deep hollow ground edges—that it is rigid, hardened and oil-tempered to give many shaves.

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For a short while we are offering introductory blades at a dime each. Get one at your dealer's or send coupon below.

Rigid inspection guarantees that every blade you get will show the same uniform quality as the sample.

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SPECIAL
CURVED BLADES
RAZOR MAKERS FOR OVER 200 YEARS

Pkge. of Five 50c—Twelve $1.00 . . . . at your Dealers

Wade & Butcher's 200 years of experience also assure the finest straight razors and Sheffield cutlery available today.

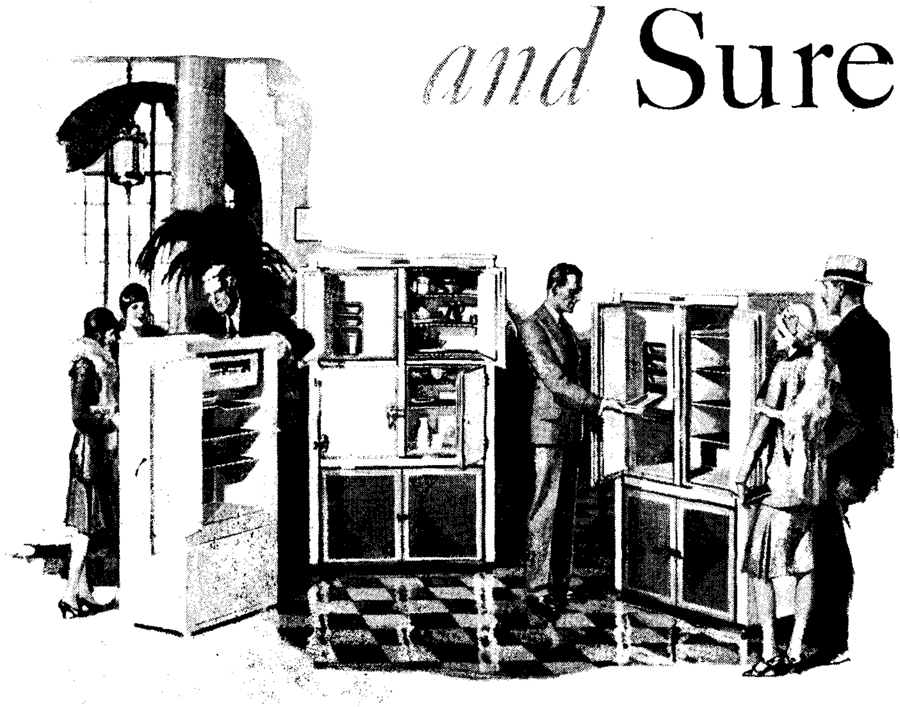
WADE & BUTCHER CORPORATION, Jersey City, N. J. Factories: Jersey City, Paris, Sheffield, Toronto

Trial Blade 10c at your dealers or send this coupon to:
WADE & BUTCHER CORPORATION, Jersey City, N. J.
Canadian Address: 50 Pearl St., Toronto, Can.

Enclosed 10c for one Wade & Butcher Blade for my razor.

Name C5

Address ....



. . . Your choice is made both Simple and Sure

Not for a moment need the mind of any householder be confused as to the most satisfactory electric refrigerator. The answer is: the new reliable Kelvinator.

Kelvinator, the pioneer of successful electric refrigeration, welcomes the obligation which that pioneering implies.

It may seem a great deal to say that you cannot elsewhere equal Kelvinator's faithful performance. Yet Kelvinator's longer experience, its greater knowledge, its superior manufacturing methods and materials—all dedicated to the ideal of greater service—make good the promise.

It is precisely this state of affairs which makes your choice of electric refrigeration so simple and so sure—why thousands upon thousands are being added yearly to the greatest single group of satisfied users of electric refrigeration—the owners of the reliable Kelvinator.

Silent—Automatic—Reliable
The New 1929 Kelvinator

An electric refrigerator is a lifetime investment. You owe it to yourself to get the highest quality at the lowest price. See the new 1929 Kelvinator before you decide. The widest choice of beautiful cabinets. Superiorities include the utter reliability which is peculiarly Kelvinator; new silence; positive and permanent; operation and temperatures wholly automatic and adequate to both freezing and preservation purposes. Ice cubes, in flexible rubber trays, are removed instantly. Enjoy Kelvinator benefits now, through Kelvinator's attractive ReDisCo monthly budget plan.

KELVINATOR CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN
KELVINATOR OF CANADA, LIMITED
LONDON, ONTARIO

THE RELIABLE
KELVINATOR

Lilies

Continued from page 36

best he could make it while it did last.

When she was in bed, her light hair a bright nimbus on the pillow, her rounded, child-like little arms emerging from a blue voile gown, Bill made an excuse to go into the living-room. For a long minute he stood looking at the lilies. And then his mouth twisted into a queer smile. He knew what he'd do. Say . . .

A WEEK passed. There was no summons from Gaspari. Bill had decided that his own move could wait that long. He didn't want to act so soon that Gaspari would put two and two together.

But a week was long enough. Bill got off at the garage that morning and came home.

He watched outside till Marvel had left to do her marketing, then he slipped up to the flat.

He chose one of the white paper lilies and flattened it out so that it would fit between a couple of cardboards in a long stamped envelope. On a piece of wrapping paper he printed "Friday the 13th" with a black crayon pencil. (Friday the 13th was just a week away.) He put this in, sealed the envelope and addressed it to Gaspari at the place he lived in Brooklyn. Then he went out and took the "L" down to Grand Street where he mailed the envelope in a corner post box.

Marvel didn't notice that the lily was gone until the next day when she was dusting.

"Isn't that too funny?" she said when she had told Bill about it that night.

"Damned funny," Bill said, and thought, too late, that he ought to have bought other lilies at the Five-and-Ten instead of taking Marvel's.

Three days later when he came home Marvel was all excited.

"Honey," she said, "the strangest thing! Another lily is gone!"

"Gee," Bill said, "gives you the creeps! But there's some explanation."

On Friday the 13th while Marvel was out marketing the last lily disappeared.

When Bill came home Marvel was almost hysterical.

"I'm afraid!" she kept crying. "I'm afraid."

Bill did his best to comfort her. "It isn't anything!" he kept saying. "Nothing can get in here. Nothing can get us." And he wondered if he could make her believe that, when he doubted it himself.

"It isn't just—us," she said. "Not just us any more. Oh, Bill, I didn't know until today for sure. It isn't just you and me any more—"

He said, "You don't mean—"

She nodded her head, and threw herself in his arms, and he held her there, leaning down to kiss her little white face.

"Nothing can harm us," he said, and there was conviction in his voice.

On the evening of Friday the 13th he met Marvel at the door of the apartment. She had been shopping and her arms were full of bundles. She smiled at him over them, noticing how exhausted he looked.

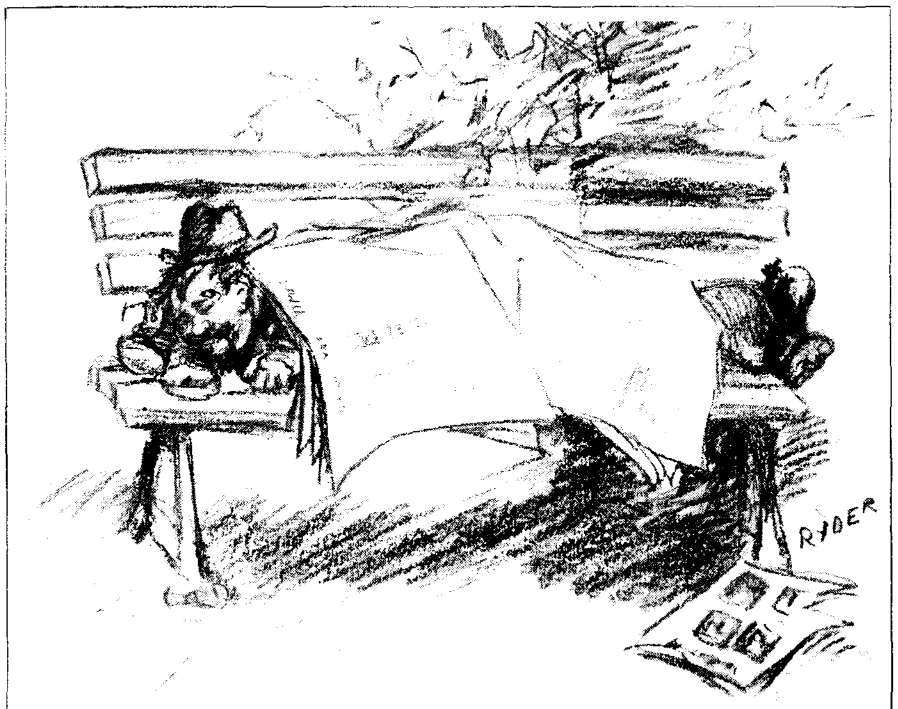
"I've been out shopping," she said, as he unlocked the door for her, "and bought—some more lilies! Funny about those others. I just can't imagine— But I'm not afraid any more. . . . The Five-and-Ten was so crowded and the girl at the flower counter was so busy I just gave her the money and wrapped the flowers up in the evening paper. Here—take them, will you? My hands are so full."

The paper was curled into a roll and the lilies stuck out at one end. Bill took it and his eye caught part of a headline: ". . . LYN GANGSTER. . . . Strange Case. . . . Suicide. . . ." And below the lead of the story: "Mystery surrounds the suicide of Pete Gaspari, leader of the Brooklyn gang that bears his name, who was found shot through the temple late this morning, a revolver in one hand and in the other a cheap, waxed paper lily. . . ."

MARVEL was saying something in her pretty voice. Bill heard her through a strange buzzing and saw her as through a wavering mist. . . . So, Gaspari was the coward he had thought him!

Marvel looked up at him. "Why—why, what's the matter?" she said. "You're so white!"

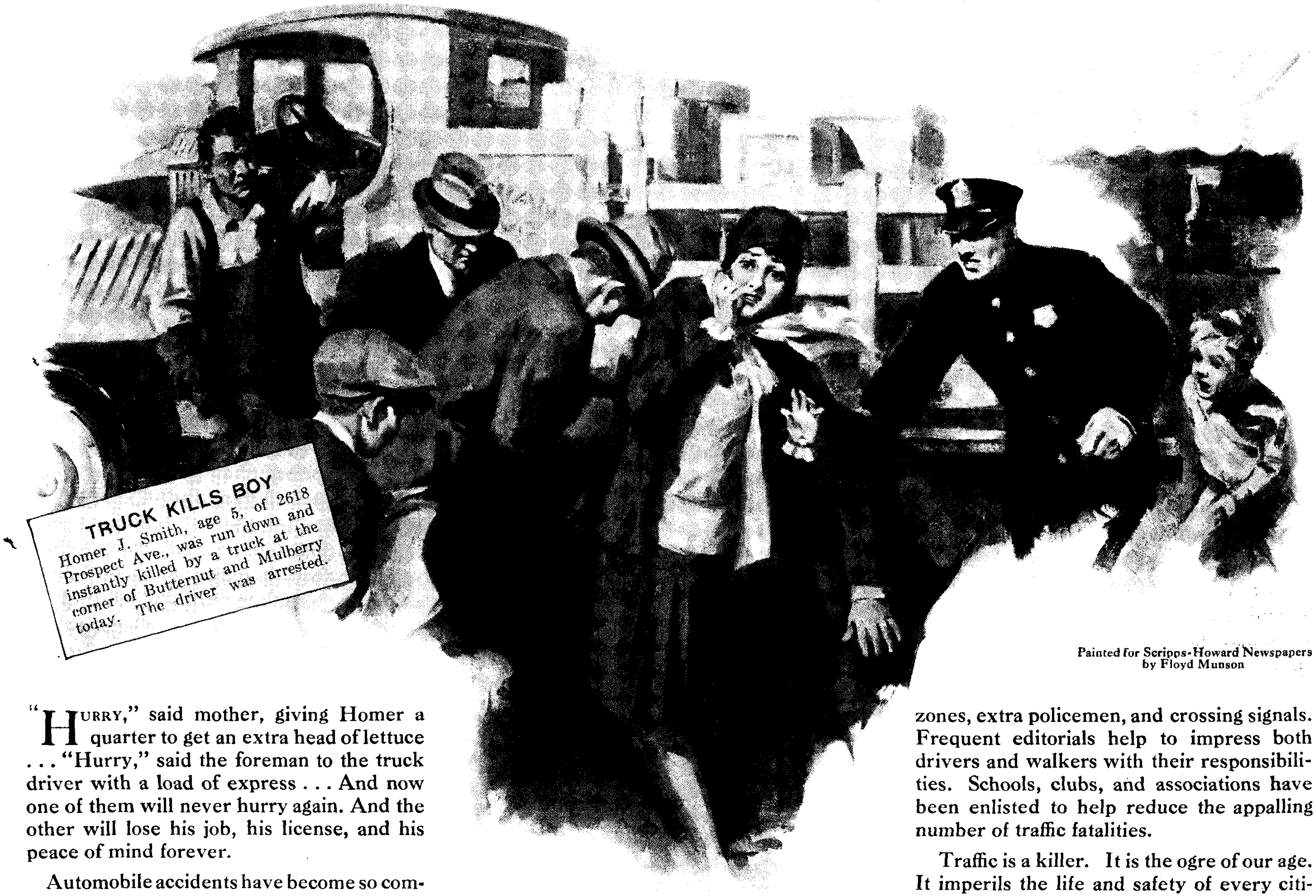
"Nothing—nothing much," he managed to say. "I—just got a shock today—a shock; a shock charging a battery. All right now. Right as rain."



"Them tabloids is no good—gimme a regular newspaper every time."

LITTLE DRAMAS IN THE LIFE OF A GREAT NEWSPAPER SYSTEM

Have Traffic Fatalities *ceased to be* NEWS?



TRUCK KILLS BOY

Homer J. Smith, age 5, of 2618 Prospect Ave., was run down and instantly killed by a truck at the corner of Butternut and Mulberry today. The driver was arrested.

Painted for Scripps-Howard Newspapers
by Floyd Munson

"HURRY," said mother, giving Homer a quarter to get an extra head of lettuce . . . "Hurry," said the foreman to the truck driver with a load of express . . . And now one of them will never hurry again. And the other will lose his job, his license, and his peace of mind forever.

Automobile accidents have become so common that some editors consider even a fatality worth no more space than the short news item above. But loss of life on the highways is not presented by the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers with such slighting brevity. It is presented as vital news, as a warning, and to focus public attention again on one of the major menaces of the day . . . traffic.

For the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers have been fighting traffic dangers, and trying to help solve the traffic problem, for many years. They have conducted campaigns in their respective cities, for traffic lights, safety zones, extra policemen, and crossing signals. Frequent editorials help to impress both drivers and walkers with their responsibilities. Schools, clubs, and associations have been enlisted to help reduce the appalling number of traffic fatalities.

Traffic is a killer. It is the ogre of our age. It imperils the life and safety of every citizen. And the SCRIPPS-HOWARD Newspapers regard traffic accidents as ranking among the most important news features of our times . . . to be given an emphasis that stops the unthinking, that warns the irresponsible, and that continually threatens the criminally careless driver with active and widespread publicity.

NEW YORK	*Telegram*	SAN FRANCISCO	*News*	INDIANAPOLIS	*Times*	AKRON	*Times-Press*	YOUNGSTOWN	*Telegram*	KNOXVILLE	*News-Sentinel*
CLEVELAND	*Press*	WASHINGTON	*News*	DENVER	*Rocky Mt. News*	BIRMINGHAM	*Post*	FORT WORTH	*Press*	EL PASO	*Post*
BALTIMORE	*Post*	CINCINNATI	*Post*	TOLEDO	*News-Bee*	MEMPHIS	*Press-Scimitar*	OKLAHOMA CITY	*News*	SAN DIEGO	*Sun*
PITTSBURGH	*Press*	COVINGTON	*Kentucky Post*	COLUMBUS	*Citizen*	HOUSTON	*Press*	EVANSVILLE	*Press*	TERRE HAUTE	*Post*

—Kentucky Edition of Cincinnati Post

ALBUQUERQUE . . . . *New Mexico State Tribune*

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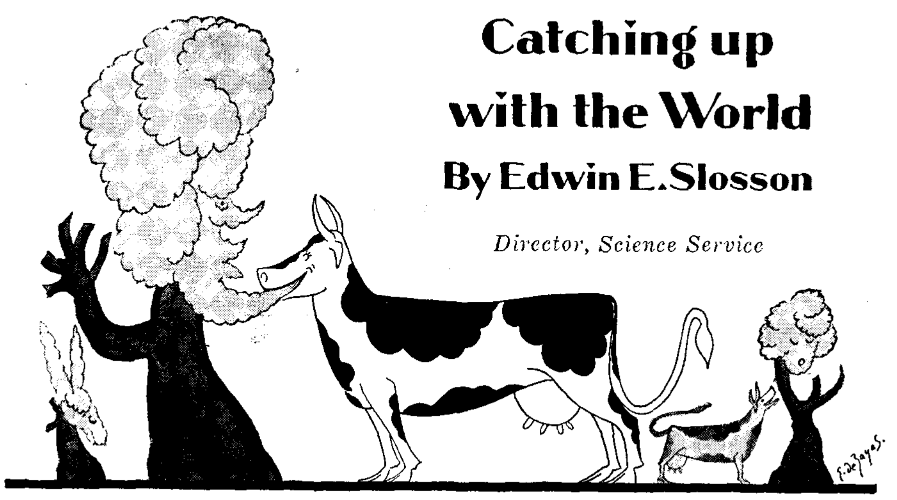


Catching up with the World

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director, Science Service

Statuary for the Pasture

EVERYONE who walks abroad in field and pasture has undoubtedly seen trees of the red haw, and frequently other small trees and shrubs as well, that bear a striking resemblance to those odd, stiffly trimmed ornamental shrubs—technically called "topiary work"—which certain old-country gardeners delight in. This plant sculpture turns out such strange things as fine ladies a-walking, birds and beasts, pyramids, cones, hourglasses, and all sorts of stiff geometrical patterns. But in pasture land, untouched by the topiarist, we often see the more formally geometrical efforts of the gardeners; domes, conical pyramids, and hourglasses in all variety of shapes and sizes, often presenting an almost lathe-turned sharpness of outline.

The first and most natural guess as to the cause of all this is that the cows have cropped the trees into their peculiar shapes. This is the case, but it is not so commonly known that every tree in a pasture is, during its lifetime, successively cropped into every one of the shapes in sight. There is a regular chain or succession of shapes.

This comes about as a natural result of the interaction between the trees as they try to grow and the cows as they browse on the choice foliage. When a seedling hawthorn first puts forth its little handful of leaves, it is at the most critical period of its life. For right then a munching cow may come along, lap her tongue around its top and pull the poor little seedling up roots and all; and the hapless infant thus ends prematurely and ignominiously as part of Bossy's cud. The seedlings that are left after the passage of the devouring monster generally have their whole tops pulled off and must perforce begin life all over again. They put forth another crown of leaves, branching out a bit, perhaps, and developing a new "leader" to continue the upward growth of the trunk. Then along comes a cow again, and the whole process has to be repeated. This discouraging game may keep on for several years, leaving the young tree an irregular little clump of thorny branches, sticking close to the ground, persistently trying to send up that all-necessary "leader." And just because the "leader" grows more rapidly than the other branches of the plant, it is more tender and succulent and therefore a better prize for the cow. Meanwhile the sapling has been slowly gaining in lateral growth, though even here the going is tough, for the omnipresent cow crops off every shoot that ventures far enough beyond the protecting phalanx of thorns. In time, however, the first stage of clumped and shapeless misery is passed and the hawthorn enters upon the second stage, in which it is a low bush with a domed or rounded top.

Gradually the lateral growth becomes sufficient to keep the cows from reaching the "leader" easily, although with an effort they can still reach it and get an occasional nibble from its new side branches. The plant then passes into the conical-pyramid shape. This stage is of shorter duration, for the protection enjoyed by the "leader" enables it to shoot upward pretty rapidly and to begin to branch above. Thus we get a cone with a bush perched atop. But the cows quickly get to work on the bush and, as it increases in height, they keep browsing away at the lower branches, reaching up and inwards as far as the protecting lower branches will permit and as far as their necks will stretch. The tree has now reached the final stage in its experience as an object of bovine topiary work; its outline is that of a thick-waisted hourglass, the curve of whose sides represents pretty faithfully what might be called the "vertical grazing radius" of the cows of the locality.

Ireland Electrified

NONE of our numerous astrologers, soothsayers and prophets was so rash as to foretell, fifteen years ago, that the greater part of Ireland would be virtually independent of British control and provided with electrical power by Germans. Yet this is now taking place. Limerick, which has been to the world a kind of a joke, and the river Shannon, which has hitherto been used for no other purpose than poetry, is being transformed by Siemens-Schuckert and a corps of German engineers and workmen into a center of industry that will rival Niagara. A 90,000 horsepower plant is being installed that will be capable of generating 153,000,000 units of electricity in a dry year and 373,000,000 units in a wet year. The water comes from the Shannon River in a stream which is 30 feet deep, 100 feet wide at the bottom and 327 feet wide at the top. This is conveyed by a canal ten miles long that is carried in concrete culverts over several roads and the Blackwater River. From the great dam the water runs through three penstock pipes nineteen and one-half feet in diameter down to the turbines nearly 100 feet below. The cost of the enterprise will be about $25,000,000.

What it will do for Irish industry and rural life to have cheap power in all parts of the country we can hardly imagine. At present the consumption of electricity in the Irish Free State is only seventeen units per person, while in the United States it is 710 and in Canada it is 1,150. When the Shannon power is completely developed and utilized, it will be 240 units, which will be nearly up to the electricity consumed now in France (250) and Great Britain (282). The satiric song we boys used to sing within the hearing, but beyond the reach, of our Irish schoolmates, "We keep the cow in the kitchen," will have to be revised to read "We keep the watts in the kitchen."

You weren't Born that Way!

Continued from page 22

"soft," or easily decayed teeth from their parents is apparently unquestioned. We must consider it a defect in the apparatus given us for the formation and regeneration of the bone and enamel of the teeth. Whether we can combat this defect by consuming orange juice and certain forms of lime, it remains for science to find out.

(d) Defects in the hair-forming organs. Baldness can hardly be called a disease except by its sufferers, who are willing to call it anything, but it is an unpleasant result of an hereditary defect, or short-livedness of the hair follicles.

(e) Defects in the blood-forming organs. Hemophilia, or the inability of the blood to clot quickly enough to prevent hemorrhage is another inherited defect, or result of a defect of the blood-forming apparatus.

Tendency or Simply Fear?

Anemia, or poverty of iron in the blood, is being more and more attributed to a familial inability to absorb iron from the food and transform it into blood iron.

(f) Defects in the circulatory system. High blood pressure, if occurring before the age when it is normal for the arteries to harden and thicken, is now attributed to a hereditary defect in the circulatory apparatus, whether in the proportions of the vessels to the heart, or in the elastic structure of the vessels, we don't know. We think now that the old idea that high blood pressure resulted from disease of the kidneys is putting the cart before the horse: the kidneys are worn out by the high pressure, rather than responsible for it.

(g) Defects in the nervous system. Mental deficiency, or feeble-mindedness, has long been recognized as the least escapable of the hereditary diseases.

Epilepsy has long been considered a nervous defect, and is certainly hereditary, although a recent work on dieting of epileptics makes us uncertain that we have not classified it wrongly. It may belong among diseases due to a defect in the digestive apparatus.

(h) Defects in the digestive apparatus. Here we are treading on dangerous ground. We cannot be sure that families in which there are many cases of gout in successive generations really have a defective organization of the liver. Nor can we be sure that a family in which diabetes occurs in successive generations has a defective organization of the pancreas as a family habit. We do know that in families where gout is prevalent it is wise to be on the safe side and not overtax the liver by overeating; and similarly where there is diabetes "in a family," overeating and obesity should be guarded against.

(i) Defects in the power of protein destruction. This sounds like a complicated and confused matter, and it is. People who inherit such a defect do not respond normally to proteins from other living things, such as plants and animals, which reach them through their food or through their respiratory passages. They have asthma, hay fever, eczema, hives and other inconvenient manifestations. Whether this is due to a defect in their sympathetic nervous system, or to a defective formation of defensive bodies in the blood, we don't yet know. But we know that the trouble, whatever its form, is inherited.

3. The inheritance of tendencies toward disease. In this field we are forced to be general, rather than specific. It is the most discussed department of heredity. You hear people say, "he inherits a tendency to tuberculosis," or to heart trouble or to rheumatism; but what is meant is that someone in the family has had tuberculosis or heart trouble or rheumatism and the individual himself is afraid of the disease.

All that we can state with any positiveness is that general robustness or its opposite is often inherited. The children of tubercular parents, particularly of a mother who suffered from the disease before they were born, are not likely to be the most robust children in the world. If they contract tuberculosis in early childhood, however, it is because they have been infected, as a rule, rather than that they have inherited the tendency to the disease. Especially is this true when tuberculosis in the parents is not diagnosed promptly. Without harboring any undue fear, the children of tubercular parents should always observe certain precautions. They should never work too hard, they should never allow themselves to become underweight, and they should consciously develop and use their lung space in the open air. Under such circumstances they run less risk of contracting the disease than do the average careless offspring of healthy parents.

It is as absurd to say that any one person inherits a tendency to heart trouble as it is to say that anyone inherits a tendency to die. Some day, barring premature accidents, everybody's heart must give out. Heart trouble is no one disease. It is a manifestation of old age, as well as a direct result of certain infections.

True rheumatism, it must be remembered, is an acute infectious disease of childhood and early youth. It is not inherited, and the tendency to it is not inherited. What we are accustomed to call rheumatism in adults and the old is really either gout, or a chronic and probably infectious arthritis.

The gouty habit, as we have said before, does run in families; but arthritis, although we know little of its origin, does not seem to be of a hereditary character.

As for the hereditary quality of cancer, we don't know enough yet to make any statement about it, and certainly not enough to fear that aspect of it.

More Cause for Hope than Fear

The few facts which we have to go on about human heredity do not, certainly, lead us to despair of our heritage. Unless we have mental disease or epilepsy in our family history, our children need not have a black outlook, nor need we.

Those with a gouty or diabetic heritage have certain rules to obey, as have those who have tuberculosis in their immediate ancestry.

The family with a history of high blood pressure should form habits of moderation in eating, drinking and emotion, and should keep conscientious track of the progress of their pressure.

Parents who have been asthmatic or who have had eczema in their own youth should keep a vigilant eye on their children, and keep pace with the rapidly growing body of knowledge about how to treat and help the manifestations of these things.

The least we can do for our children in the matter of their inheritance is to give them an intelligent understanding of it, and not to instill in them needless fear.

The Magic Spade

Continued from page 7

politely. "Did it ever occur to you that there is no law keeping you—"

"Our flag-pole is a disgrace," Papa Hawley added doggedly. "Our fairways are miserable. Our greens are no good. You have Creeping Bent grass all over the course and you can't hit a ball with a brassie on Creeping Bent."

"You can't," the chairman said in nettled tones. "You couldn't hit a cuspidor with a brassie on any kind of grass. What's the matter with you lately? Why don't you be a nice man like you used to be?"

"I don't like the way things are going," said the trouble-maker. "We need some new officers around here."

He departed presently, after stating that, if they went far enough, they might force him to join another club.

THE rebellious member continued to moan about this and that and flatly refused to play golf with Johnny and Joe and David, the meek companions of his dubbery. He horned in with the younger and better players and ploughed around, spoiling their afternoons and swearing bitterly at his own mistakes. Oak Tree Club looked at him mournfully and wished he would be as he had been, and stop annoying people.

Among those who stood aside and contemplated the change in a calm man was Bessie, the wife who had advised her husband to take up some light exercise such as golf. It was difficult for her to comprehend that this obstinate, headlong creature was her wedded mate.

The erstwhile cooing dove stamped about his own house, scowling on his bad days, paying no attention to the voice of wifely command and putting across the Persian rug into a small tin can to improve his stroke. He played bridge until all hours. He promised to return home to dinner and arrived barely in time for breakfast. Nothing was permitted to interfere with his athletic life and his conversation was wholly of golf, which will wear out the best of women.

He then met Miss Mollie Ortman.

Mollie was a golfer, too, but she did not belong in the Hawley class. She had bright red hair and was quite young—in fact, one of the youngest ladies in the State Tournament, where she finished second. Though only a mere slip of a girl, she could whale a golf ball two hundred and fifty yards and many a large, powerful male player watched her drive and wondered how such a thing could be.

She had already won enough local tournaments to be regarded as a contender for high golfing honors, and Oak Tree believed she would step out some day and astonish the world.

Joe Chisholm had trained Mollie and was proud of his handiwork. It was Joe who informed Mollie of the miraculous spade in the bag of Papa Hawley, and she betrayed immediate interest.

"I tried it," he said in confidence. "It is really a marvelous club. It would do your game a heap of good, Mollie."

She looked thoughtful and murmured: "That's true, Joe. I've never been satisfied with my pitch shot."

He laughed.

"Why don't you go around with the old boy?" he suggested. "He might loosen up."

"Maybe I shall," said Mollie.

Papa Hawley came moodily from the club locker rooms, where he had been complaining to a member of the greens committee concerning the disgraceful state of Number Ten fairway. The member had advised him to go soak his head, but instead of doing so, he wended his way towards the starting tee, looking gloomily for companions.

No gentlemen were in sight. The caddy-house and a deserted air and a few forlorn caddies loafed in the morning sun. Mr. Hawley gazed about in deep disgust and swore under his breath, the last murmurs of profanity dying upon his lips abruptly. A morning vision smote him in the eye, and though Papa Hawley was passing fifty, he still retained an eye for visions.

Miss Mollie Ortman stood gracefully upon the putting green. She was rolling little putts down hill into the cup and she made a sightly picture in her perfect golfing costume, her neat sport shoes, her admirable hosiery, her very zippy baby-blue jacket and her dab of a hat. Hawley's scowl relaxed. A smile started and stole across his grim countenance.

She glanced up, bobbed her red head and smiled.

"Good morning, Mr. Hawley," she said.

Papa Hawley broke into an open grin for the first time in days, removed his cap and returned the lady's greeting.

"Lovely day for golf, isn't it?"

"Very fine," said he. "Not many out today. I suppose you're getting ready to give someone a beating."

Mollie laughed and said that one must practice if one wished to be a good golfer. Mr. Hawley leaned against the fence and conversed. Miss Ortman had never before honored him with discourse and he wondered that she knew his name. They talked of this and that and presently Mollie stopped putting and leaned against the fence, too.

"Were you going to play?" she inquired.

"Yeah," he said. "I sort of figured on about eighteen holes."

"I believe I would like to play this morning," the lady stated, as though the thought had just occurred to her. "I really need a game."

SHE became suddenly timid and maidenly.

"If you haven't any match with your friends, would you mind if I played around with you?" She glanced at him earnestly.

Would he mind! Mollie never played with male members of Oak Tree, except Joe Chisholm and a few of the two-handicap men. Would he mind!

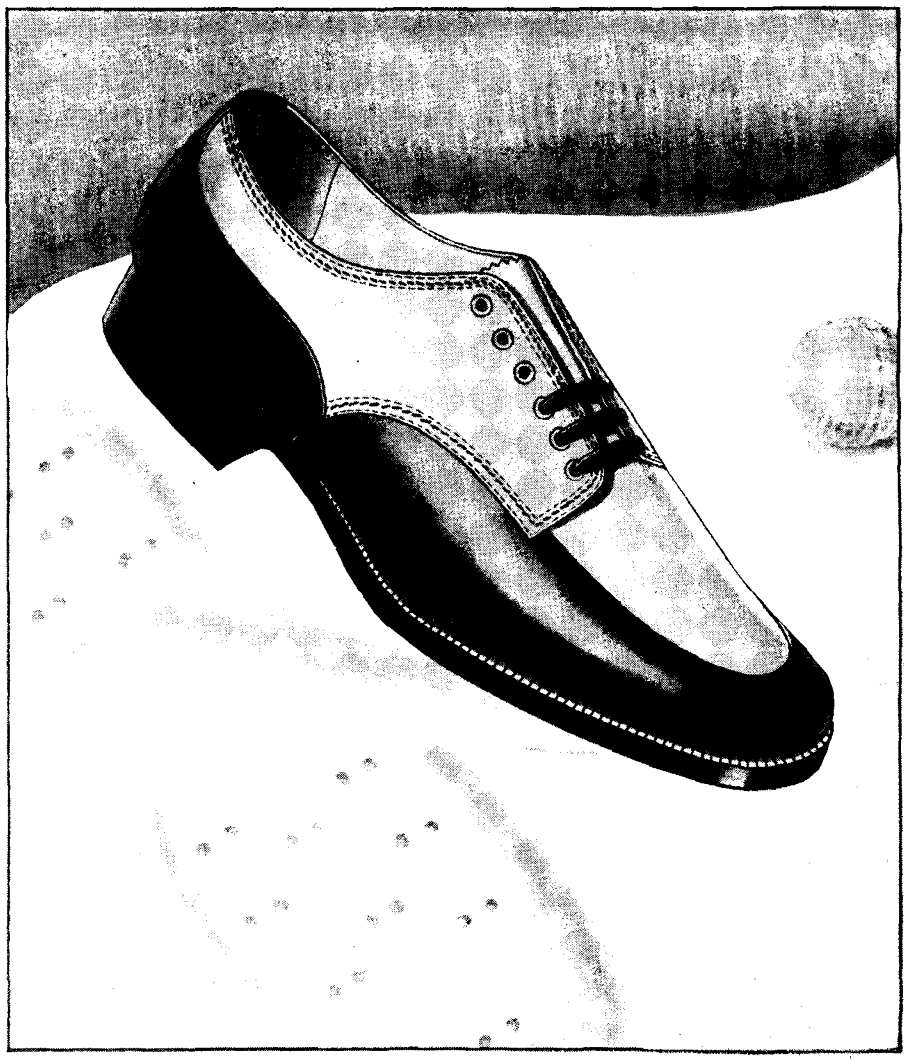
"If you don't object to playing with a dub, Miss Ortman," he said, whereat she assured him she adored to play with dubs, and that she didn't believe he was a dub. They started off, accompanied by two grinning caddies, and Mollie was so genuinely interested in her companion that he began to have kittenish ideas. She said she had often wanted to meet him, and that she frequently asked people who the distinguished gentleman was. By the time they reached the fifth tee, Papa Hawley was in a state of mind, his pulse was up and he was wishing he had thought to wear a necktie.

For many years, he had avoided the fair sex. He had passed, as he thought, beyond the period of sentimental thrills and romantic reveries, and was an ideal fifty-year-old husband without entanglements. Now he discovered that, apparently, there was something about him, and that handsome young damsels cast an eye his way. Bessie would certainly be astonished if he told her about it.

He played his usual game: one shot into trouble, two more in the under-

(*Continued on page 56*)

WALK·OVER SHOES



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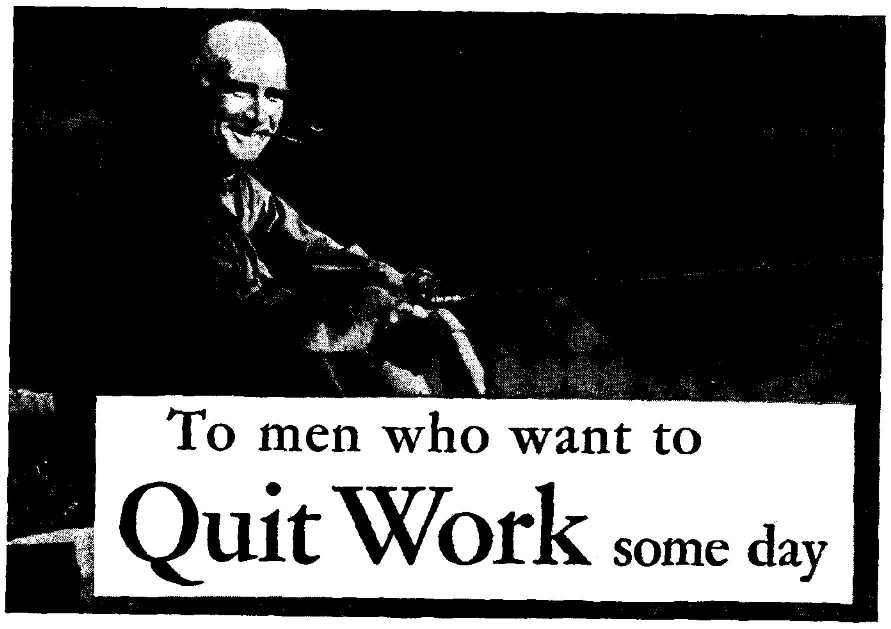

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(*Continued from page 55*)

brush, pick up and drop somewhere, which is not golf any more than asphalt is delirium tremens. Mollie clicked along smoothly, now and then going one over par to give comfort to her staggering partner. On the seventh tee, as if by merest accident, she stared into Papa Hawley's bag and was surprised.

"What an odd-looking club," she said, removing the Hawley spade. "Where did you get it?"

"Bought it," he replied promptly. "Looks funny, but it's a great stick. It's especially for shooting over traps."

Miss Ortman swung it with the gentle deliberation of a scientist toying with a baby atom.

"Go on, try it," urged its owner. "Just shoot a couple over the bunker and see."

Mollie dropped a ball and lifted it across a sandy waste, as Joe Chisholm had done before her, and there was a sparkle in her eyes as the ball dropped and stopped.

"A splendid club," she said. During the remainder of the round, Mollie took the club from time to time, tested it thoroughly and knew that she must own it. Without it, her future life would be a blank and horrid waste and bunkers would always annoy her.

Being a perfect lady, she did not ask Papa Hawley to give her his famous club so that she might win championships, nor did she suggest that he sell it to her. She merely demonstrated, as young girls can, that a bright young life would be blasted if Mr. Hawley clung to his niblick. Three times the expert played with the dub and Oak Tree began calling him a lady-killer.

However, it was slowly conveyed to Mr. Hawley that he was, perhaps, not the romantic devil he suspected himself to be. At the third game, he realized fully that the brilliant damsel honored him with her company because she coveted his bunker stick and not for any other reason. Joe Chisholm stated to club members that Mollie was on top of her game, would win any tournament she entered, and had only one fault—her bunker pitch, which was spotty. Oak Tree thereupon followed Papa Hawley into his locker and haw-hawed.

"Gay dog," commented Mr. Mike McMasters, pointing at Papa Hawley, as he stood in nude indignation holding an undershirt. "Behold the club Lothario. Women go goofy over him, especially young women champions."

"Sex appeal," added Bartley Hume, "is a marvelous thing. I wish thousands of handsome young women would follow me around. Must be nice."

MR. HAWLEY glared at his associates and consigned them to the hottest depths of equatorial torment.

"At last we know why Mollie Ortman played golf with you," they said. "If she wants that niblick, why don't you give it to her?"

"Especially as it's no use to you," someone added.

"Just a miserly old man."

Papa Hawley continued to dry himself with a towel. "The trouble with this golf club," he said coldly, "is that they can't keep riffraff out of the locker rooms."

He rode home morosely in his roadster, meditating upon the general sourness of life and the peculiar fact that someone was forever trying to get something from a person. Bessie, the subdued wife, met her husband with a friendly glow of welcome, stating she was glad to see him home early from his joustings, and hoping he would be home Saturday afternoon at an equally early hour.

"What for?" he inquired, in the tone of one polar bear requesting another polar bear to move away from a piece of raw meat.

"Darling," cried Mrs. Hawley, "don't you know what day it is?"

"I certainly do."

"Well then."

"It's the first Saturday of the winter season at Oak Tree, and I'm in a special match. I likewise have an important bridge game in the evening."

"Rodney," said his wife in a sad voice.

He stared at her heartlessly while she explained that she was having in six friends of the family for dinner in honor of their anniversary. She spoke of the general importance of anniversaries and Papa Hawley merely stared more heartlessly.

"I've made my engagements and I've got to keep them, Bessie. The season opens Saturday. Call up those people and tell them not to come."

"I shall do *nothing* of the kind. I don't understand how you can be so selfish and inconsiderate. You were not like this, once. Heaven knows, you play golf enough."

Mr. Hawley merely replied that he would like to see the woman who could tell him how to spend his Saturdays, and Bessie sighed and glanced back to the happier days, when all she did was to hold up a hoop.

TOWARDS the end of the anniversary week, she drove out to Oak Tree herself, and joined the ladies at their Friday afternoon bridge party. Far out upon the greensward, Papa Hawley was smiting the ball, playing no attention to women of any kind. Bessie lost ninety cents and conversed with several matrons and one youngish female, who was not a matron. It was a Miss Mollie Ortman, who also played bridge. Mrs. Hawley and Miss Ortman had not previously met, and they sat side by side, chatting amiably.

"Yes indeed," smiled Mollie, "I know Mr. Hawley quite well."

"He is so wrapped up in his golf," said the wife politely.

"And he does very well," added Mollie, meaning he did what would be very well for a one-legged paralytic.

"He ought to," said Mrs. Hawley. "He plays continually. He should be a champion, like you. I do wish you could see all the clubs he carries around."

"I have seen them. In fact," said Mollie with a little sigh, "I'm wild about one of them."

"You are!"

"Yes," said Mollie—and she pointed out that even a fine player is likely to develop a fault, which cannot be corrected until the player finds exactly the proper instrument.

"I play in Denver soon," she added, "and with that one club, I feel almost certain I should win."

"My dear," cried Mrs. Hawley with true heartiness, "I'm sure if you want one of Rodney's clubs, you shall have it. He has oodles of them."

"It would, of course, be just a loan," said the young girl.

"No loan at all. You shall have it as a gift."

Mrs. Hawley beamed upon her young companion and that night at dinner time Papa Hawley learned that he was about to participate in a generous action.

"What?" he asked, glancing up absently from the evening paper.

"I have spent the afternoon with a charming friend of yours, Rodney."

"Who?"

"Miss Ortman."

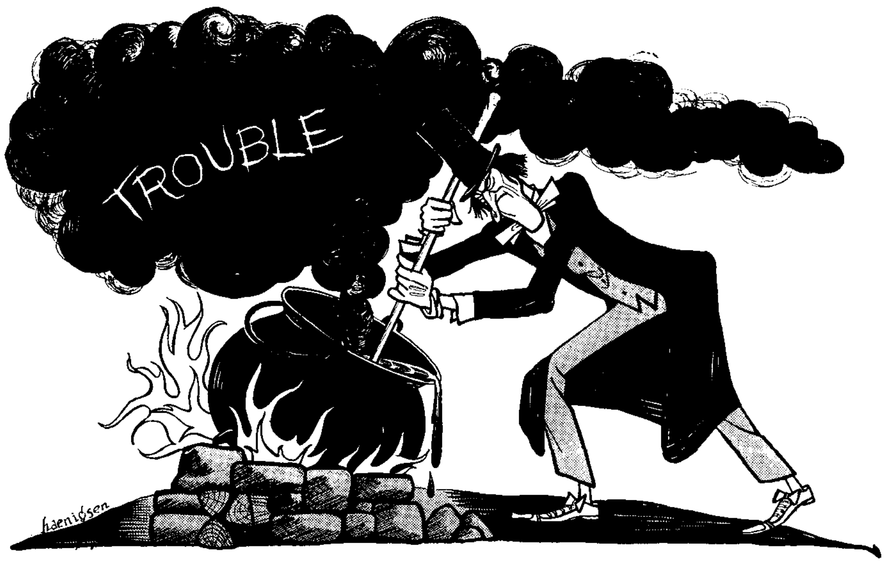
Mr. Hawley growled and resumed reading.

"She will be in Denver for the tournament, and as she needs one of your clubs, I naturally gave it to her."

Papa Hawley again stopped reading the newspaper and blinked slightly.

"You did what?"

(*Continued on page 58*)



Home Brewed

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

WISCONSIN'S big majority against prohibition is that state's answer to the new militancy of the Drys, to the Jones Act, to the threat of larger appropriations for prohibition enforcement, to a bigger dry police force, to stories which President Hoover felt called upon to deny that the present Administration will make a sensational effort to carry out the law against liquor.

In Illinois and in Massachusetts similar attacks on state prohibition laws are being agitated.

At no time in the past could so big a majority against prohibition have been rolled up in Wisconsin. The state, largely rural in population, was regarded as probably wet, but by a narrow margin. In the last election, in which prohibition was an important issue, it gave Mr. Hoover, who had the support of the Drys, 94,000 majority. It may safely be said that the new determination of the Drys to make prohibition a reality is being met by a new determination of the wets to resist prohibition.

So the Wisconsin vote may be taken as another sign, of which there have been plenty in Washington in the last few months, that the prohibition issue is coming to be the overshadowing issue in American politics. It is significant that lawyers volunteering to defend the violators of the prohibition law compare themselves to the members of the bar who offered their services before the Civil War in behalf of violators of the fugitive slave law. It looks as if we were entering upon another "irrepressible conflict."

Three quarters of the population of this country probably have no positive convictions upon prohibition. There are millions who change with every change in public feeling. A mere catchword, like the comparison of resistance to the Jones Act to resistance to the fugitive slave law, is capable of changing the whole attitude of the country. All one can say with certainty is that the question is at the mercy of a contagion of popular feeling. The Wisconsin result is startling.

It is going to be an uncomfortable time for the politicians in Washington, like that uncomfortable time when they began to lose their faith in the "saloon vote" and began to fear the Anti-Saloon League vote. For a decade they have had perfect faith in the dry vote, and now they have to begin to worry about the wet, and right after everything seemed to be settled by the last national election. And it will probably be an uncomfortable time for the Hoover Administration. The President has already refused to appoint a commission of Drys to investigate law enforcement. For many reasons a bitter division in the electorate over prohibition is to be deplored. The Hoover Administration has started off admirably and amid great applause. Mr. Hoover has very much to give the country as an organizer of government, as a promoter of foreign trade, as a conceiver of great public works. But he requires peace and a placable state of the public mind in which to function at his best. He is the most sensitive man who has ever filled the office. He suffers under criticism, interprets opposition as personal in its motives. He is not an instinctive politician. Politics usually dies down in the midst of an Administration. But here we have in prohibition the greatest promise of incessant political agitation that has existed in the country since the cantankerous split between the progressives and the standpatters in the Taft Administration.

No President ever did a more unkind act to his successor than Mr. Coolidge did when he signed the Jones Act right at the close of his Administration. That was a veritable Pandora's box of troubles. Had Mr. Coolidge vetoed it on the ground that it should properly be left to the next Administration, an overwhelmingly Republican Congress might have refused to repass it from unwillingness to embarrass a new President. Or Mr. Hoover might have vetoed it on the broad ground that extreme penalties never promoted law enforcement. He might have done so without alienating any but the fanatical Drys and with the applause of the Wets. And in that case Wisconsin would not have happened. Well, a good many people in Washington think that Mr. Coolidge had not proper affection for his successor.

The Jones Act on top of the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act was a little thing but it may prove the match that started the conflagration. The Drys resorted to force when they gave up temperance and moral suasion and insisted upon prohibition. When force fails the only recourse is to more force. The Jones Act is more force. And when that meets resistance there is only one remedy, still more force. So the distance between the Wets and the Drys widens. The temper of both sides is nasty and the issue cuts across party lines. Mr. Hoover has one great advantage in the coming strain, the good will which the people always feel toward their Presidents and the strong desire of everyone to see him succeed.

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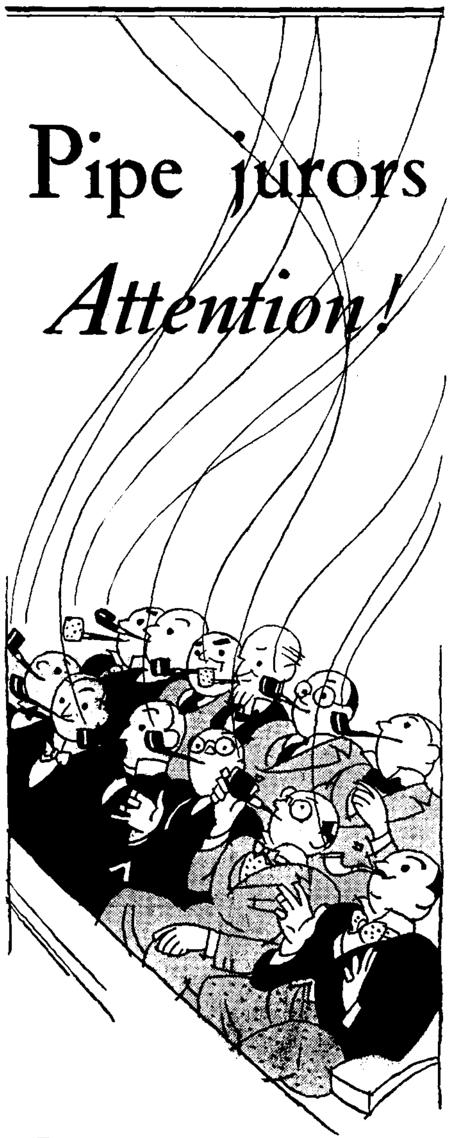

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The Magic Spade

Continued from page 56

"I gave her one of your clubs."

"Which one?" he asked in a deadly voice.

"One she wanted. I don't know the name of it."

"I'll tell you the name of it," said Papa Hawley, hurling the newspaper from him. "It's my spade."

He arose and strode around the room in a slow circle, like a tiger preparing to eat a rabbit.

"You don't know much about golf, Bessie," he said. "If you did, you'd know that one person doesn't go about giving other people's property away to strangers."

"She isn't a stranger," Bessie said in surprise. "She says you two often play together."

"We do nothing of the sort. She played with me two or three times in her life, and at that all she was hanging around for was to worm that spade out of me. She's a little grafter."

His voice rose slightly and Bessie requested him to contain himself.

"I'll not contain myself! And you can't give any club of mine to anybody. That spade is the finest club in the world, and it seems as if everybody is trying to get it away from me."

The depravity of a man's wife giving away his golf implements so impressed Papa Hawley that he roared over it for fifteen minutes and neglected his dinner. Bessie subsided, wondering over the typhoon she had started, wondering why, if a man owned one thousand golf clubs, he would get so excited about a mere spade.

"If that is the way you feel," she said finally, "I'm sorry I spoke to Miss Ortman."

"That is precisely the way I feel about it," he assured her. "You wouldn't feel like giving away my dinner clothes, would you?"

This was such a silly reference that Bessie forebore to reply and the evening passed quietly, with Rodney pointing out certain facts to his wife at intervals. The following morning, he departed at an early hour for Oak Tree and Bessie inquired timidly, for the last time, if he could not manage to come home and dine with the little group of friends.

"I told you not to ask them," he said, "and I certainly am not coming home."

He drove away full of dignity and pessimism. He grumbled his way through the familiar locker room, where gentlemen were shedding their business raiment for a day of sport, changed into his field costume and moodily joined Johnny and Joe and David.

"The old walrus," Johnny remarked, "seems a little grumpier than usual."

"That's what you get playing golf with lady champions," said David, but Papa Hawley either did not hear, or chose to ignore, and presently the creaky foursome stood at the first tee and clouted its way into an afternoon of distress.

Mr. Hawley, never a skilled user of wooden clubs, knocked his ball sideways at a most alarming angle and hit an automobile on the distant drive. Successively, on the second, third and fourth tees, Mr. Hawley foozled badly and in silent suffering, his agony revealed only in the deep lines about his mouth. As he proceeded farther into the contest he proceeded to smear shot after shot. His companions chuckled at a safe distance and made whispered comment.

On the seventh fairway, the faltering athlete struck a lusty blow and finished up beside a deep bunker, a bunker which stood between him and the broad loveliness of the green. He advanced and perceived that he would have to lift his ball over the imposing mound. It was the old familiar shot.

Grimly, he prepared. Taking from his bag the famous spade which had filled Mollie Ortman and Joe Chisholm with covetous thoughts, he studied the shot carefully, measured the distance with a practiced glance and swung as he had seen Mollie swing, and as he had seen Joe swing. The golf ball rolled directly into the bunker, trickled through little ridges of sand, fell into larger ridges and wound up in a footprint, a hoofmark made probably by a horse, or perhaps two horses.

"Suffering damnation!" shouted Papa Hawley.

Without realizing what he was doing, filled momentarily with a rage that blinded his judgment, he raised aloft the famous spade and smote it upon the bosom of the earth. It was a gesture of childish anger. The spade broke immediately into six small pieces. Bits of wood flew here and there. The shaft splintered. The famous head rolled on the ground.

Joe and Johnny and David turned their backs upon the scene and their shoulders shook in silence and Papa Hawley slowly came back to consciousness and raised his head from the ruin he had wrought. He drew a long breath, a sort of cosmic sigh. An enormous weight seemed to roll from his shoulders and he stared quietly at the golf club, which was gone forever.

The single ingredient that had made him a marked man in golf circles was in tiny bits. It could never be restored. Never again would experts gaze upon him with eyes of desire. He walked slowly around the bunker that had done the deed and faced his companions and they perceived that something had happened. Papa Hawley was calm.

"Gentlemen," he said in the polite voice they knew so well, "that is enough."

"What!" three voices shouted.

"I believe I shall go home. I have had enough golf for one day and I think I shall go home. My wife is having a little dinner party."

Three men stared at him incredulously.

"Sorry, gentlemen," he said, a note of relief in his voice, and without another word, he strolled across the broad acres of Oak Tree toward the clubhouse. His caddie followed, grinning.

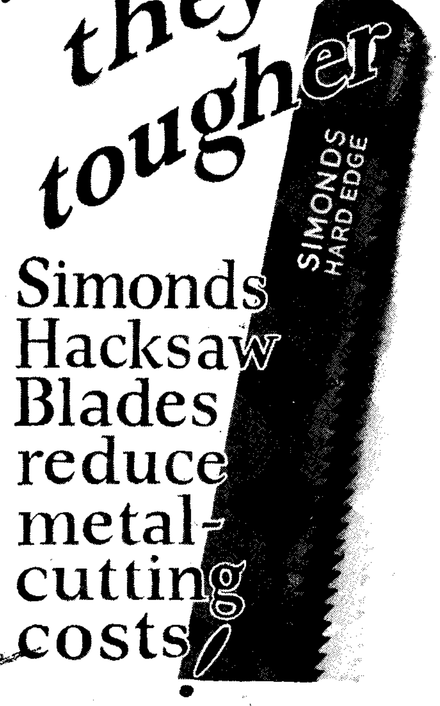
Thirty minutes later, Mrs. Bessie Hawley thought she heard the faint creaking of the garage door, which is the one sound any normal wife can detect above the fury of the radio. Leaving her anniversary guests, she hurried to the rear porch, and Papa Hawley came around the corner, dragging a golf sweater by one limp arm. Bessie stared at her husband and a glance revealed to her that everything was changed. She was staring at the Papa Hawley of pre-golf times and she knew it instantly.

"I was sure you would come home," she said significantly.

"Well," said Mr. Hawley. "I just thought—"

"Hurry up and change your clothes," Bessie directed.

"Certainly," replied Papa Hawley and his spouse knew that the Hawley family was back where it belonged, with a capable woman again the captain of her soul—and the captain of his soul, as well.



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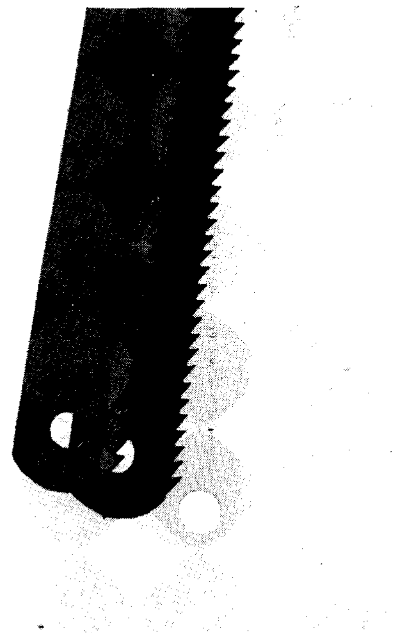

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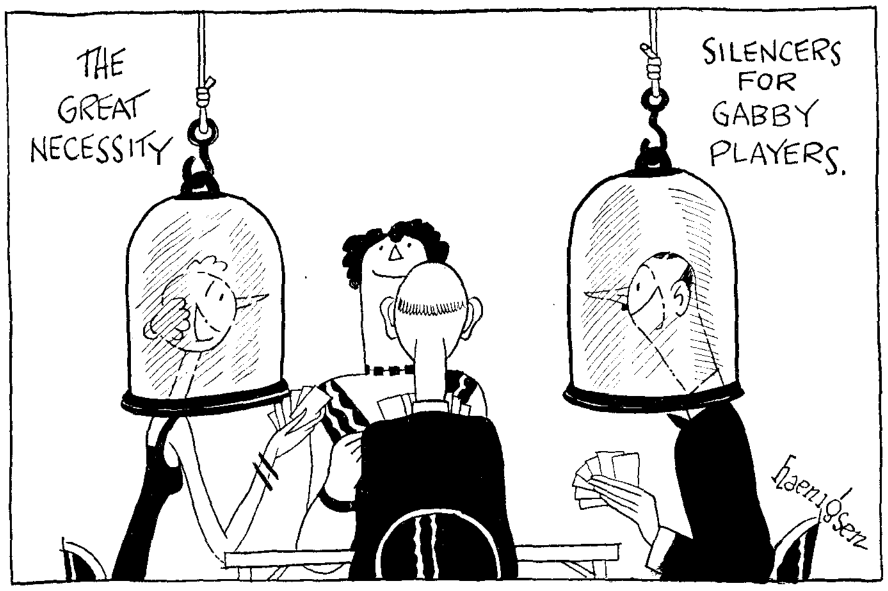

Don't let Contract scare you

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

LAST week we enumerated the various degrees of strength which would justify original bids of one No Trump, two No Trumps, or three No Trumps; but unless the original bidder assumed the responsibility of bidding for game, his partner is called upon to play an equally important part in the declaration.

When an original bidder (for the purpose of this article we will consider him to be the dealer and call him South) has started by bidding one or two No Trumps and West has passed, the burden is upon North to determine whether to permit South to play at his less than game-going declaration, or to jump his bid to game or possibly, when it is one No Trump, to make the short jump to two No Trumps.

In this article we shall not consider cases in which North's action would be complicated by uncertainty whether to jump South's No Trump or shift to a suit, but shall confine ourselves to cases in which North should either jump the No Trump or pass.

In Auction Bridge the partner of a No Trumper, unless he has a strong five-card Major suit, generally passes; but in Contract, unless the No Trumper has bid three, the situation is very different; game cannot be made unless bid for.

To determine whether North has the strength to advance South's No Trump, we use the same count that South employs in bidding his No Trump: Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2, Jack 1, two Tens 1; but there is an item in the jumping count which is not included in the one used when determining whether to make an original bid. That item is the holding of a strong five-card suit.

When bidding an original No Trump, it is somewhat of an advantage to have a hand as evenly distributed among the four suits as possible; but when determining whether to advance partner's No Trump, a strong five-card suit which probably can be run if the No Trump becomes the contract, is a distinct asset. Consequently, when a five-card suit headed by one of the three top honors (Ace, King or Queen) is held by North, the value of the hand is increased. The five-card suit counts 1 extra when it has one of the honors named, 2 extra when it has two of them, and 3 extra when it has the whole three. In all cases the extras are in addition to the value of the honors.

Estimating the worth of his hand in this way, North, after South's No Trump, should jump to two No Trumps with a count of 9 and to three No Trumps with a count of 12; after South's two No Trumps, North should jump to three with any count of 6, or an Ace and any additional count, or a King and Queen.

To show how North should count his hand, the following four illustrations are given:

	(1)	(2)
Spades:	A-10-x	J-10-x
Hearts:	x-x	x-x
Diamonds:	K-J-x-x-x	J-x-x-x-x
Clubs:	Q-10-x	A-Q-J

In No. 1, North would count 4 for his Ace (Spades), 3 for his King and 1 for his Jack (Diamonds), 1 more for a five-card suit headed by one of the three top honors, 2 for his Queen (Clubs), and 1 for two Tens—total 12.

The No. 2 hand would be valued as follows: Jack of Spades 1, Jack of Diamonds 1, and 7 for the Club honors. (Ace 4, Queen 2, Jack 1)—total 9. No count for the five Diamonds as they are not headed by one of the three top honors, and no count for one Ten.

With No. 1, North would jump South's one No Trump to three; with No. 2 he would jump only as far as two.

	(3)	(4)
Spades:	Q-J-x	K-x-x
Hearts:	10-x-x-x	Q-x-x
Diamonds:	J-10-x	x-x-x
Clubs:	J-x-x	x-x-x-x

With either No. 3 or No. 4, North would jump South's two No Trumps to three although short of the count of 9 needed to jump South's one No Trump to two. No. 3 counts 6, the Queen 2, the three Jacks each 1, and the two Tens 1—just enough for a jump of two to three. No. 4 counts only 5, but a 5 composed of a King and Queen or an Ace with either a Jack or two Tens, is O. K. for the jump.

Now let us look at two cases in which we view the hands of both partners.

	(A)	(B)
	North	*North*
♠	A-x-x	A-x-x
♡	K-x-x	K-x-x
◊	10-x-x	10-x-x-x
♣	J-x-x-x	Q-J-x
	South	*South*
♠	K-x-x	K-x-x
♡	A-Q-10	A-Q-x
◊	K-Q-J	K-Q-J
♣	10-x-x-x	10-x-x-x

In A, South, with a count of 16, bids one No Trump; North with 8, one short of jumping strength, passes.

In B, South, with a count of 15, bids one No Trump; North with 10 bids two; and South with the minimum for the rebid goes to three. He must win eight tricks; he probably will take nine, and may take ten.

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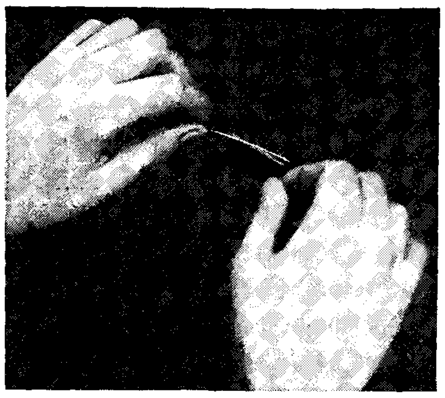

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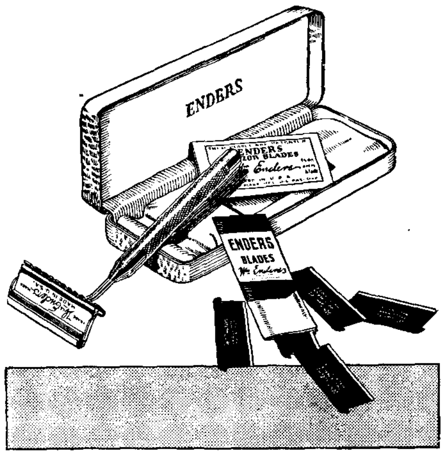

The Wolf Hunter

Continued from page 28

"Oh, you *copper-lined* son-of-a-gun!" he yelled at the animal. He thought that by some slip he had failed to poison the bait.

At the next opportunity he slit a good-sized hunk of wolf haunch and loaded into it enough poison to stretch out half the wolves of the open range. When in the morning the bait was gone and the Grinner still on deck, he took advantage of a light snowfall to trace the imprinted diagram of the coyote's theft. He found the remains of his bait skillfully nibbled, but with the heavy drench of poison untouched. Jed grunted. Three times more that day he tried to bring the coyote down by rifle.

So it went for another week, while Jed's circling carried him from the slopes to the flats and back to the rock-bound slopes again. Soon after midday he would begin looking for a good place to camp. Unless he was seeking water, the prairie was a vast blank, with no point of focus, no logical place to stop. This induced an indecision that used up most of his afternoon.

But once the fire was built, all that was changed; his fire had a way of seeming the center of the universe, a permanent living thing that had always been destined to be just there. It was a bright landmark, reducing everything to relationship with itself.

And by the time the darkness had closed in about the fire the grinning coyote was there. Jed got so he paid no attention to him. After all, he was not trying to get all the coyote ears in the world—only the easy ones. If the Grinner didn't want his baits, Jed didn't give a whoop. Thus the wolf hunter and the coyote, along with that unconsidered horse, slowly trailed a great circle and got back to the place where the Grinner had first baffled Jed's gun.

Now a new element came in, changing their relationship. For the first time in three years Jed rode along a day's line of baits without finding a dead wolf. At first Jed thought only that wolves were getting scarce; but when, the next day, he still found no wolves, he inquired into causes. He rediscovered his baits with some trouble, but when he had found a few the difficulty became clear.

Systematically the Grinner had nosed out Jed's baits, nibbled what he could of each without poisoning himself, and so defiled the remainder that no animal would touch it.

A FURY steamed up in Jed, making his eyes watery pale against the red of his face. He shook knobbly fists over his head, calling upon Heaven to witness that he would get even with that varmint if it were the last thing he did. When he had cooled he began to scheme, matching his resources against the coyote's nose.

From day to day he rode on, in short stages now, spending most of his hours in preparation. He no longer rode back over his baited lines, for the continuing company of the coyote discouraged him. Instead he put out only clever baits, pointed for the Grinner alone.

He made grooved sticks and crammed the grooves with poisoned tallow. These the Grinner spoiled, but would not touch.

He poisoned tiny hashed pellets of meat and set them aside to freeze, to kill the scent; hid the pellets in small chunks, and froze them, and finally wrapped the chunks in fresh meat, forming baits still so small that a coyote should take each at a gulp. The Grinner gnawed off the outside wrappers, and the ruse failed.

For a week he experimented with marrow bones, making short tubes of them, with poison in the middle and pure marrow in both ends. This failed too. He made snares with his lariat, cunningly contrived and baited with unpoisoned meat. The Grinner scratched in underneath, and stole the bait. He also tried a deadfall, when once materials lay at hand, but that night the ground thawed. The Grinner, tunneling under, escaped uncrushed, and after that would not steal from beneath logs again.

Stopping at a ranch for provisions, Jed borrowed a string of wolf traps, very cumbersome to carry, with no pack horse. These failed him, as had everything else. He cached them in a gully and never remembered to take them back to their owner.

Jed wandered on, his marches lengthening. He made only half-hearted efforts now to poison the beast. Instead he burned his scraps of food in an attempt to starve the coyote out; but there were as many resources along Jed's trail as anywhere else, and the coyote stuck. The wolf hunter brooded sourly over this thing that was "just his luck."

JED'S unplanning routine, calling for little thought or attention, had served as a comfortable oblivion. Through the slow days his mind wandered wool-gathering over his past. As he relived each remembered scene he improved it, putting into his own mouth bold and witty remarks, confusing and overbearing his persecutors. He reënacted his battles, letting inconclusive outcomes flower into triumphs. "A mite quicker, an' I'd 'a' had him by the throat. Now, blast you, I guess you'll—"

But now the Grinner broke into his meanderings like a persistent fly on the face of a man who is trying to sleep. A dozen times a day Jed's hand stole toward his rifle; in the night he sat watching for the Grinner's green eyes, like phosphorous balls hung in black frost.

He roused from sleep at the Grinner's howls, cursing and hoping for a shot. When the coyote was long out of sight, which occurred every day, Jed's eyes forever searched the sage, so that the brute's absence was no relief.

Sometimes, as he lay looking at the pulsing dance of the rocks behind his fire's heat column, he thought of women he had known and certain others he had only seen. His wandering mind glorified himself and them so that for a while he forgot the cold snow cake of the prairie, and walked in a world of music, warmth and light, admired by women's eyes. His vision caressed contouring silk, round white arms. Then near by would go up that long falsetto devil-yell; "Hee-ee yipipipipip—" And out of his blankets would start the actual Jed, the man with sourly furrowed face and hands grimed and gnarled, cursing so as to shatter any dream past all recall.

One day, in a paroxysm of helpless wrath, he turned the dirty-gray horse toward the coyote, and with spur and quirt set out to run the animal down. For two miles the Grinner led him up slope and down; then, tiring of the pursuit, went into an easy sprint and was lost in a long reef of sage.

The horse stumbled to a walk, then stopped of his own accord, head down. Jed, getting down to tighten the cinch, noticed how lean the animal was. It was weeks since the horse had tasted grain. A poor keeper would have been out from under him long ago.

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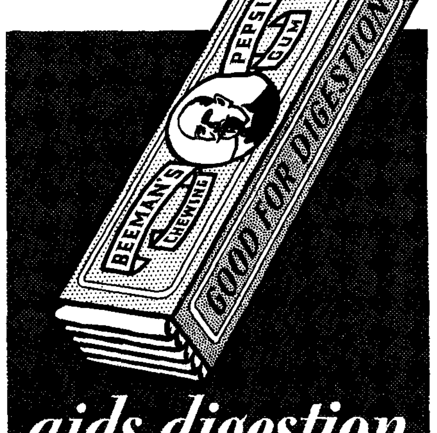

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In the saddle again Jed mumbled endless curses at the forlorn sage. He sat thinking for a long time, sometimes turning the wad of cornmeal in his cheek.

"All right," he said at last. "You win. I'm leavin' this whole damned range to you. Take it an' keep it. I ain't wantin' it no more."

He turned Hey's head north. "I guess you can go it three days more," he decided.

That day he covered a long distance steadily north through a rising blow. Gray noon found him at the foot of the Long Ridge, which divided that part of the free range, the north from the south. He was heading over for the Crazy K country. "The varmints have their ranges, same as a man," he was telling himself. "They won't noways cross out of 'em if they ain't terrible pushed."

LATE in the day the toiling horse reached the Saddle Notch in the Long Ridge's backbone, and Jed stopped. A slashing gale was roaring through the gap, swaying him in the saddle; it carried with it a whip of hard, dry snow. He turned sidewise, looking back. "I ain't through with you," he promised. "I'll come back and do fer you yet."

A furlong down the trail he twisted his head to look back through the thin, racing snow. On a boulder he saw a small blurred projection, like a vague pin. It disappeared, and a gray wisp, like a shadow, drifted tangent-wise down slope across a drift of snow. The Grinner was following Jed through.

Hollow-eyed and bitter-lipped, Jed pushed on down the slope with the sting of the wind in his face. The darkness closed in an hour earlier than usual, under a moaning sky already hidden by level-driving flakes. The gray horse tried to turn tail to the wind and quit, but Jed forced it to go on. For an hour more they drifted with the barren slope, head down into the storm, until at last the flattening way suggested the foot of the Long Ridge, and Jed swung down.

Moving clumsily on saddle-cramped legs Jed sought a windbreak behind which a man in blankets could live through the night. He clung stubbornly to the idea that since here he had stopped, here he would camp; yet as rod after rod showed only wind-scoured hollows, windward drifts, he was forced to admit that only a fool would have crossed to the windward side of the Long Ridge in such circumstances.

The storm was growing worse. The sage shrilled, and the sky was alive with a vast moaning, the rushing of great winds high above. Shamefacedly he resigned himself to pushing on twelve miles to the Crazy K.

He hurried back, searching for Hey in the dark. When he reached the place where he had left the horse it was gone.

A stark terror, the first he had known in years, came into Jed like rising water, slowly at first, then with a wild rush like the scouring wind. Panic urged him to go rushing and plunging ahead; for an instant he almost yielded, and his bed roll slid from his shoulder to the snow.

Then the plainsman's experience took the upper hand, and instead of abandoning his bed roll he sat down on it. He sucked at the cornmeal in his cheek, seeking half by reason, half by instinct, to divine in which direction the gray horse should be sought.

At first, while he still thought his horse could be found, he searched keenly and wisely. Later, as successive sorties gained him nothing, he searched obstinately still, but with an increasing fearsome despair. He lost account of his position and hence of the probable position of the horse.

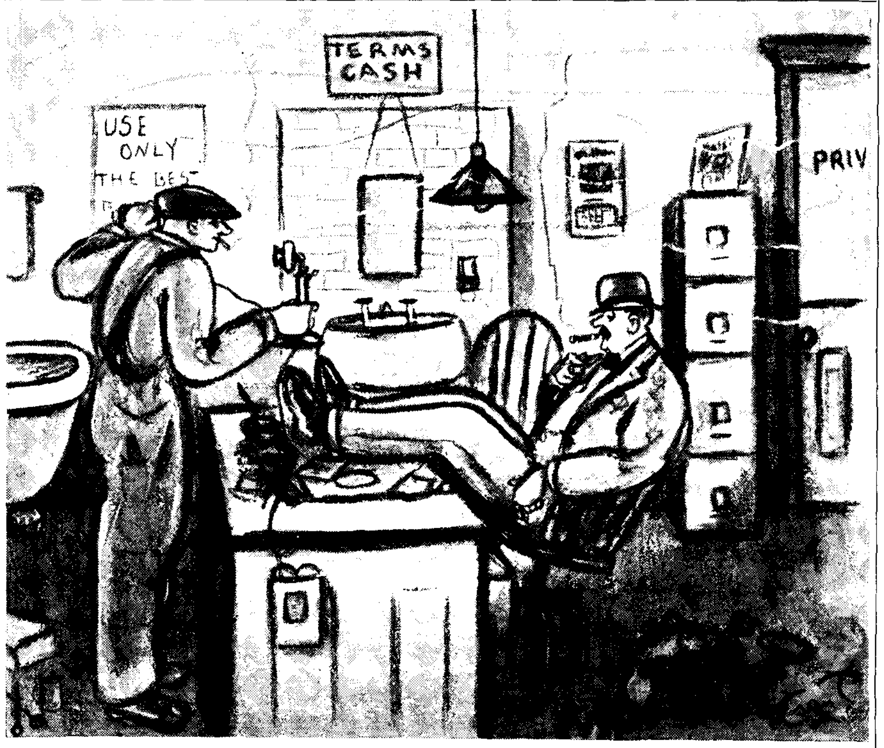
There could be no limit to that groping under the blizzard, other than that set quite as much by the grip of despair as by the numbing of his limbs. He went on with the dogged hunt until his feet were like clubs and the dree of the wind was dulling in his ears. His purposes were becoming blurred.

JED did not believe it possible for a man to lie down on that wind-planed slope and live through the night. To roll in his blankets meant to him to die, caught in the closing trap of the cold. Yet, partly because the shelter of his blankets offered that last slender hope, he at last resigned himself to it.

He fumbled the strap from his bed roll. The wind tore at the loosened blankets, almost snatching them from his grasp, but his numbed hands held on to them with the grip of fear, and he managed to roll himself into them, like a mummy or like a worm in a cocoon. He lay in a bitter snow, nose down in the blanket, breathing hard.

Swiftly the snow salted over the

(*Continued on page 62*)



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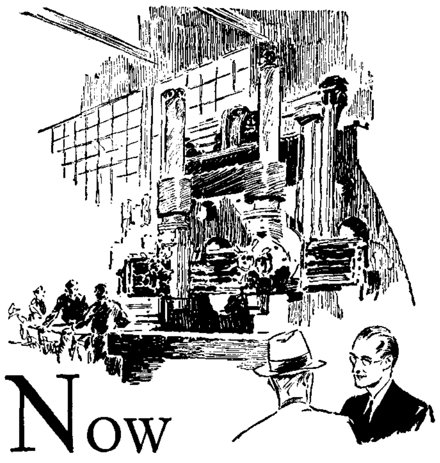

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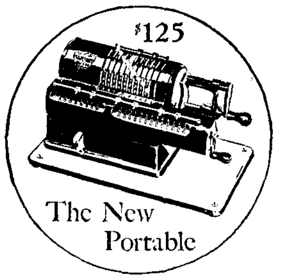

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THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

(*Continued from page 61*)

blanket roll. Within it the nightmare of conscious existence was slowly seeking numbed oblivion. Yet, when the Grinner yelled, Jed heard the yammering voice through the growl of the wind, and his mind was drawn back.

He thought, "No coyote howls in a blizzard." And then, "It ain't right *he* don't get froze."

The Grinner howled again, that long falsetto nicker: "Yipipipip, hee-ee-yapapapapap—" An insane fury brought him to his elbow, fumbling his Colt free. He dragged the blanket away from his face, and the salt snow whipped against his mouth. In the faint gray luminosity of the snow he thought he made out a moving blur, a close circling form.

He leveled the gun, elbow grounded, and fired.

The dark blur became a fallen, frantically kicking swirl. He heard the Grinner's thin yip, and fired four times more into that swirl, until the hammer snapped on an empty cylinder. Then he drew back into the tube of his blankets, better fixed, as he thought, to die.

Jed was mistaken. He was not dying, or anything near it.

HE WOKE in misery, every joint filled with cold pain. A faint seepage of light showed on the nap of the blanket an inch before his eyes, and presently he stiffly raised himself. A douse of snow dropped across his face like feathers, for half a foot of it lay over his blanket roll. He blinked his eyes across a morning gray and still. The gray horse was huddled dejectedly a few feet away.

The circumstances of the night returned to him slowly. Their force was dulled, even when they were complete. He was a little chagrined that he had overestimated his danger, a little pleased that he was mainly unharmed. But his underlying emotion was a flat one—merely the wretched sense of ill-being that goes with stiff joints and a cold dawn. Then his loose Colt reminded him of the Grinner.

He hardly believed, even when he had kicked the stiffened coyote out of the snow, that the Grinner was really dead. The animal in death looked more meanly small than before, more mangy, more fleabitten, less furry. His rigid tongue, sticking sidewise out of his jaws, was bright with frozen blood. Only the crease between his eyes gave him a resemblance to the immortal grinning varmint that had spoiled Jed's wanderings for so long.

What would have been a grand triumph under other circumstances was reduced to only a faint ironic satisfaction as Jed opened his big knife and haggled off the Grinner's scalp.

Jed stopped only three days at the Crazy K. During that time he cooked, and they wanted him to stay on in that job. But as soon as he was warm clear through, and tired of eating, he judged that the gray horse had downed enough grain to move on. He was anxious to prove to himself that he was as good a wolf hunter as ever, now that the Grinner was dead.

For the first week he had little luck, for the Crazy K had been fighting wolves on its own account; but as he came into new territory things began to improve. For a week or two he heartily enjoyed the discovery of gray carcasses near his baits.

Then he began to notice that something was lacking. Once more he futilely attempted conversation with Hey. Often, as he rested by his fire, he would catch himself listening; not naturally, as he habitually listened, but tensely, waiting. If a coyote yelled far off, he would stir, brightening almost, with the fresh breath of animosity that the Grinner had earned. Then his interest would fade out again, leaving the prairie more bleak than before, peopled only with the foolish brutes that ate his baits.

Sometimes a voice almost exactly like that of the Grinner would sound not far away, and for an instant he would forget that the Grinner was dead. Even after he had remembered he would lie listening to the yapping voice, pretending, half-convincing himself that it was the same.

Often he amused himself by thinking how he would outsmart the Grinner, if the brute were still alive. There was not much to that, though; there was so little he had not tried.

Perpetually, as he loafed in his makeshift camp, while the gray horse grazed, his eyes wandered to sweep the snow-floored sage. The brush was a salty gray; its twigs worked faintly in the wind, with a whispering voice indescribably desolate.

Once as his eyes roved from his fire his nerves leaped to action; for a coyote was watching him, seated in plain sight ninety yards away, as the Grinner had sat. His rifle came up cautiously, for he expected the animal to disappear. When he had shot the coyote through the head he lacked the spirit to walk out and get the ears; he let it go until the next day, when he was ready to move on.

A month passed in that way. The winter had grown old, but there were still six weeks of it left.

Late in a gray afternoon, after a dinner of fried mush, Jed got the ears of the Grinner out of his bounty sack, and put them on a rock behind a bush, a hundred yards from his camp. They made the rock look a good deal like the Grinner in the failing light. He meant to use them as a mark to shoot at, but instead he played for half an hour with an elaborate calculation of how he was going to shoot the Grinner this time and get round that disappearing trick.

Suddenly he was shocked at his own childishness. With a grumble of oaths he turned his back and tried to go to sleep, but his awareness of those taunting ears out there behind the sage would not let him. On an impulse he resaddled his horse and rode away, leaving the ears behind. Three miles farther on he decided he wanted them, after all, and rode back.

Then, as he sat his horse, staring down at that pair of ears in the twilight, a sense of his own folly overwhelmed him. He sat pulling at his lower lip with gloved fingers, gazing vacantly at those ears—two shabby triangles on a hardened bar of hide.

He was wishing he were a granger, eating a frosty winesap apple by a hot stove, with a family of kids around him. It seemed to him that if he could only have a decent job again, away from the stark loneliness of that vast vacant prairie, he would never want anything else. Those accursed ears kept pulling his attention back.

"Gosh," he muttered, "I can't go this no more."

He turned the gray horse, and they went lumbering off into the dark.

ONCE, a long time after, he found himself on that prairie again, while he was driving the cook wagon for the Crazy K. Cooking had turned out a good job for Jed. Cooks were supposed to be crotchety and queer; the riders made allowances for that. Men in hopes of coffee at odd hours spoke pleasantly to him, and when they joked him they put in elaborate winks and grins. He felt foolish when, as the trail passed near the rock where he had left the Grinner's ears, he turned off to see if they were still there. They were gone, of course. Something hungry had carried them away.

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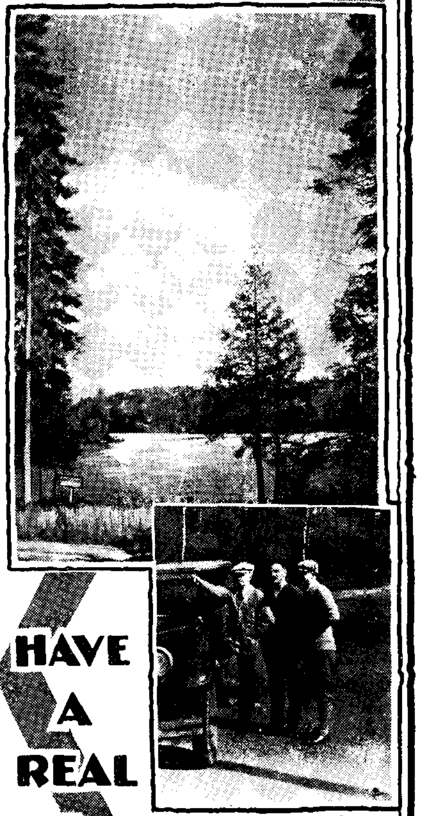

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A Taste for Red

Continued from page 20

That was a gown—no, a poem—written in a silver-misted gauze about an amorous moonbeam caught in the passionate swirl of amethystine water. A most devastating gown—a most censorable poem—

"From your own dressmaker, darling," replied Anne sweetly.

"Where," said Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill slowly, formidably, "are you going in *that* get-up, with *that* hairdress, and— What on earth have you done to your *eyebrows!*"

Anne had turned to face her.

"Plucked 'em—made them sophisticated, provocative . . . and I've blue shadows on my lids, mascara on my lashes, the most brilliant lipstick I could find on my mouth."

"Where," repeated Mrs. Sherrill with a dangerous quiet, "are you going?"

"To Lilas Terhune's party."

"Who's going to be there?"

"Everybody, I expect. Lilas' parties are always like a Saturday afternoon in the Grand Central station."

"But who in particular?" insisted Mrs. Sherrill.

"How should I know?" And Anne turned her back to her mother.

But Anne was always a bad liar. It was evident that Anne knew "who in particular" would be there. But it was also evident that she didn't intend telling her mother . . . just in case—well, suppose—suppose the new personality didn't work. . . .

MIDNIGHT. Music. Revelry. "Gotta be good—" wailed the saxophones . . . "Gotta be good—" wailed the blond young man dancing with Anne. "Gotta be good . . . an' I don't wanna—"

"Pardon."

Cut-in. Another. And another. Success with the stag-line—for the first time . . . complete success . . . even Lilas had remarked on it . . . pertinently . . . to the point. . . .

But where was he? He was to have been there.

But he hadn't come to dinner. And it was nearly one o'clock!

"Gotta be good—" wailed the trombones.

"Gotta—" "Pardon." Cut-in.

"If they play that again," said Anne, staring desperately at the whirling figures about her, "or if you say it again, I'll scream—I'll yell right out!" And she looked desperately up. And (typographically recording) exclamation point; several dashes; an entire row of asterisks.

Then Anne said: "So you came after all. . . . Why did you?"

And he said: "Perhaps because something told me I'd find you."

She was silent. She thought frantically, "Please God don't let me fail now . . . please. . . ."

She smiled provocatively up at him. And (again typographically recording) many dots; countless asterisks.

Cut-in? . . . They went on dancing . . . Cut-in? . . . Not a *chance*. . . .

So far Anne had remained entirely silent. The music helped. It blared deafeningly, defiantly. But now a waltz was in order. . . .

He said quickly: "Can't we get out of this mess? I want to talk to you—to tell you something."

And not waiting for her reply, he led the way to a remote, deserted table in the supper room that paralleled the dance floor. They sat down. A weary waiter brought champagne. Real. No imitation at Lilas' parties. Anne drank hers with the proper gesture. "You are," said the man opposite her, who was, by way of mention, tall and dark and much too good-looking to be the famous Colonel Kevin Burke, explorer, mountaineer, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and but recently returned from the Everest Expedition, "remarkably beautiful." And he filled a glass with water and drank it entirely down.

Anne smiled at him—a slow, brilliant smile. "Modesty," said she, "forbids me to agree with you."

He returned her smile. "Of course. I expect you do get a lot of that guff, don't you?"

"Lots," she affirmed with a slight grimace. "You know—'darling, what wonderful eyes you've got'—and so on, ad nauseum."

And she allowed her shadowed eyes to rest deeply in his.

His own looked quietly back.

She said, after a moment and with a faint, faint smile: "Well?"

"Not at all well," replied Burke, entirely serious. "I've got off, I'm afraid, to a very bad start."

She denied this. "All things considered, I think you've done exceedingly well, sir." And her smile deepened.

His gaze wandered, came back to her. "What do you mean?—all things considered."

She went on smiling. "You see, I have you rather at a disadvantage. You can only guess about me—vague surmises at best. But I know all about you. That is, all that gossip and newspapers and periodicals can tell me."

She had the pleasure of seeing him flush.

He said: "Then to you, I must appear a singularly insufferable and unpleasant person."

"On the contrary," said Anne, "to me you appear a wonderful, a most marvelous creature. As a matter of actual fact, I'm quite in love with you."

The color deepened beneath his tan.

He said slowly: "You rather enjoy having me on, don't you?"

"But I'm not 'having you on,'" she told him calmly. "I'm entirely sincere. I fell completely in love with you in my débutante year and I've never outgrown it. I used to cut your pictures out and paste them in my memory book."

THE weary waiter replenished her wine-glass. She sipped it thoughtfully, gazed thoughtfully over its rim into the quiet, intent eyes of Kevin Burke.

She said slowly: "At that, you could do much worse than marry me."

She thought desperately: "What on earth am I saying! And I'm not even drunk! But at least I'm being startling. One couldn't now accuse me of being negative—colorless—"

Then she saw that he was laughing. With his head thrown back, his eyes narrowed, his lips parted, he was laughing, but silently, as if the source of his mirth was too deep, too secret, for articulation.

He said at last: "You are fascinating—I've never been handed a cooler, more individual line in my life."

Anne twirled the stem of her wineglass. Her nerves throbbed with a curious excitement.

She said evenly: "I assure you it's not a line. You may consider my proposal a legitimate one."

Burke leaned forward on the table and regarded her squarely.

He said: "But why should I consider it at all?"

Anne was not abashed.

"But why shouldn't you?" she coun-

(*Continued on page 64*)

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(*Continued from page 63*)

tered. "You'll probably fall in love anyway—the logical reaction to months of isolation—and why not with me? I'm young, rich, good-looking, and healthy. I'm not particularly a home-body, but I won't bore you and I won't nag you."

"I see." His eyes left her face to stare out at the seething mass of dancers once again. Then they came slowly back. "Do you really expect me to take you seriously?"

Take her seriously! She wanted suddenly, poignantly, to say: "No, I don't. But nevertheless I love you—from the first moment I saw you—on the lecture platform of the Geographical—I knew, quite without doubt, that you were the one man in the world for me. But then, you were not entirely mortal—the *liaison* officer, as it were, between the gods and the mortals. But now—*now*—"

She said to him, in an almost expressionless voice: "No, of course I don't expect you to take me seriously. . . . Shall we dance?"

They danced—were cut in upon. This time he did not ignore the summons. Anne could not see her new partner. Her eyes were blind with hot, bitter tears.

It was not till three encores later that she discovered she was again in his arms—had been in his arms for a number of minutes.

She said stupidly. "Oh, it's you again."

And he replied: "Didn't I wait a decent interval? I'm not entirely accustomed to this 'tag' sort of dancing."

Anne searched frantically for something to say—something unusual—

No use . . . she was tired. . . .

She said suddenly: "This crowd is deadly. I'm utterly worn out. Would you mind dancing me toward the entrance? I'm going home."

He directed her in silence to the entrance. There he said: "I'm going with you."

She stood still a little moment, looking up at him. Had she been, after all, successful? Had she really put it over?

He said, guiding her toward the vast cloak-room: "I'm off again tomorrow. And this sort of thing isn't exactly good training. I'll be glad of any extra sleep."

THEY rode the brief distance almost in silence. Arrived before the tall, dark house in East Sixty-fourth Street, she said: "Jamison will drive you home." But he replied: "Thank you—but I prefer to walk."

She dismissed the car. He followed her up the shallow steps. She had difficulty in finding her key—her eyes were again blind. He took the bag from her cold hands, explored its perfumed depths, brought forth a small, shining object.

"There you are." He had unlocked the door.

"Thank you." She had taken the key from his thin, bare hand.

A dim light burned in the marble foyer. It illumined Burke's face, dark, utterly expressionless. The sight of it hurt Anne intolerably. Far better to have continued as before . . . realizing him only as the *liaison* officer between the gods and mere mortals . . . than realizing him as a man, looking at her thusly. . . .

Well—she threw back her head defiantly. "Good night, Colonel Burke. Perhaps we may meet again—"

"Perhaps—"

She still held her head high, defiantly.

She said, looking at him fully, unflinchingly: "But I really suppose that this is good-by."

"I suppose so—"

"Then," said Anne clearly, deliberately. "You'd best kiss me . . . it's rather expected—"

He kissed her. Anne could not analyze that kiss. She had little experience to go by. But she could analyze her own emotions.

He released her. The dim light showed his face, still dark, inscrutable—

"Good-by," said Anne, with a slow frozen smile.

"Good-by," said Kevin Burke, without the faintest glimmer of expression. Then he turned and left.

Failure. Hour after hour, wide-eyed and tense, while the dawn reached careful, gray fingers into the dim room, Anne sat crouched in a warm nest of pillows, staring at the word. It cavorted, grimacing and jeering, before her strained vision. Failure.

Nothing remained but—the vision that passed behind her closed eyes brought a little sob into her throat; she saw it all so very clearly, so very distinctly . . . colorless years running drearily away into the colorless distance. . . .

HER sobs ceased. She sat up. She knew exactly what she was going to do. She began to pack swiftly, carefully, with the swift care of one whose mind is clearly made up. From that moment on, Anne Tabitha Sherrill was going to live her drab, insignificant life as and where she pleased. And she pleased that it should be far from the contemptuous, critical gaze of others.

It was June. At least the calendar so stated, and Mrs. Sherrill had so written, and the country, particularly the Shenandoah Valley, so proclaimed. But according to Anne's heart, it was bitterest winter. Bleak, drear, without sun and without hope.

Still it was hot in the garden. No denying it was exceptionally hot in the garden. Anne took off her hat. With its removal, she became almost as God had made her, save for a disreputable gingham smock and a pair of time-outlawed canvas sneakers. But she was comfortable. Natural. Unconcerned.

So, living her own life as and where she pleased, Anne knelt almost as God had created her, picking rose-bugs on a hot June morning in the tumbled garden of an unfashionable farm in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.

And it is very probable that Anne would have continued kneeling, picking rose-bugs, et cetera, only that someone, with long legs encased in riding boots and breeches, said in a clear rich voice far, far above her: "I beg your pardon, but would you tell me if this is Honeysuckle Farm and does Miss Anne Sherrill live here?"

"One . . . two . . . three" . . . counted Anne, eyes tightly shut.

"Four . . . five . . . six" . . . eyes open. The legs were still there, right beside her.

"Yes, sir," said Anne. And went on picking rose-bugs.

"Thank you," said the voice very politely. "I used the front knocker, but no one answered."

Anne attacked a fresh bush. "I reckon there's no one about," she mumbled. Her rôle was obviously that of a stupid Southern farm-girl, and that "reckon" was a good touch.

"I reckon not," he agreed with her. "But do you, by chance, know when Miss Sherrill will return?"

"Can't rightly say," mumbled Anne, pinching a rebellious bug viciously.

Silence. Ditto.

"Here—you dropped one." And the long legs had bent at the knees, were lowering, were kneeling. . . . "Here he is, the little—why—"

And (as on a night five months earlier) dashes, dots, asterisks.

Then he said swiftly: "Why you are—"

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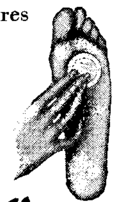

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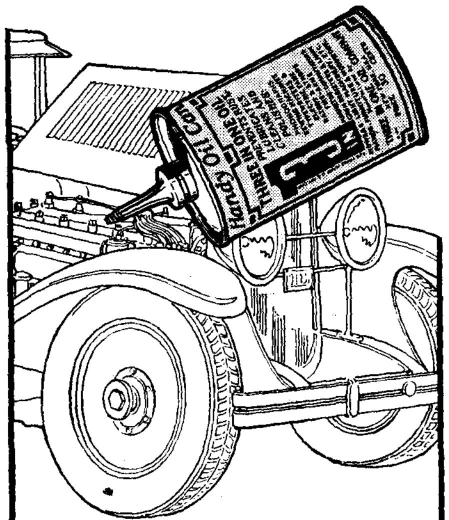

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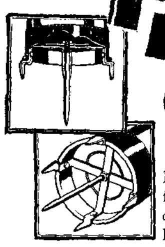

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"Anne's sister," said she, just as swiftly; "Anne's twin—Tabitha."

"Oh," said Colonel Kevin Burke.

"Yes," said Anne positively, emphatically. "Lots of people think we look alike, but it's not so noticeable when we're together. Anne's so much more—more—well, you know."

He nodded gravely.

She went on, quite pleased with her histrionic abilities: "Between you and me, I don't think features amount to much anyway—it's what lies behind them really. The personality, I mean. Take Anne and me, for example. Our eyes, noses, mouths, are similar, but there the resemblance ends, as you can easily see. Anne's got a vivid personality, while I—well, my personality is best expressed in gingham picking rose-bugs."

"Do you really like picking rose-bugs?" the colonel asked suddenly.

Anne frowned at the bush before her. "No—I loathe it. But Uncle Uly's got rheumatism and can't kneel down and this rose garden is his one pride and joy since he can no longer wear his resplendent false teeth."

Burke laughed. Not silently, as on that other night, but with full articulation.

When he had done, he said, suddenly, without prelude: "I say, why not change and come for a ride with me?"

She remembered the riding boots . . . he had ridden—from somewhere—over to see Anne . . . to see *Anne*. . . .

She said swiftly: "Oh, I couldn't."

"Why not?"

She attempted to dissemble. "So much to do. Besides, it's too warm."

He did not insist. After all, he had come—after five months, five eternities—to see *Anne*. . . . Anne of the Garbo hairdress and sophisticated manner. . . . Not Tabitha of the faded gingham and commonplace utterances.

She said quickly: "Anne will be so sorry she missed you. She'll be back for tea. You—you might come to tea."

He said slowly: "I might."

Might? He must.

"You'll surely come?"

"Surely."

"I—I expect she will be glad to see you again."

"And I'll be glad to see her—very glad, I may tell you."

Well, that was *that*. Anne it was . . . the vivid red aura had won after all . . . men have a crude taste for red. . . .

"Well—good-by."

"Good-by."

And he was gone. A "good-by" for Tabitha now, as it had been a "good-by" for Anne then.

Anne got slowly up and went slowly towards the house.

THE old grandfather's clock was striking the half hour of four when Anne Tabitha went into the living-room that afternoon. The long dim room was cool with the pale gleam of pewter on Spanish mahogany and fragrant with the elusive perfume of lemon-oil and crushed rose-petals. She put the flowers she carried into a wide-mouthed majolica "crock," then went over to a mirror.

Men have a crude taste for red . . . even the *liaison* officer between the gods and mortal. . . . But what was the use, oh, what was the use of making an effort, any effort, for that thing, so elusive, so unsubstantial, so easily influenced, which one calls love?

She turned away from the mirror.

From the doorway, Uncle Uly said with relish: "Cunnel Kevin Burke."

Anne's heart stood still. Time, planets, the entire cosmic universe stood still. Then Kevin Burke came in.

He came into the long dim room and stood, suddenly motionless, gazing straight across at Anne Tabitha.

She waited for him to speak. When he did not, when he continued to stand there, motionless, silent, she said, with a shadowy smile: "We meet, Colonel Burke, for the third time."

And he said: "For all time, Anne Tabitha."

Her eyes rested in his. "What do you mean?"

He came swiftly towards her. She did not seem aware that he was holding her two hands in his as he answered: "What do you think I mean, Anne Tabitha?"

She turned her gaze from him.

She said, with an effort: "You can't possibly mean—" her eyes came back to his steadily, bravely: "what I hope you mean."

And she waited for her answer. It did not come. But looking into his face, Anne saw there what she had been seeking, unconsciously, always.

THEN Kevin led her over to the divan. They pronounced each other's names as if just discovered.

"Kevin!"

"Anne—darling!"

Anne sat very still. "I'm afraid to move," she said at last. "I'm afraid I'll wake myself up."

"And I."

"But how did you know—*when* did you know?"

"The moment I'd kissed you."

"But you went away—without a word of ever seeing me again—of even wanting to see me again."

"I was afraid of you—of what you might do to me."

"Darling, but *why?*"

"Because you were so utterly modern, Anne. So completely of that life with which I have—could never have—any sympathy or connection. I'd watched you dancing—you'll never realize Anne, how lovely you are dancing—and I thought you looked different, aloof, from those stereotyped dolls surrounding you. Your face, in repose, had a sort of shimmering, poetic enchantment. So I cut in, purposely without an introduction, so that I might discover you, and all about you, for myself—"

"And I hastened to disenchant you, to disillusion you."

"No, not that. But to make me wonder—to pull myself sharply up. No use, I thought, deliberately placing myself in the torture-chamber. It was as if a sign reading 'Unhappiness ahead' warned me."

Anne did not speak. So there was a long moment of silence.

Then she said dreamily: "But you came back."

He looked away from her, at the jar of yellow roses. "Yes, I came back. I couldn't help myself."

ANNE took his splendid dark head in her narrow hands and turned his face to hers.

She said: "Kevin, you must be sure—sure of what brought you back. Was it the memory of the girl who boldly told you she loved you? The memory of a compelling personality?"

"Darling, it wasn't any personality. It was just you. You—Anne . . . Tabitha . . . or Anne-Tabitha . . . just you. And the thought, the memory, of the kiss you gave me."

The thought of that kiss suddenly reminded them—

Later, quite a while later, Anne Tabitha smoothed down her pale, straight, simply arranged hair. But there was no make-up to repair. And the plain little blue crêpe frock that she wore did not crush easily.

Men have a crude taste for red? . . . Well, perhaps. . . . But it stands to reason that the *liaison* officer between gods and mortals should be just a trifle, just a little bit different.

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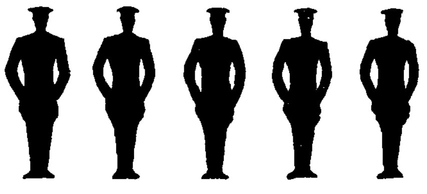

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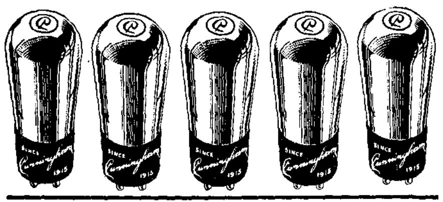

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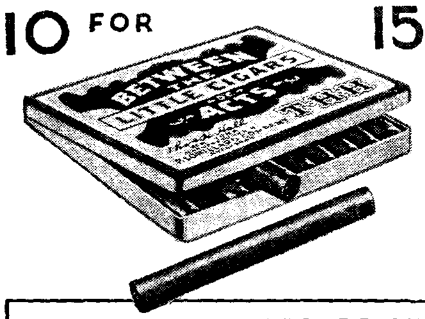

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Picked Out of the Air

by Jack Binns

THE MASTER-PIECE
THE POPULAR HIT

THE gent who keeps me informed of the doings at WBBM in Chicago quotes Nate Caldwell, chief announcer there, as saying: "A number becomes hackneyed only if poorly played, and Yes Sir, That's My Baby should be just as well received the millionth time it is played over the radio as it was when introduced, providing it is well played."

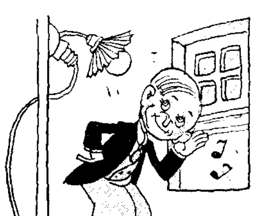
There may be something in Nate's view, but unfortunately one hundred million people in this country do not agree with him, otherwise we would still be hearing Yes, We Have No Bananas, especially as that song had the advantage of being a potpourri of classical excerpts.

No, Nate! Music, like literature, has certain masterpieces, sired by genius out of supreme inspiration. These remain ever youthful throughout the ages, while the rest just sprout up, blossom a moment, wither away and finally reach eternal rest in oblivion.

Let's Have the Tax

THERE is spirited opposition to the proposed tax on broadcast stations. In their campaign some of the broadcasters will undoubtedly attempt to stir up public sympathy and use the aroused public interest against any bill that may be introduced in Congress for that purpose.

It costs the country almost a million dollars per annum to regulate radio through the Federal Radio Commission. No matter what the broadcasters may say the public has to pay the bill, and no argument they can raise will alter that fact. The right to broadcast is a privilege conferred by the public on the broadcaster. His main object after getting the permit is to make a profit on the transaction. He should pay for this privilege in the same manner as any other concern pays for valuable franchises received from the government.



A tax on broadcasting is sound. The stations unable to meet it will be chiefly those who are operating more for their own profit than in the public interest. Such a tax might conceivably achieve what the Federal Radio Commission has failed to do; that is, eliminate half of the present stations now in useless operation every day.

The Two Floridas

THE epic story of the Florida rescue has been fully told and by this time almost forgotten. There was an interesting coincidence about the event, however, that was not told in the newspapers. Exactly twenty years previously, almost to the very hour, another Italian steamer, also named the Florida, crashed into the liner Republic during a dense fog, within a comparatively short distance from the spot where the newer Florida foundered.

That event twenty years ago put radio to its first great test and focused public attention on its potentiality as a means of saving life at sea. On that occasion two thousand lives were saved. So impressed were the civilized nations of the world that all of them passed laws immediately, making it compulsory for ocean-going ships to be equipped with radio. The increased demand for radio apparatus that followed the passage of these laws made it possible to undertake the research that has culminated in so many wondrous things, including radio broadcasting.

Subsequent marine disasters led to additional radio legislation, such as the laws which require a continuous day-and-night watch by radio while ships are at sea. Let us hope that in our admiration of the heroism displayed in emergencies at sea we will not overlook the lesson it teaches: *Every ship that crosses the seas should be equipped with a radio compass direction finder. When human life is in peril money is of no consequence.*

Wireless Wire Tapping

HERE is a cute little yarn related to me by R. H. Marriott, who has been radio engineering ever since Marconi invented radio by hitching an aërial wire to an electric spark. R. H. is now chief engineering for the much harassed Radio Commission. Well, here is the tale:

In the far reaches of Flatbush, N. Y., where two-family houses hold each other up on every block, one family invested in an electric socket-operated radio receiver. At the end of the month the lady of the house was in ecstasy. "It doesn't cost me a cent to work it," she exclaimed to her friends. "I watched the electric bill and it's just the same as it's always been!"

A couple of weeks later the floor lamp attached to the same socket as the radio went out. So did the radio. The man who owned the house and lived in the apartment upstairs came rushing down.

"What's the matter?" he asked, excitedly. "All the lights in my place have gone out."

"Mine are all right," replied the lady tenant, "but the radio won't work."

When the electrician came in to locate the trouble he found that the downstairs socket had been ingeniously connected to the main lead of the electricity supply that served the owner's apartment upstairs.

It was discovered later that this job had been done by a previous tenant noted for his thrifty habits.

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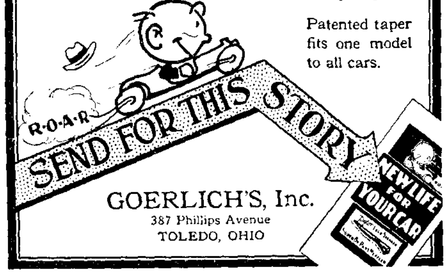

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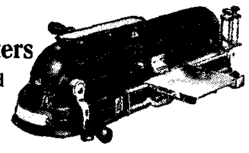

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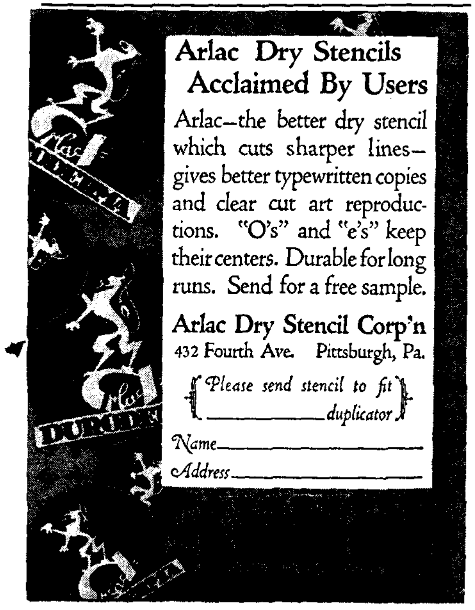

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Shall we fill up the Canal?

Continued from page 42

upon the same character of traffic destined to this intermediate territory.

There can be no question, however, that the use of the Panama Canal has placed a serious handicap on industry and agriculture in the Middle West. President Hoover, when Secretary of Commerce, recognized this. He said:

"The opening of the Panama Canal has caused a further realignment of the economic relationships of the country since the war. These changes have placed Mid-West industry practically in a new and disadvantageous situation with respect to the rest of the country, and the world's markets as a whole.

"We can roughly visualize this if we set up a new measuring unit in the shape of the number of cents which it takes to carry a ton of staple goods at the present rates. Using that measuring rod and taking in every case the cheapest route, we find that before the war New York was 1,904 cents away from San Francisco, while now it is only 1,680 cents away. But Chicago, which was 2,610 cents away from the Pacific Coast before the war, is today 2,946 cents away.

Changing the Money Map

"In other words, Chicago has moved 336 cents away from the Pacific Coast, while New York has moved 224 cents closer to the Pacific Coast. A similar calculation will show that in the same period, as ocean rates remained about the same, Chicago has moved 594 cents away from the markets of the Atlantic Seaboard and South America. The same ratios apply to other Mid-West points.

"With the permanently higher cost of labor and materials we cannot expect any consequential reduction in our railroad rates without ruin to that vital circulating system. Our railways have reached the highest efficiency in their history, and we must maintain them in that condition. They are not, for the whole nation, earning more than enough to assure their stability. Some of them are earning less than enough. We cannot close the Panama Canal, nor can we raise Atlantic Ocean and other sea rates. I believe, however, that we can contribute greatly to remedying this situation by improvement of our waterways."

The Panama Canal has exerted an important influence on the rate structure of our national system of rail transportation—a structure which came about in a haphazard way in the early days of railroading, when each road had its own rates, independent of its neighbors and competitors.

Later the roads formed associations and pools. Abuses grew up that Congress sought to correct. In 1887 the Interstate Commerce Commission was established. In 1906 the commission was given power to regulate railroad rates. During the next fifteen years its rate-making powers were largely repressive—to forbid discrimination, to prevent pooling, to check abuses.

In 1920 the Transportation Act gave the commission large rate powers, some of them constructive in character—authority to fix rates that would enable the railroads to earn a fair return; authority to recapture one half of the excess earnings of prosperous roads, and authority to fix minimum as well as maximum rates.

The Lake Cargo Coal Case is an example of the commission's activity under the last-named power. The Interstate Commerce Act forbids any common carrier to charge rates that will "give any undue or unreasonable preference or advantage to any particular person, company, firm, corporation or locality, or any particular description of traffic."

In the Lake Cargo Coal Case the commission found that the rates on bituminous coal from mines in Pennsylvania and Ohio were unreasonable and thereupon prescribed reasonable rates for the future. It found also that rates on lake traffic from mines in the Fairmont district of West Virginia were not unreasonable or unduly prejudicial.

Shippers of coal from the southern tier of states—Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee—objected strenuously to this decision which forbade them to reduce their rates on lake cargo coal and at the same time prescribed lower rates from Ohio and Pennsylvania. They carried their protest before the Interstate Commerce Commission and lost. They carried it before the United States Senate and defeated the reappointment of one of the ablest members of the Interstate Commerce Commission. They applied to the courts for an injunction to prevent the commission from enforcing this order, which was granted April 15, 1928.

Perhaps the most perplexing offshoot of the whole rate problem is the long and short haul.

Get out your geography. Take railroads running from Cumberland, Md., to Washington, D. C. The distance over the direct line, the B. & O., is 150 miles. The distance over its competitor, the Pennsylvania, is 311 miles. Naturally the Pennsylvania wants to get its share of freight moving from Cumberland to Washington, and residents of Cumberland desire to have more than one road over which they can ship their freight.

Our Toughest Problem

The distance used as a basis for the freight rate charged by both roads—and this rate must be the same for both to enable the roads to divide the traffic—is the short-line distance, 150 miles.

So, you would say, naturally, that the rate for the B. & O.'s 150 miles and the Pennsylvania's 311 should be the same.

Very good, but what about the rates to intermediate points on the Pennsylvania between the point that is 150 miles from Cumberland, and Washington, at the end of the line? Lemoyne, Pa., for example, is 188 miles from Cumberland; York is 214 and Baltimore 279 miles. Under the long-and-short-haul clause the Washington rate would hold down all of the intermediate rates to a 150-mile basis. But this is not all. Some points, like Baltimore, are competitive; others, like Lemoyne, are not. Unless the commission gives the Pennsylvania Railroad authority to charge a higher rate to Lemoyne than to Washington (which is 123 miles farther away), the rate to Lemoyne and to many other noncompetitive points must be held down to a 150-mile basis.

Scientific rate revision, therefore, is not so simple as it sounds. A million factors intervene, not the least of which is the Panama Canal.

Shall we fill up the canal?

That is a ridiculous question, of course. But its consideration has been worth while if it has furnished the peg upon which to hang a discussion of railroad rates—the most intricate, most complex, yet most universal in far-reaching effect, upon communities and the individual, of any of our national economic problems.

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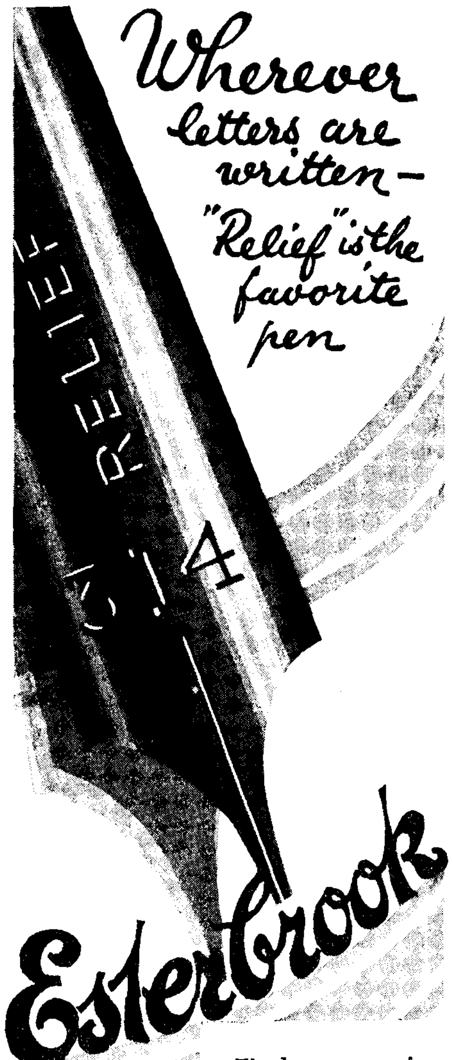
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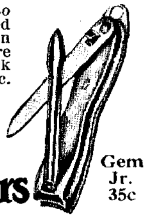

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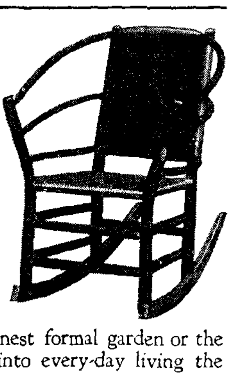

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Summer Lightning

Continued from page 11

of course. Who else do you suppose it would be?"

"What?"

"I had a note from him after luncheon. It was a short notice, of course, but that doesn't matter in the country. He took it for granted that we were not engaged."

"Constance!" Lord Emsworth swelled slightly. "Constance. I will not—dash it, I will not—dine with that man. And that's final."

Lady Constance smiled a sort of lion-tamer's smile. She had expected sales-resistance, and was prepared to cope with it. Not readily, she knew, would her brother become Parsloe-conscious.

"PLEASE do not be absurd, Clarence. I thought you would say that. I have already accepted for you, Galahad, myself, and Millicent. If Sir Gregory has most sensibly decided to make the first move toward a reconciliation, we cannot possibly refuse the overture."

"Indeed? And what about my friend? Arriving this evening."

"He can look after himself for a few hours, I should imagine."

"Abominable rudeness, he'll think it." This line of attack had occurred to Lord Emsworth quite suddenly. He found it good. "I invite my friend Pilbeam here to pay us a visit, and the moment he arrives we meet him at the front door, dash it, and say, 'Ah, here you are, Pilbeam! Well, amuse yourself, Pilbeam. We're off,' And this Miss—er— . . . this American girl. What will she think?"

"Did you say Pilbeam?" asked the Hon. Galahad.

"It is no use talking, Clarence. Dinner is at eight. And please see that your dress clothes are nicely pressed."

"Once and for all, I tell you . . ."

At this moment an unexpected ally took the arena on Lady Constance's side.

"Of course we must go, Clarence," said the Hon. Galahad, and Lord Emsworth, spinning round to face this flank attack, was surprised to see a swift, meaning wink come and go on his brother's face. "Nothing gained by having unpleasantness with your neighbors in the country. Always a mistake."

"Exactly," said Lady Constance, a little dazed at finding this Saul among the prophets, but glad of the helping hand. "In the country one is quite dependent on one's neighbors."

"And young Parsloe—not such a bad chap, Clarence. Lots of good in Parsloe. We shall have a pleasant evening."

"I am relieved to find that you, at any rate, have sense, Galahad," said Lady Constance handsomely. "I will leave you to try and drive some of it into Clarence's head. Come, Mr. Baxter, we shall be late."

The sound of the car's engine had died away before Lord Emsworth's feelings found relief in speech.

"But, Galahad, my dear fellow!"

"It's all right, Clarence, my boy. I know what I'm doing. I have the situation well in hand."

"Dine with Parsloe after what has occurred? After what occurred yesterday? It's impossible. Why on earth the man is inviting us, I can't understand."

"I suppose he thinks that if he gives us a dinner I shall relent and omit the prawn story. A clever move."

"But what do you want to go for?"

The Hon. Galahad raked the hall with a conspiratorial monocle. It appeared to be empty. Nevertheless, he looked under a settee and, going to the front door, swiftly scanned the gravel.

"Shall I tell you something, Clarence?"

"Most decidedly."

"Something that'll bring the sparkle to your eyes?"

"By all means. I should enjoy it."

"You know what we're going to do? Tonight? After dining with Parsloe and sending Constance back in the car?"

"No."

The Hon. Galahad placed his lips to his brother's ear.

"We're going to steal his pig, my boy."

"What!"

"It came to me in a flash while Constance was talking. Parsloe stole the Empress. Very well, we'll steal Pride of Matchingham. Then we'll be in a position to look young Parsloe squarely in the eye and say 'What about it?' "

Lord Emsworth swayed gently. His brain, never a strong one, had tottered perceptibly on its throne.

"Galahad!"

"Only thing to do. Reprisals. Recognized military maneuvers."

"But how? Galahad, how can it be done?"

"Easily. If young Parsloe stole the Empress, why should we have any difficulty in stealing his animal? You show me where he keeps it, my boy, and I'll do the rest. Puffy Benger and I stole old Wivenhoe's pig at Hammers Easton in the year '95. We put it in Plug Basham's bedroom. And we'll put Parsloe's pig in a bedroom, too."

"In a bedroom?"

"Well, a sort of bedroom. Where are we to hide the animal, that's what you've been asking yourself, isn't it? I'll tell you. We're going to put it in that caravan that your flower-pot-throwing friend Baxter arrived in. Nobody's going to think of looking there. Then we'll be in a position to talk terms to young Parsloe, and I think he will very soon see the game is up."

Lord Emsworth was looking at his brother almost devoutly. He had always known that Galahad's intelligence was superior to his own, but he had never realized it could soar to quite such lofty heights as this. It was, he supposed, the result of the life his brother had lived. He himself, sheltered through the peaceful, uneventful years at Blandings Castle, had allowed his brain to become comparatively atrophied. But Galahad, battling through these same years with hostile skittle-sharps and the sort of man that used to be a member of the old Pelican Club, had kept his clear and vigorous.

"YOU really think it would be feasible?"

"Trust me. By the way, Clarence, this man Pilbeam of yours. Do you know if he was ever anything except a detective?"

"I have no idea, my dear fellow. I know nothing of him. I have merely spoken to him on the telephone. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. I'll ask him when he arrives. Where are you going?"

"Into the garden."

"It's raining."

"I have my mackintosh. I really—I feel I really must walk about after what you have told me. I am in a state of considerable excitement."

"Well, work it off before you see Constance again. It won't do to have her start suspecting there's something up. If there's anything you want to ask me about, you'll find me in the smoking-room."

For some twenty minutes the hall of Blandings Castle remained empty. Then Beach appeared. At the same moment, from the gravel outside there came the purring of a high-powered car and the sound of voices. Beach posed himself in the doorway, looking, as he always did on these occasions, like the Spirit of Blandings welcoming the lucky guest.

"Leave the door open, Beach," said Lady Constance.

"Very good, your ladyship."

"I think the smell of the wet earth and the flowers is so refreshing, don't you?"

The butler did not—he was not one of your fresh-air men. Rightly conjecturing, however, that the question had been addressed not to him but to the girl in the beige suit who had accompanied the speaker up the steps, he forbore to reply. He cast an appraising bulging-eyed look at this girl and decided that she met with his approval. Smaller and slighter than the type of woman he usually admired, he found her, nevertheless, even by his own exacting standards of criticism, noticeably attractive. He liked her face and he liked the way she was dressed. Her frock was right, her shoes were right, her stockings were right, and her hat was right. As far as Beach was concerned, Sue had passed the Censor.

Her demeanor pleased him, too. From the flush on her face and the sparkle in her eyes, she seemed to be taking her first entry into Blandings Castle in quite the proper spirit of reverential excitement.

"I don't think this shower will last long," said Lady Constance.

"No," said Sue, smiling brightly.

"And now you must be wanting some tea after your journey."

"Yes," said Sue, smiling brightly.

IT SEEMED to her that she had been smiling brightly for centuries. The moment she had alighted from the train and found her formidable hostess and this strangely sinister Mr. Baxter waiting to meet her on the platform, she had begun to smile brightly and had been doing it ever since.

"Usually we have tea on the lawn. It is so nice there."

"It must be."

"When the rain is over, Mr. Baxter, you must show Miss Schoonmaker the rose garden."

"I shall be delighted," said the Efficient Baxter.

He flashed gleaming spectacles in her direction, and a momentary panic gripped Sue. She feared that already this man had probed her secret. In his glance, it seemed to her, there shone suspicion.

Such, however, was not the case. It was only the combination of large spectacles and heavy eyebrows that had created the illusion. Although Rupert Baxter was a man who generally suspected everybody on principle, it so happened that he had accepted Sue without question. The glance was an admiring, almost a loving glance. It would be too much to say that Baxter had already fallen a victim to Sue's charms, but the good looks which he saw and the wealth which he had been told about were undeniably beginning to fan the hidden fire.

"My brother is a great rose-grower."

"Yes, isn't he? I mean I think roses are lovely." The spectacles were beginning to sap Sue's morale. They seemed to be eating into her soul like some sort of corrosive acid. "How nice and old everything is here," she went on hurriedly. "What is that funny-looking gargoyle thing over there?"

What she actually referred to was a Japanese mask which hung from the wall, and it was unfortunate that the

Hon. Galahad should have chosen this moment to come out of the smoking-room. It made the question seem personal.

"My brother Galahad," said Lady Constance. "Galahad, this is Miss Schoonmaker."

"Really?" the Hon. Galahad trotted briskly up. "Is it? Bless my soul! Well, well, well!"

"How do you do?" said Sue, smiling brightly.

"How are you, my dear? I know your father intimately."

The bright smile faded. Sue had tried to plan this venture of hers carefully, looking ahead for all possible pitfalls, but that she would encounter people who knew Mr. Schoonmaker intimately she had not foreseen.

"Haven't seen him lately, of course. Let me see . . . Must be twenty-five years since we met. Yes, quite twenty-five years."

A WARM and lasting friendship was destined to spring up between Sue and the Hon. Galahad Threepwood, but never in the whole course of it did she experience again quite the gush of whole-hearted affection which surged over her at these words.

"I wasn't born then," she said.

The Hon. Galahad was babbling on happily.

"A great fellow, old Johnny. You'll find some stories about him in my book. I'm writing my Reminiscences, you know. Fine sportsman, old Johnny. Great grief to him, I remember, when he broke his leg and had to go into a nursing-home in the middle of the racing season. However, he made the best of it. Got the nurses interested in current form and used to make a book with them in fruit and cigarettes and things. I recollect coming to see him one day and finding him quite worried. He was a most conscientious man, with a horror of not settling up when he lost, and apparently one of the girls had had a suet dumpling on the winner of the three o'clock race at fifteen to eight, and he couldn't figure out what he had got to pay her."

Sue, laughing gratefully, was aware of a drooping presence at her side.

"My niece Millicent," said Lady Constance. "Millicent, my dear, this is Miss Schoonmaker."

"How do you do?" said Sue, smiling brightly.

"How do you do?" said Millicent, like the silent tomb breaking its silence.

Sue regarded her with interest. So this was Hugo's Millicent. The sight of her caused Sue to wonder at the ardent nature of that young man's devotion. Millicent was pretty, but she would have thought that one of his exuberant disposition would have preferred something a little livelier.

She was startled to observe in the girl's eye a look of surprise. In a situation as delicate as hers was, Sue had no wish to occasion surprise to anyone.

"Ronnie's friend?" asked Millicent. "The Miss Schoonmaker Ronnie met at Biarritz?"

"Yes," said Sue faintly.

"But I thought you were very tall. I'm sure Ronnie told me so."

"I suppose almost anyone seems tall to that boy," said the Hon. Galahad.

Sue took a deep breath. Life at Blandings Castle was plainly going to be a series of shocks. She sat back with a sensation of dizziness. Baxter's spectacles seemed to her to be glittering more suspiciously than ever.

"Have you seen Ronald anywhere, Millicent?" asked Lady Constance.

"Not since lunch. I suppose he's out in the garden somewhere."

"I saw him half an hour ago," said the Hon. Galahad. "He came mooning along under my window while I was polishing up some stuff I wrote this afternoon. I called to him, but he just grunted and wandered off."

"He will be surprised to find you here," said Lady Constance, turning to Sue. "Your telegram did not arrive till after lunch, so he does not know that you were planning to come today. Unless you told him, Galahad."

"I didn't tell him. Never occurred to me that he knew Miss Schoonmaker. Forgot you'd met him at Biarritz. What was he like then? Reasonably cheerful?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Didn't scowl and jump and gasp and quiver all over the place?"

"No."

"Then something must have happened when he went up to London. It was after he came back that I remember noticing that he seemed upset about something. Ah, the rain's stopped."

Lady Constance looked over her shoulder.

"The sky still looks very threatening," she said, "but you might be able to get out for a few minutes. Mr. Baxter," she explained, "is going to show Miss Schoonmaker the rose garden."

"No, he isn't," said the Hon. Galahad, who had been scrutinizing Sue through his monocle with growing appreciation. "I am. Old Johnny Schoonmaker's little girl . . . why, there are a hundred things I want to discuss."

The last thing Sue desired was to be left alone with the intimidating Baxter. She rose quickly.

"I should love to come," she said.

The prospect of discussing the intimate affairs of the Schoonmaker family was not an agreeable one, but anything was better than the society of the spectacles.

"Perhaps," said the Hon. Galahad, as he led her to the door, "you'll be able to put me right about that business of old Johnny and the mysterious woman at the New Year's Eve party. As I got the story, Johnny suddenly found this female—a perfect stranger, mind you—with her arms round his neck, telling him in a confidential undertone that she had made up her mind to go straight back to Des Moines, Iowa, and stick a knife into Fred. What he had done to win her confidence and who Fred was and whether she ever did stick a knife into him, your father hadn't found out by the time I left for home."

His voice died away, and a moment later the Efficient Baxter, starting as if a sudden thought had entered his powerful brain, rose abruptly and made quickly for the stairs.

THE rose garden at Blandings Castle was a famous beauty spot. Enthusiastic horticulturists frequently went pottering and sniffing about it for hours on end. The tour through its fragrant groves personally conducted by the Hon. Galahad Threepwood lasted some six minutes.

"Well, that's what it is, you see," he said, as they emerged, waving a hand vaguely. "Roses and—er roses, and all that sort of thing. You get the idea. And now, if you don't mind, I ought to be getting back. I want to keep in touch with the house. It slipped my mind, but I'm expecting a man to call to see me at any moment on some rather important business."

She was quite willing to return. She liked her companion, but she had found his company embarrassing. The subject of the Schoonmaker family history showed a tendency to bulk too largely in his conversation for comfort. Fortunately, his practice of asking a question and answering it himself and then rambling off into some anecdote of the person or persons involved had enabled her so far to avoid disaster; but there

(Continued on page 70)

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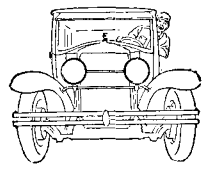

THE manufacturer of your car put on a Purolator as standard equipment to save you money and save you trouble by filtering the lubricating oil.

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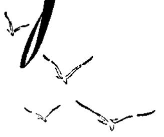

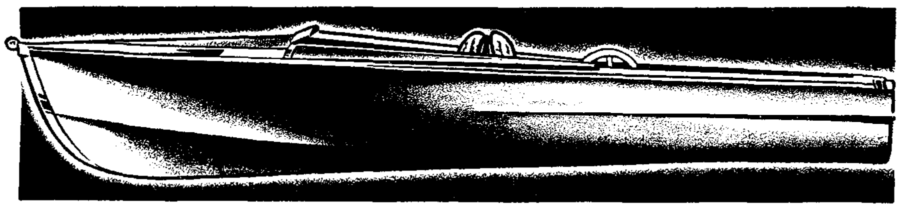

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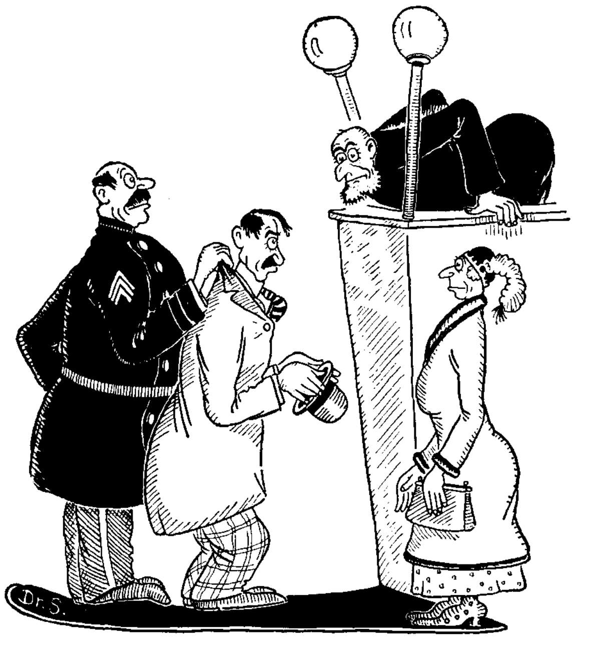


Officer—This heartless husband compels his wife to live in Mosquitoville and refuses to buy her Flit.
Judge—Ten years hard labor. (Advertisement)

(*Continued from page 69*)

was no saying how long this happy state of things would last. She was glad of the opportunity of being alone.

Besides, Ronnie was somewhere out in these grounds. At any moment, if she went wandering through them, she might come upon him. And then, she told herself, all would be well. Surely he could not preserve his sullen hostility in the face of the fact that she had come all this way, pretending dangerously to be Miss Schoonmaker of New York, simply in order to see him?

Her companion, she found, was still talking.

"He wants to see me about a play. This book of mine is going to make a stir, you see, and he thinks that if he can get me to put my name to the play . . ."

SUE'S thoughts wandered again. She gathered that the caller he was expecting had to do with the theatrical industry, and wondered for a moment if it was anyone she had ever heard of. She was not sufficiently interested to make inquiries. She was too busy thinking of Ronnie.

"I shall be quite happy," she said, as the voice beside her ceased. "It's such a lovely place. I shall enjoy just wandering about by myself."

The Hon. Galahad seemed shocked at the idea.

"Wouldn't dream of leaving you alone. Clarence will look after you, and I shall be back in a few minutes."

The name seemed to Sue to strike a familiar chord. Then she remembered. Lord Emsworth. Ronnie's Uncle Clarence. The man who held Ronnie's destinies in the hollow of his hand.

"Hi! Clarence!" called the Hon. Galahad.

Sue perceived pottering toward them a long, stringy man of mild, benevolent aspect. She was conscious of something of a shock. In Ronnie's conversation, the Earl of Emsworth had always appeared in the light of a sort of latter-day ogre, a man at whom the stoutest nephew might well shudder. She saw nothing formidable in this newcomer.

"Is that Lord Emsworth?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes. Clarence, this is Miss Schoonmaker."

His Lordship had pottered up and was beaming amiably.

"Is it, indeed? Oh, ah, yes, to be sure. Delighted. How are you? How are you? Miss Who?"

"Schoonmaker. Daughter of my old friend Johnny Schoonmaker. You knew she was arriving. Considering that you were in the hall when Constance went to meet her. . . ."

"Oh, yes." The cloud was passing from what, for want of a better word, must be called Lord Emsworth's mind. "Yes, yes, yes. Yes, to be sure."

"I've got to leave you to look after her for a few moments, Clarence."

"Certainly, certainly."

"Take her about and show her things. I wouldn't go too far from the house, if I were you. There's a storm coming up."

"Exactly. Precisely. Yes, I will take her about and show her things. Are you fond of pigs?"

Sue had never considered this point before. Hers had been an urban life, and she could not remember ever having come into contact with a pig on what might be termed a social footing. But, remembering that this was the man whom Ronnie had described as being wrapped up in one of these animals, she smiled her bright smile.

"Oh, yes. Very."

"Mine has been stolen."

"I'm so sorry."

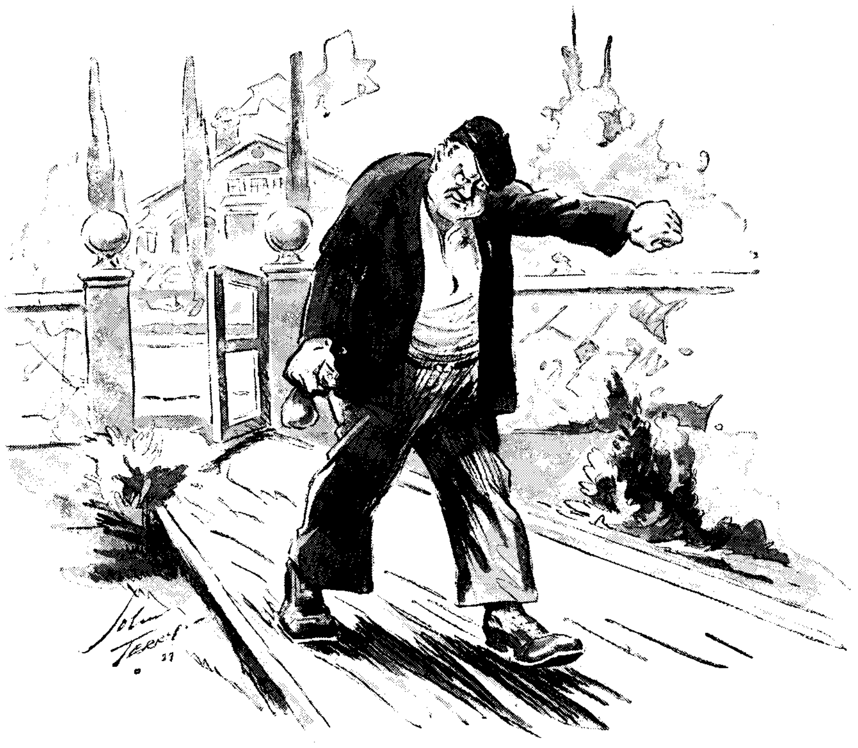
Lord Emsworth was visibly pleased at this womanly sympathy.

"But I now have strong hopes that she may be recovered. The trained mind is everything. What I always say . . ."

WHAT it was that Lord Emsworth always said was unfortunately destined to remain unrevealed. It would probably have been something good, but the world was not to hear it; for at this moment, completely breaking his train of thought, there came from above, from the direction of the window of the small library, an odd, scrabbling sound. Something shot through the air. And the next instant there appeared in the middle of a flower bed containing lobelias something that was so manifestly not a lobelia that he stared at it in stunned amazement, speech wiped from his lips as with a sponge.

It was the Efficient Baxter. He was on all fours, and seemed to be groping about for his spectacles, which had fallen off and got hidden in the undergrowth.

(*To be continued next week*)



The iceman brings home a bag of popcorn

Nothing up my Sleeve

Continued from page 17

moment some drunken miner to unlimber his artillery, I discovered a new method of doing the famous Rising Card trick.

I returned to Butte with more money in my pocket than usual. There I became acquainted with Clare Evans and his wife, a variety sketch team. Evans had a little money saved and he suggested that we give over the music-hall game for a while and make a wagon trip to the Yellowstone Park to hunt, fish and idle as we saw fit, and on such occasions as we felt like it to give our show along the route.

We gave our performance in towns and villages along the way, in schoolhouses, at ranches and mining camps. Frequently we performed in dining-rooms of hotels, even in section houses; and once we gave a two-hour show in a box car on a railroad siding before an audience of Indians, cowboys, miners and section hands.

In the Presence of Herrmann!

When we returned to Denver fortune smiled on us, and we secured an engagement at a variety theater known as the Alcazar. The salaries were small, but there was enough to live on and buy some sadly needed clothing.

What little time I had to myself between the afternoon and evening performance I spent in practicing sleights in the lobby of the Tabor Grand, where Leon Herrmann, Alexander's nephew and successor, was playing. One afternoon while in the midst of a particularly intricate piece of manipulation, I became conscious that I was being watched. Turning quickly, I encountered a tall, lank man with a sharp face and mustaches that bristled at each corner of his sensitive lips. He was leaning against a railing in front of the ticket window, watching me with an amused smile.

"Don't mind me," he said. "I dabble a bit in magic myself. Go on."

But I couldn't go on. The eyes of the man seemed to fascinate me. They were a cool, clear, hazel gray, and bored into one like a bit. He saw my embarrassment, came forward and held out a cordial hand.

"You're the young fellow that's doing a turn over at the Alcazar?"

Quickly I came to my senses and nodded my head.

"I saw your act this afternoon. The Rising Card trick's a corker. Your own?"

"Yes."

"It fooled me. I'm guessing over it yet. Been doing it long?"

I told him briefly the history of the trick.

"It's a good trick," he commented. "I told Mr. Herrmann about it and he wants to see you. If I were you I'd run over and see him while it's fresh in his mind. He's at the Palace." And before I could thank him my visitor had disappeared into the theater.

To me the occasion in minutest detail is unforgettable. The Great Herrmann had sent for me! I controlled my emotion, however, long enough to ask a question of the young fellow in the ticket office.

"Billy Robinson," he replied sharply.

My brain buzzed with two thoughts—Herrmann had sent for me, and I had been talking to Billy Robinson—the great Billy Robinson, the maker of magicians, for years Alexander Herrmann's stage manager, the man reputed to know more about magic than any other living person.

Herrmann met me in the lobby.

He questioned me about my Rising Card trick. He had heard of it—and would I be so kind as to show him the trick in his own apartment.

My heart leaped at the chance, and a plan flashed into my head.

"It would be impossible in a room," I said. "The trick can only be done on a stage."

Herrmann shrugged his shoulders and frowned. "It is impos-see-ble; I have not ze time to go to the theater."

I was trembling with eagerness but managed to control my voice. "That is not necessary. I can do the trick on your own stage—before your performance tonight."

He flashed a scornful look at me. "On my stage? Impos-see-ble, M'sieur. No one is ever allowed on my stage."

I persisted. "I'm sorry. I should like to show you the trick, and it can only be performed on a lighted stage."

"How long will it take you to do ze trick?"

"Not more than ten minutes."

"Very well. At ze theater at 7:30. You do ze trick then before my company."

My head buzzed with a great plan. Should I succeed in mystifying Herrmann the advertising I could get out of it would in all probability pave the way for an engagement in the big vaudeville houses of the East.

I rushed up the stairs to the editorial room of the Denver Post. The city editor sensed the news value of the story before I had spoken a dozen words.

"Good stuff," he said. "Unknown magician mystifies master of the art. That'll make a good double-column drop-head. You pull that stunt off and I'll give you a story with a two-column picture. Be here at seven and I'll send one of the boys with you."

I left the office with a buoyant heart, feeling as if success and fortune were already within reach.

But in my elation I did not forget that the battle was not over—that, in fact, it was only half won. There still remained the most dangerous task of all—to interview the stage manager of the Tabor Grand. Without his assistance and connivance I could not hope for success, for the Rising Card trick depended on certain secret preparations.

Highly Important Preparations

It was with no little trepidation that I approached this part of the task. I walked briskly to the stage entrance, opened the door, holding my breath the while, and peering inside as fearfully as if the stage had been a haunted chamber. The next instant my heart leaped out of me, for a voice out of the gloom behind me was saying:

"What are you doing on this stage?"

With an effort I managed to gasp out: "Are you the stage manager of the theater?"

"Yes, what about it?"

I told him very frankly about myself, about my Rising Card trick, how it was accomplished, of the necessity of making secret preparations on the stage, about Herrmann's interest in the trick, and how if I should succeed in mystifying him on his own stage I stood a good chance of interesting Eastern managers in my act.

He listened without a word of comment, but I could see by an occasional smile that flickered across his face that he was interested. "All right; I am with you. Come around at seven. That'll give you time to fix the stage."

I was on time to the second, and peer-

(*Continued on page 72*)

You don't have to be an expert to use Corona

By a Modern Girl

I HAD an interesting experience recently. I was down town shopping. "What beautiful colored typewriters!" I exclaimed. I had stopped beside an attractive counter display.

"They *are* beauties, aren't they?" replied the man behind the counter. "Wouldn't you like to try one?"

"Oh, no, thank you. I'm not expert enough. I never used a typewriter in my life."

The clerk laughed. "You don't have to be an expert to use Corona. Children in the first grade in school use them."

"Really?"

"Yes, indeed. Corona is the simplest typewriter in the world to operate. Mechanical engineers studied twenty years to make it easy for beginners."

"How long does it take to learn?"

"You can learn the fundamentals in a few hours—that is, after you have read a helpful little book that is given free with every Corona."

That was three weeks ago. Now I have my own Corona. What a joy it is! I write all my letters on Corona. It seems actually easier than writing by hand—and it's much more fun. The clear-cut lines of type make my letters look neater than they ever did before. Many of my friends have complimented me on them.

. . .

This story is typical. Thousands of people are discovering that Corona is astonishingly easy to operate—that it is a wonderful convenience for office or home or travel—that it makes letter-writing lots of fun.

It's a pleasure to see your thoughts unfold before your eyes ***in print***. There's real satisfaction in seeing your letters take shape in such neat, easy-to-read form.

In making Corona easy for beginners to operate, another result was accomplished—an unforeseen result. The very features which enable beginners to write more easily, enable accomplished typists to *greatly increase their speed*.

You owe it to yourself to drop into a store where typewriters are sold and see Corona. The minute you lay eyes on it you will realize why a million people use it—why 30,000 Coronas were used in the World War—why more novelists, more newspaper men, more business men, more schools and colleges use Corona than all other portables put together.

For a small down payment you can take a beautiful new Corona home with you today. The balance may be paid in easy monthly installments. Don't neglect this opportunity. Don't let another day pass without doing something about it. Know *now* the joy of owning a sturdy, speedy, smooth operating Corona—The World's Champion Portable.

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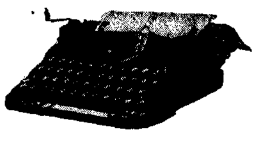

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(*Continued from page 71*)

ing through the stage door saw that the stage had not been set. I hung around until the stage hands arrived and then rushed over to the Denver Post Building to get the reporter. Returning to the theater I found the stage deserted. I had a small hammer and some nails in my pocket and in less than five minutes I had made the preparations necessary for the trick. Then I found the stage manager and explained that too much light might reveal the workings of the trick and we agreed that when I called for lights he would turn the borders on slowly until I put my hand in my pocket. This would be his cue to refuse me any more light.

Nerve-Wracking Moments

The stage manager glanced at his watch. "Half an hour before curtain. Now's your time."

But a fresh difficulty presented itself when I reached the stage. Herrmann was in his dressing-room and would not be disturbed until he had made up for the evening's performance.

Billy Robinson saw my disappointment. "He'll be out in a few minutes," he said kindly.

But Herrmann was more leisurely with his make-up than usual that night. I stood in the wings and counted the seconds as they ticked themselves off into minutes. And with every minute I became more nervous and depressed.

"Fif-teen min-its. . . . Fif-teen min-its," called Billy Robinson. Sweat beaded my forehead and my fingers were so limp and nerveless I feared I should not be able to manipulate the cards. In the wings opposite, the reporter was pacing up and down restlessly, chewing an unlighted cigar, and looking at his watch every minute or so. It was apparent that he didn't want to lose the story.

The stage by this time was completely set, and Madame Herrmann and Boomsky, the magician's colored assistant, were putting the finishing touches to the tables and properties. While I looked on, Billy Robinson's voice boomed out again:

"Five min-its. Fi-ve min-its."

The reporter came around to where I was standing. "I guess it's all up to-night, old man," he whispered.

"Wait a moment," I replied, and rushing over to Madame Herrmann I explained my errand.

She shook her head. "It's too late now."

"But I can do the trick in five minutes," I pleaded. "Just give me—"

"O-o-over-ture," bawled Billy Robinson. "O-o-over-ture."

Madame Herrmann took me by the arm. "I'm sorry," she said gently, "very sorry. You will have to go now."

The orchestra crashed into a lively overture and Leon Herrmann, nonchalant and smiling, sauntered on the stage, and had I been the great Khan of Tartary himself he could not have made a more gracious bow, as he said, "I shall be dee-lighted, M'sieu, to see your treek."

The confusion of Babel followed. Madame Herrmann exploded in French; the chief mechanic grunted in German; and Billy Robinson interjected several remarks in fluent and virile English. But Herrmann was deaf to all argument. He shrugged his shoulders, twirled his mustache points and shook his head.

"Hold ze curtain," replied Herrmann imperturbably. Then he turned to me. "Proceed, m'sieu, with ze treek."

Cards were quickly drawn and shuffled into the pack. Then I stepped to the center of the stage.

"Turn on the lights," I called.

A filament of fire flashed above my head. I turned toward the wings and asked for more light. "The more light the better," I said.

One by one the borders blossomed into flowers of flame. When the stage was light enough for my purpose I thrust my hand carelessly into my pocket. The stage manager acted on the cue. "More light!" I cried impatiently, carrying out the bluff. "More light!"

"You've got all the juice you're going to get, young fellow," growled the man at the switchboard.

"Hurry up," said Madame Herrmann nervously. "It's time for the curtain."

I offered the cards to Herrmann to shuffle, then turned to the electrician and requested him to name his card.

"Ten of Diamonds."

Holding the pack low in the left hand, I made a few passes in the air with my right hand, and then, with as much impressiveness as I could muster, I gave the command.

"Ten of Diamonds, rise!"

The card was like a live thing as it slipped out of the pack and fluttered upward into the fingers of my right hand.

"Well, I'll be damned," said the electrician.

I stole a glance at Herrmann, but his eyes were inscrutable and his face was as solemn as a mask. I turned to the chief mechanic, "What was your card?" No sooner was the name off his lips than the card darted from the pack. Billy Robinson's card next struggled out of the deck.

At that very instant the orchestra, with a crescendo finish, stopped playing. The effect could not have been more dramatic had it been rehearsed a hundred times.

"The trick's great," said Billy Robinson. Then he turned to Herrmann. "Ring up now, sir?"

Herrmann shrugged his shoulders impatiently. "Play ze overture again."

"Flash 'em again," Robinson called to the man at the switchboard. I was flushed with the job of victory, for I knew that I had mystified the whole company. But at the same time the most difficult part of the trick was to come, and as I stepped three or four feet nearer my audience, I felt my nerves tightening for the encounter. I asked Madame Herrman to name her card.

Mystifying the Master

"Queen of Hearts," she replied.

"May it please Your Majesty to rise," I said respectfully. And very graciously did the queen rise out of the pack and float through the air into the fingers of my right hand. I was so close to my audience that any one of them could have reached out a hand and touched the card.

I turned to Herrmann, "And your card, sir?"

Herrmann, who had not moved all this time, but had watched the scene with a cynical smile on his face, said: "I draw ze Ten of Clubs."

"Ten of Clubs, appear," I commanded.

Gracefully the card floated out of the pack into my right hand. As I handed the card to Herrmann the stage was suddenly flooded with light.

"Clear stage," shouted Billy Robinson. Everybody scuttled into the wings.

Every second now was golden. I grasped Herrmann by the arm and drew him over to the reporter.

"What do you think of the trick?" I asked.

"Très bien," he said with a shrug.

"Did it mystify you?"

"Yes, M'sieu." I shot a glance at the reporter and he nodded understandingly.

"Have you no idea how it was done?"

Herrmann shook his head. "It is very mystifying, M'sieu." Boomsky handed the magician his wand.

I held out a detaining hand. "Do you want to buy the trick?"

"Yes—yes." Herrmann answered nervously, pulling himself together for his entrance. "Tomorrow—at ze hotel."

I did not go to bed that night, but hung around the entrance of the Post Building waiting impatiently for the first edition to come from the press.

I read the printed story under the flickering light of a street lamp. There it was in black and white, with a two-column heading, reporting my adventure on the stage of the Tabor Grand. Over it in big letters was the head: "The Man That Mystified Herrmann."

All that day and far into the night I wrote letters to vaudeville managers from the Atlantic to the Pacific, enclosing in each letter a marked clipping from the Denver Post. I spent all my money for papers, and during the afternoon I scoured the hotels and saloons for copies that had been thrown away by guests and patrons. I figured down to hours the time it should take for a letter to reach Broadway and a contract forwarded to Denver. But after two weeks had passed and not a single letter was received I began to lose heart and look about for something else to do.

Another week dragged by, and still no invitation to pack my trunk and invade the East. Eventually, I got an engagement with a thrilling melodrama known as Trix, the Pet of the Black Canyon. I played the part of Nat Weber. It was my first and last appearance as an actor.

The summer of 1899 I bought a half interest in a freak of nature advertised as "Jim, Half Horse and Half Man," but I never knew which half belonged to me. A few weeks under the small top convinced me that I had outgrown the side show.

I sold my half interest for one hundred dollars, and the day being the Fourth of July, I adopted a new declaration of independence. I decided to leave the side show and the concert-hall forever. I said to my partner, "Ten years from today I shall have the biggest magic show in the world."

"I hope so," he replied in a noncommittal voice.

(To be continued next week)

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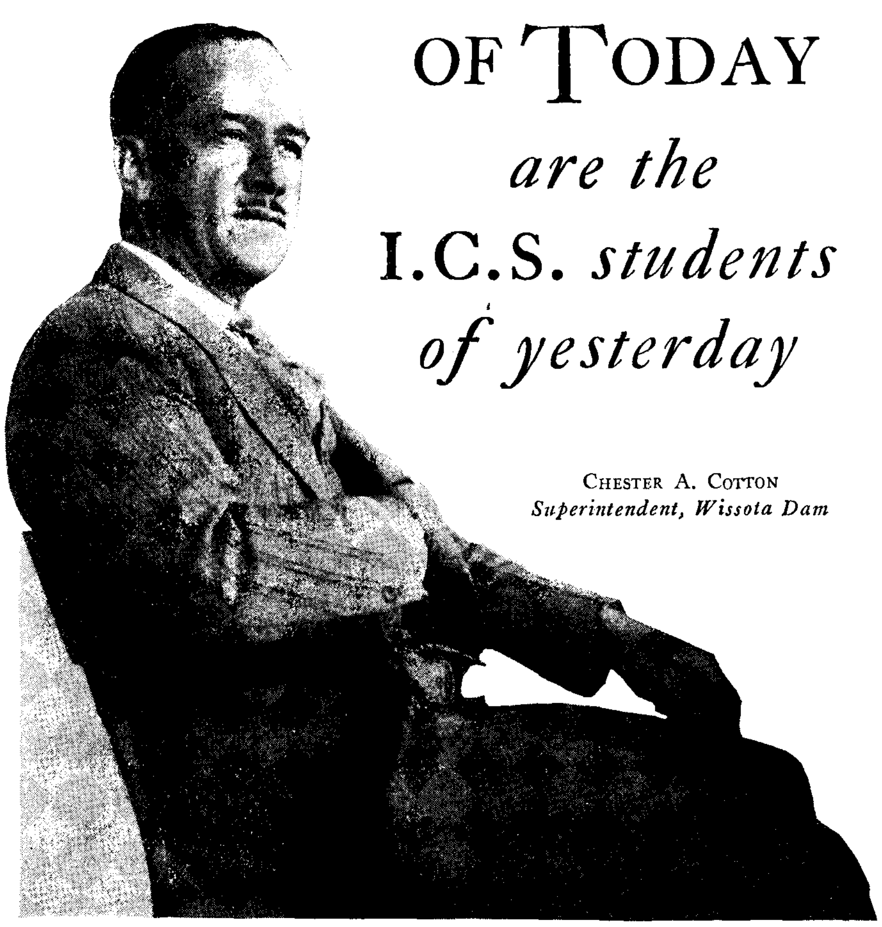

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Today, in his beautiful home on the shores of Wissota Lake, Mr. Cotton remembers with real gratitude the institution and the texts that started him on his way to mastery of his special field. And the record he has made justifies his early conviction that "any job worth having is worth training for."

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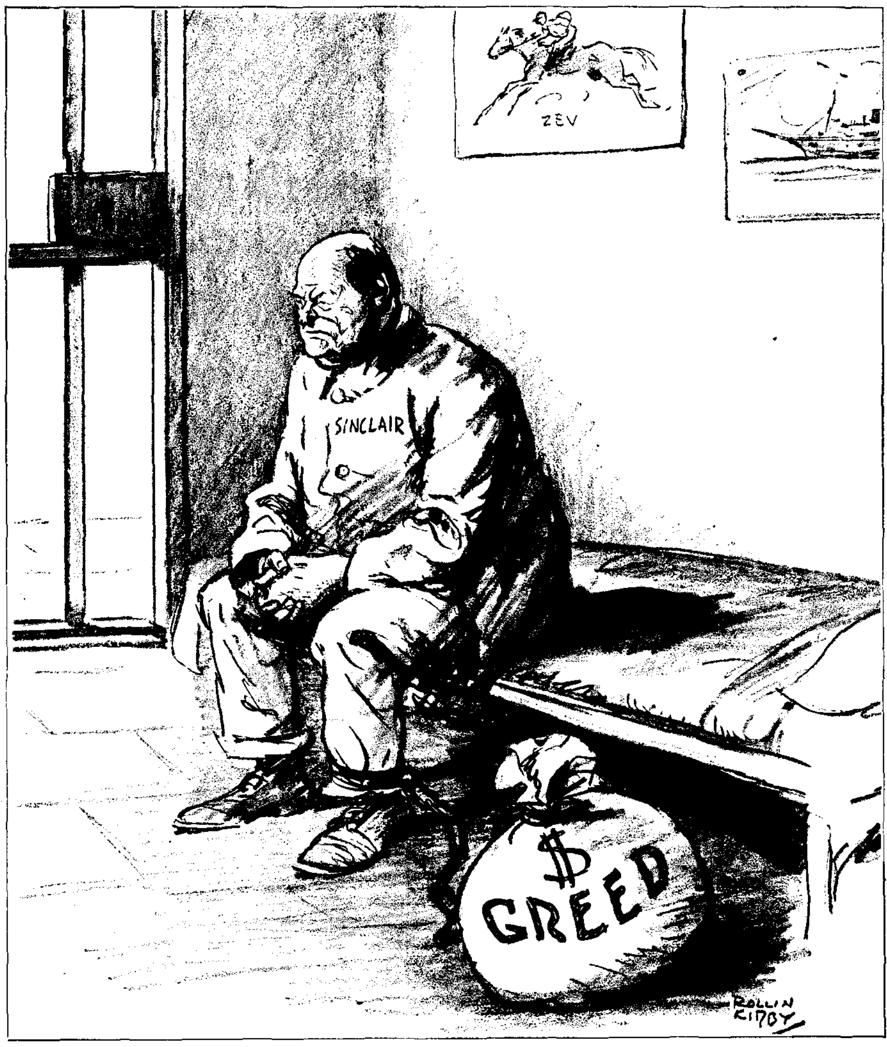
Free Board for a Millionaire

IF HARRY SINCLAIR could sit down calmly in that dreary Virginia jail and think clearly over the exciting episodes of his life, what a story he might tell of America!

He is not an old man, just fifty-three now; he should be enjoying the best of life. He has natural gifts and great energy. Born in modest circumstances, he went through the public schools and then on to college to study pharmacy. But for the new discoveries of oil he might have lived and died a small-town druggist.



But opportunity called Harry Sinclair and he stepped out of the ranks. By the time he was forty years old he had become a famous figure in the oil industry.

Automobile and airplane were working their miracles, and Harry Sinclair had the wit to see the riches which lay in oil.

Ten years ago he was one of the great. Business success won, he turned to politics and to sport. He owned famous race horses. One of his races was an international event. The Kansas druggist's son was walking easily with kings. He found it worth while to attend political conventions and inquire into the opinions of men proposed for the White House. He had the power to ask.

Opportunity came again to Harry Sinclair and the second time he could not see it. He was blinded by his money which had bought so much. He overestimated its power.

When President Harding gave Albert B. Fall charge of the national oil lands, Sinclair made the blunder which doomed him.

Sinclair is shrewd. He knew Fall's power and his weakness. Fall needed money. Sinclair coveted the government lands and he was a practical oil man.

What could be simpler! Lend or give the impecunious politician a few hundred thousand dollars and get oil worth millions and perhaps hundreds of millions.

Harry Sinclair had the opportunity to be scrupulous. He was under no compulsion to bribe the Secretary of the Interior. Other oil men refused to touch the dirty business.

Sinclair misread his time. He thought the worst of his countrymen and he failed. He knows now that even though a man has a million dollars he can go to jail.

Sinclair's lawyers were adroit enough to save him when juries considered his offenses. They could not save him from the Supreme Court. The member of that high tribunal considered most conservative of all in his social views was selected to announce the oil man's fate. There was none among the elder statesmen to protest.

Justice has not always overtaken the land grabber in this country but very few of those who expected to enrich themselves through Secretary Fall's oil conspiracy have profited by it.

Sinclair, worst of the lot, goes to jail. Sickness and old age have so far saved Fall from the law's punishment. Nothing has spared him the contempt of his fellow citizens.

E. L. Doheny, a tragic old man now, obtuse but less offensive in his disregard of public right, is no longer a figure in the oil industry. Colonel Robert W. Stewart was deposed as chairman of the Board of the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana for his part in the sordid enterprise.

Others are in exile, afraid to return.

Like a Greek tragedy the story has been unfolded. For a time right seemed feeble and helpless. Sinclair, Fall and their gang were strongly entrenched. Fall was Harding's friend and Harding was President. Harry M. Daugherty was Attorney-General. Harding died and Coolidge asked for Daugherty's resignation. The machinery of justice began to move.

In one way and another the conspirators were reached and punished. The wealth they sought slipped from their grasp. Friends abandoned them. Public opinion turned against them.

A tragic story of retribution, but sound and heartening. For, if Harry Sinclair and his fellows could have succeeded in their cynical conspiracy to take public lands by debauching public authority, think what an injury would have been done our nation.

We could spare the oil, we could give away the land, but we could not surrender our belief in decency. Harry Sinclair despised the best that is in us. He challenged the sense of right which most of all gives hope and dignity and courage to men. He lost. Justice was not too blind to reach Sinclair.

Long the impression has prevailed that a millionaire's money could keep him out of jail. The dogged fight which Sinclair has waged to escape punishment is demonstration enough of the power of riches.

It is salutary finally to have it shown in so conspicuous a case that there are limits to what money will buy and that even though a man is a multimillionaire he cannot indefinitely escape the lawful consequences of his offenses.

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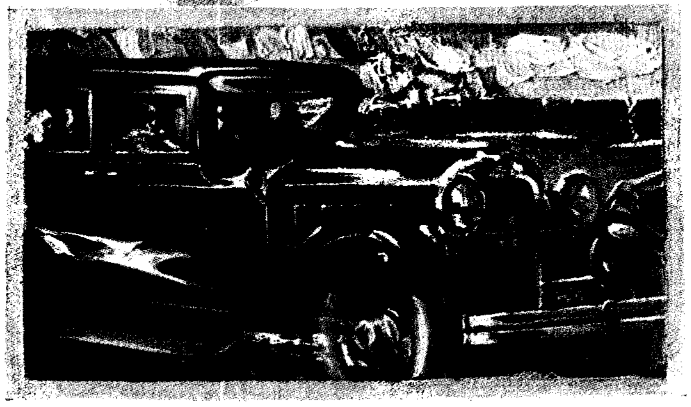

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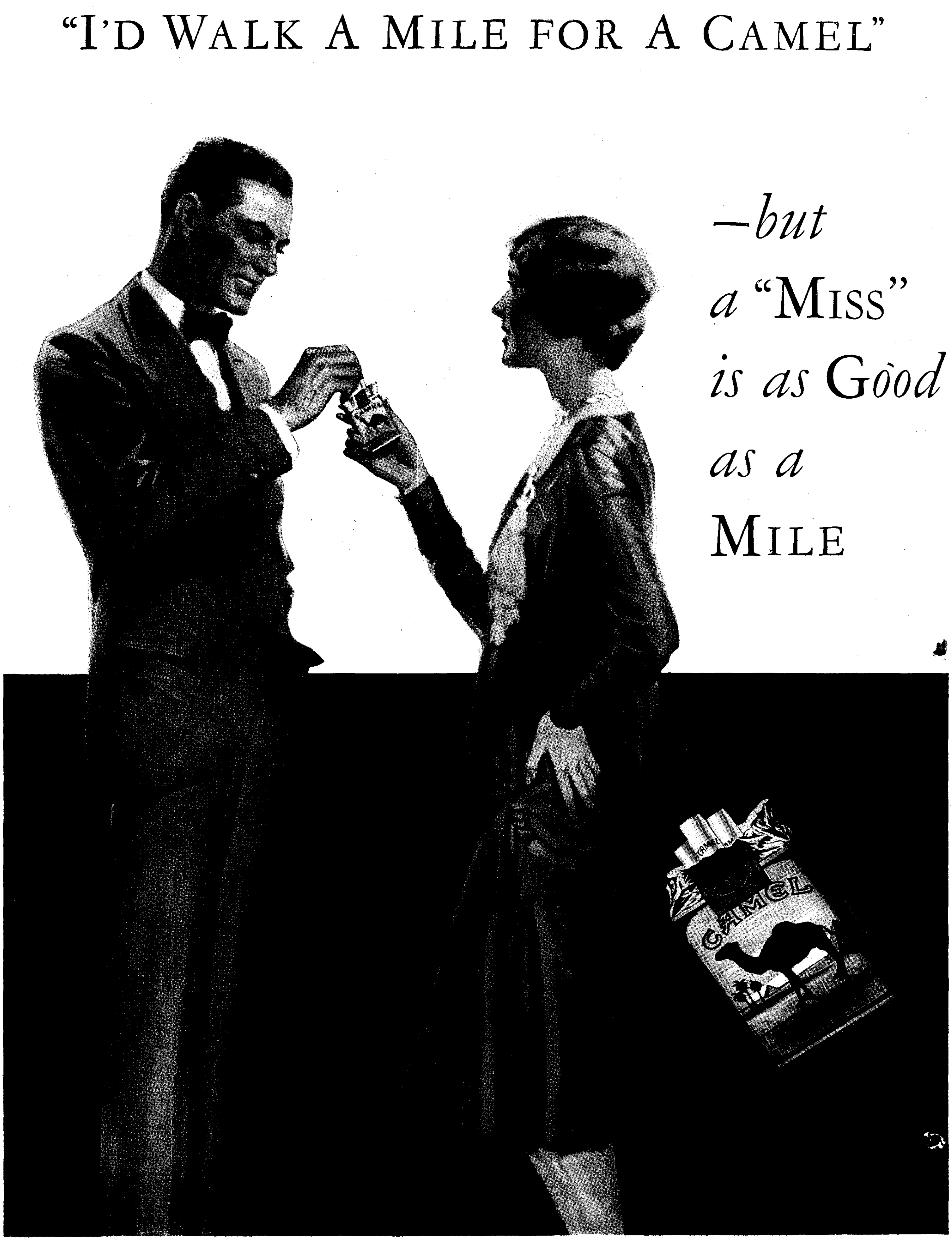
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